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WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 29, 1916.

SAN DIEGO DAM BREAKS, FIFTY REPORTED DEAD.

TURKS AND GERMANS
URGE QUICK ADVANCE
ON THE SUEZ CANAL.

MOON, Jan. 29.—All Turkish, as well as German sentiment, is for an immediate advance on the Suez Canal, says the Daily correspondent today in describing further impressions gained on his trip to the Balkans. Owing to his dark complexion and the fact that he wore a fez and also because of his perfect knowledge of Turkish and French, which are the mediums of communication between the two peoples, the correspondent was able to talk to the people without suspicion.

The correspondent says the three Turco-German objectives are the Caucasus and Egypt. Regarding the advance of the Turkish toward Bagdad, a prominent Turk is quoted as having said to the correspondent:

"We were very frightened when we heard the British were coming. Our defenses were in bad condition and contained only a few guns. But when spies told us that Gen. Townshend's force was small, we took courage and held it in check until reinforcements arrived. Now, thanks to Allah, they will never reach our holy city. Our reinforcements are too late."

A German interviewed said the inactivity of the Entente allies in the West had enabled the Germans to menace the line of communication to India.

The correspondent says he saw three hundred French prisoners in the Caucasus, Asia Minor, who were totally neglected. They had little food, and were dying like flies. The camp is described as being beyond description. The lack of food was due to a general shortage.

Germans, says the correspondent, are everywhere speeding up their Turkish farmers. The correspondent talked with many German commissioned officers who are teaching the farmers and who had been to the train to hear the latest gossip. The writer also met many commercial men, engineers and military officers at every point on the task of Germanizing Turkey.

LINER APPAM IS GIVEN UP.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

LONDON, Jan. 29.—The mystery of the British and Africa Navigation Company liner Appam takes first place in the morning papers today and they are all agreed that the report that she will ever come into port may now be regarded as impossible.

Shipping experts believed the steamer sank about the 16th of January, northwest of Madeira. From the prevailing winds it is estimated that the catastrophe occurred some distance north of the point where the life boat was found. At the London office of the Appam line, agents of the steamer, the belief was expressed that the total loss of life would aggregate 301—87 first class and 81 second-class passengers, and 133 members of the crew.

Most of the passengers were English and residents of London, and a majority of the crew were natives of Liverpool. Speculation regarding the cause of the catastrophe varies from a submarine attack to an internal explosion.

GERMANS REPULSED AT LOOS.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

LONDON, Jan. 28 (10:59 p.m.)—The British official communication issued tonight says:

"Yesterday afternoon, under the cover of a heavy rifle fire, machine gun and artillery fire, the enemy attempted an infantry attack on a salient in our trenches northeast of Loos. The attack was driven back by our fire.

"Last night the enemy was active with rifle and artillery fire of Artillery. Our artillery retaliated.

"Today the enemy exploded a mine at Fricourt and also one at Cuinchy. No damage was done. We sprung a mine east of Cuinchy.

"Hostile artillery has been very active against our trenches of Maricourt, between Loos and the La Bassee Canal, east of Cuinchy and north of Wytchaete. We retaliated, damaging the enemy's trenches in many places."

TRAIN FROZEN TO THE TRACKS.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

SACRAMENTO (Cal.) Jan. 28.—A locomotive and train of freight cars frozen fast to the rails! That is the unusual condition of affairs which has caused a blockade in the northeastern part of Lassen county on the line of the Nevada-California-Oregon Railroad. For four or five inches above the top of the rails a solid mass of ice has formed which must be tediously chiseled away unless a warm spell sets in to allow the train to move.

The blockade occurs a mile and a half north of Ravendale. Before the train was stalled in about a foot of ice. Nobody thought to keep the train moving back and forth and the wheels froze solidly, encasing the wheels in an ice-pack that is not likely to vanish with the temperature at its present stage.

FATALLY HURT BY AUTO TRUCK. (30)

Struck by an automobile truck driven by W. J. Wambaugh of the Tunnel Automobile Works, Jesus Martinez, a Mexican was fatally injured and died early this morning at the County Hospital. The accident, which occurred on the Downey road, about four miles from the city limits, was investigated by Deputy Sheriff Moodie and according to them they will arrest Wambaugh today on a charge of manslaughter.

According to J. L. Blankenship and W. T. Soran of the Golden Gate Garage, who were in the truck at the time of the accident, the Mexican was riding a bicycle and displayed no light. Wambaugh was alleged to have wrecked the truck while attempting to avoid the cyclist.

POLICE AID HAS POCKET PICKED. (30)

Arthur Barrow, clerk to Assistant Chief of Police George Home, was taken into the Central Police Station early this morning and detained because a pocketpick had relieved him of his gold watch and \$1.50 in cash. Barrow told the detectives that he had been robbed while attending a boxing contest at No. 409 South Hill street.

BRANDEIS APPOINTED
TO THE SUPREME BENCH.

Howling Dervish of Peripatetic School of Law the Choice of Wilson.

Prediction is Made that Confirmation will not be Made, if at All, by the Senate Without a Long and Bitter Struggle—Everybody in Private and Official Circles Reported to be Amazed.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—Louis D. Brandeis of Boston was nominated by President Wilson today for the place on the Supreme Court bench made vacant by the death of Associate Justice Lamar.

The Senate received the nomination with unconcealed surprise—in which all official Washington joined because Mr. Brandeis had not been mentioned among the long list of eligibles which President Wilson considered or among an equally long list of aspirants who presented indorsements.

Some Senators announced they were opposed to the nomination, but declined to be quoted. The only Senator found who was willing publicly to record his opposition at this time was Senator Wadsworth (Rep.) of New York.

Senators who approved the nomination were not lacking, although they, too, avoided public expression of their views. They felt sure, however, they could command the necessary majority to confirm the appointment.

"I have nothing whatever to say; I have not said anything, and will not," was Mr. Brandeis's only comment tonight as he went to dine with President Wilson at Secretary McAdoo's house. Justices Hughes and Pitney also attended the dinner.

Monday the Senate Judiciary Committee, to which the nomination was referred, will appoint a subcommittee, which, according to precedent, will consider the nomination and make a report. If today's discussion amounts to anything, it will develop in the committee.

(Continued on Second Page.)

APPOINTMENT OF BRANDEIS
IS GENERALLY CONDEMNED.

Eastern Newspapers and Associations Say Wilson's Action will not Strengthen Him Politically—New York "Sun" Declares Lawyer is Unfit for the Bench—"World" Thinks People will Approve.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)

CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Jan. 28.—The following comment on the appointment of Louis D. Brandeis to the Supreme Court has been assembled:

Boston News Bureau: There is only one redeeming feature to the nomination and that is that it will assist to bury Mr. Wilson at the next election. Mr. Brandeis may be keen of intellect on both sides of cases, public and private, but his record impeaches him on higher grounds than those of intellectual ability.

Boston Transcript: The confirmation of Mr. Brandeis would not strengthen the Supreme Court because that tribunal can only be strengthened by a personnel which commands the confidence of the whole nation.

New York Times: The merits of the nomination of Mr. Brandeis will be examined with usual interest and attention. It cannot be doubted that Mr. Brandeis, should the Senate confirm the nomination, would be a conscientious member of the court.

New York World: It is not a radical, and it is because he is a radical of unusual ability and character that his elevation to the bench will be regarded by most people with enthusiastic approval.

New York Sun: Perhaps Mr. Wilson has no other purpose than to test the Senate's vigilance and firmness in the exercise of its duty to protect the bench of the Supreme Court from such utterly and even ridiculously unfit appointments as this.

Commercial.

KERN AND LOS ANGELES
UNITED IN CLOSE BONDS.

Warm Feeling Southern California has for its Neighbor Expressed at Banquet in Which John S. Mitchell Declares Oil Development will be Aided by All Legislation Needed in that Direction.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)

BAKERSFIELD, Jan. 28.—The bonds holding Kern and Los Angeles counties in as close a tie socially and commercially as they occupy side by side on the map were still more firmly welded at the annual banquet of the Kern County Board of Trade tonight. Prominent Los Angeles men made the trip from the south to express the warm feeling Southern California has for Kern and many speakers gave proof that this feeling is fully reciprocated.

This sentiment was well expressed by John S. Mitchell, president-elect of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, who was heartily cheered when he said: "We are here to cooperate in all you undertake. We are fully aware of the extensive oil development and the legislation you need in that direction. And we have instructed Congress and our representatives there to work for you as earnestly as they would for us. We are interested in your cattle and fruit productions. We are especially interested in your good roads and in securing State highways from Bakersfield and Ventura and San Luis Obispo. We feel that the scenery which you enjoy a few hours, and the value of the Mt. Whitney road, and the value of the Santa Fe road were further touched on in the responses made by W. H. Booth and Kuster, also of Los Angeles, and both officials of the Automobile Club. J. J. Byrne of the Santa Fe was also an invited guest on the program.

FROM THE RESPONSES.
The advantages of the State highway connecting Los Angeles with this city by a few hours, and the value of the Mt. Whitney road, and the value of the Santa Fe road were further touched on in the responses made by W. H. Booth and Kuster, also of Los Angeles, and both officials of the Automobile Club. J. J. Byrne of the Santa Fe was also an invited guest on the program.

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

DELUGE IN THE OTAY VALLEY
CAUSES MILLION-DOLLAR LOSS.

Another Reservoir, Weakened by the Strain of Floods and Storms, Likely to Collapse.

City of San Diego and a Number of Near-by Towns in Danger of a Water Famine as the Result of the Catastrophe—Many Ranches Swept Clean of Buildings and Vegetation—Rescue Parties Rushing to the Scene.

BY MARY S. GULIVER.

(BY WIRELESS—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH TO THE TIMES.)

SAN DIEGO (Cal.) Jan. 28.—From fourteen to fifty persons are reported to have lost their lives in a flood when the dam at Otay, south of this city, holding in a reservoir the water supply of the city of San Diego, gave way.

Eleven billion gallons of water rushed through the Otay Valley, and a section of country fifteen miles long and two miles wide was inundated. Everything in the path of the tide was swept away.

The dam broke Thursday evening, but owing to the remote location first news of the catastrophe was received in San Diego only this evening.

ANOTHER DAM MAY GO OUT.

Another dam, near the one wrecked, has become weakened by the strain of the flood and the storms of recent days, and may go out any moment, piling disaster on top of disaster.

Reports from the Otay section are that only one house remains standing in the valley swept by the deluge.

Many ranchers lost everything they possessed, their homes, all other buildings and crops being washed away.

The cement plant owned by the Penton-Sumpton-Barnes Company, located in the path of the water, was demolished.

From the reservoir to the end of the valley practically nothing of value is left. The loss will reach over a million dollars.

BONITA ALSO FLOODED.

Bonita, ten miles east of San Diego, in the Sweetwater Valley, was also flooded, and most of the buildings in the little place were carried away.

As a result of the breaking of the Otay dam, the chief water supply lines into this city are gone, and National City and Chula Vista are left with no water supply at all.

The water swept over the Santa Fe tracks, tearing out great stretches, including culverts, and it is believed it will be several days before the company can make repairs that will enable them to move trains.

Lost.

PEOPLE OF VALLEY WARNED,
DAM BREAKS UNDER PRESSURE.

(BY WIRELESS AND A. P.)

SAN DIEGO, Jan. 28.—At least fifty persons were believed to have been killed late Thursday when the lower dam of the San Diego water system in the Otay Valley, south of here, broke under the heavy pressure of the flood waters. A wall of water thirty feet high was released.

Sweeping down the valley, the great flood of water carried people, livestock and valuable farm property to destruction.

Scores of residents were missing tonight. Houses on twenty-five ranches were swept away. The coroner late tonight confirmed the estimate that placed the loss of lives in the flood at fifty. He said many of the bodies had been washed out to sea.

The first news of the disaster reached here late today. There had been no communication with the district since the disaster occurred, as all wires were down and roads were impassable. The heavy rains of the last few days filled the lower Otay dam for the first time in its history.

BIG FLOOD RELEASED.

Unable longer to withstand the terrific weight of the water the dam gave way, releasing a flood of water.

Warnings of the impending danger of the break had been given to the people in the valley, but few heeded them, it was stated tonight, choosing to stay and endeavor to protect their property.

Owing to the lack of communication and the impassable condition of the roads it was impossible to get full details of the disaster tonight.

Late reports said twenty-five Japanese, men, women and children, were among the drowned. An area fifteen miles long and two miles wide has been devastated.

The breaking of the dam released 11,000,000,000 gallons of water, which rushed down through the thickly populated and narrow Otay Valley.

Rescuers were unable to reach the scene of the disaster tonight as all bridges were washed out and the swollen streams were so treacherous that it was impossible to launch boats to go to the rescue. Several bodies have been seen floating in the flood waters, according to reports received here.

The property loss will amount to at least \$1,000,000. Because of the fact that they were isolated by the breaking of the dam, which shut off any means of reaching other communities, hundreds of families in the vicinity were facing a food famine tonight.

All possible efforts were being made here to send relief to the flood sufferers in the valley. The lower Otay Valley dam was one of three dams that formed part of the system of the Southern California Mountain Water Company, which provides San Diego with its water and formed the bulkhead for one of the largest reservoirs in the State.

It was started in 1887 and completed in 1897. It was a structure of the rock-filled type with steel core and the reservoir had an actual capacity of eleven and a half-billion gallons.

The elevation of the top of the dam was 476 feet and the outlet had an elevation of 400 feet.

(Continued on Seventh Page.)

Senate May Refuse to Confirm Appointment of Brandeis to Supreme Court

BIG ROW PRECIPITATED BY NAMING OF RADICAL.

Democrats and Republicans Look with Disfavor on Action of Wilson.

Neither Race Nor Descent Likely to Figure as Impelling Motive by Those Who are Against Elevation of Boston Lawyer — His Record is Pointed to as Indicating that He is Unfit.

BY JOHN GALLAN O'DAUGHLIN.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Jan. 28.—President Wilson precipitated a big fight with the Senate today by nominating Louis D. Brandeis of Boston to be an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Republican Senators are predicting tonight that the nomination will be rejected, just as the nomination of Mr. Hornblower of New York was rejected when made by President Cleveland.

A number of the Democratic Senators also look with disfavor upon the nomination and are voicing their opposition. Those who are opposed to Brandeis declare their objection does not lie in his race or religion, nor does it relate in any way to the fact that he is of German origin. They base their criticism upon his radicalism and what they term his "unfitness" for appointment to a court which today has the complete confidence of the American people.

NOTED AS A RADICAL.

With Mr. Brandeis's views as to the basic methods of settling important economic and social questions there can be, of course, an honest difference of opinion. As evidence of his radicalism reference is made to his support of the bill creating the Federal Trade Commission which now exists. He also advocated a bill for government supervision of railroad stocks and bond issues.

Mr. Brandeis made a great many enemies by his attacks on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad before that corporation was prosecuted by the government. He also represented individuals in proceedings involving the constitutionality of the women's ten-hour law in Oregon and Illinois, and the women's nine-hour law in Ohio.

He aroused the irritation of the members of the Senate and House who investigated the celebrated Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, serving as counsel for Glavin, who was connected with the Pinchot camp.

SECTIONAL OPPOSITION.

There is sectional opposition to Brandeis's appointment. The great Middle West has only one representative in the Supreme Court, Justice Day of Ohio. The close-knit Ohio and Wyoming is without a single voice of the Supreme bench.

It is pointed out that the appointment of Brandeis gives Massachusetts and New England two representatives on the court. It is also represented by Democrats that Mr. Brandeis does not belong to and is not a member of their party.

Both Democrats and Republicans assert that, as a matter of fact, Mr. Brandeis is socialist in his views and that if he should be permitted to go on the bench there would be an interpretation of his views on questions that would strike at the foundation of the government.

COMMITTEES ARE IGNORED.

Added to the doubt of Mr. Brandeis's Democracy is the irritation the President caused by not consulting members of the Judiciary Committee and Democratic leaders in advance of the appointment. In the past the usual course has been for the President to make up his mind and then to sound the chairman and members of the Judiciary Committee. Nothing of this kind was done.

Already the opposition to Brandeis's

Snag.

SENATORS WILL FIGHT BRANDEIS NOMINATION.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Jan. 28.—That the nomination of Louis D. Brandeis to be associate justice of the Supreme Court will strike a snag in the Senate, when the matter comes up for confirmation, is the opinion

Thunderclap.

WALL STREET ASTOUNDED; STOCK DEALS DEPRESSED.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Jan. 28.—The announcement of the appointment of Louis D. Brandeis as associate justice of the Supreme Court, came as a thunderclap to Wall Street, and an effect on values of stocks and bonds, especially New Haven Railroad shares, was at once apparent. Immediately after the news became known a depressing effect on trading was felt.

Aroused.

NEW ENGLAND FINANCIERS ON TRAIL OF BRANDEIS.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

BOSTON, Jan. 28.—Financial interests in New England are already lining up against the appointment of Louis D. Brandeis to be associate justice of the Supreme Court, and Senator Weeks is expected to lead this opposition in the Senate. On all sides the most bitter denun-

PHOTOGRAPH BY CLAYTON K. BROWN, 127 West Main street, Boston. Secretary of the New York.

Brandeis Appointed.

(Continued from First Page.)

mitties. There has been no contest of any note over a Supreme Court appointment since the day of President Cleveland.

He earned tonight that among the indorsements sent to the President urging Mr. Brandeis's appointment to the Supreme Court bench, was one from Gifford Pinchot, former Chief Forester, who celebrated controversy with Secretary Ballinger brought Mr. Brandeis into the public eye six years ago. He appeared as chief counsel for the forces opposing the former Secretary of the Interior in the noted Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, which sent its ramifications into many phases of national politics at the outset of President Taft's administration.

Although celebrated as a lawyer, Mr. Brandeis has been devoting practically all of his time of late to the Zionist movement in this country, which has for its object the repatriation of the Jewish race to Palestine. If confirmed, he would be the first Jew to sit on the Supreme Court bench.

The particular expression by Mr. Brandeis which has attracted unfavorable attention among Senators, was one made before the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce on January 9, 1915, in which he referred to the Supreme Court of the United States as having, in its construction of the Sherman anti-trust act, denied protection to men, the right to standardize prices. One of the members of the committee protested against this reference to a court.

Democrats who are definitely understood to oppose the appointment are Shields of Tennessee, a member of the Judiciary Committee; Overman of North Carolina, the committee's acting chairman; Smith of Georgia, a member; Reed of Missouri, a member who, some time ago, denounced the Stevens bill, which Brandeis favored, and Hardwick of Georgia.

REPUBLICANS UNANIMOUS.

The Republicans are practically unanimous against him.

Republicans see in the nomination of Brandeis a bid to the Jewish, pro-German and labor votes by Mr. Wilson. In this connection a story is recalled that before the President named his Cabinet, he stated the Boston lawyer for the office of Attorney General, who had been in the business interests resulted in a decision not to name him. Subsequently he approved the appointment of Brandeis as counsel for the Interstate Commerce Commission in the 5 per cent. rate cases. In the 5 per cent. case the brief of Brandeis served as the basis for the decision of the commission.

It is evident that the nomination of Brandeis will remain for a long time in the Judiciary Committee. The first hearing of the commission will be held Monday. A subcommittee will be appointed to make a thorough investigation of the nomination. This will take some time. Then when the report is made to the full committee it will be given further consideration.

When the report of the committee reaches the Senate prolonged discussion will take place. In other words, a filibuster will be started upon Mr. Brandeis unless it should be evident that there are enough votes to beat his nomination.

WILSON TO FIGHT.

President Wilson does not propose to content with the mere nomination of Mr. Brandeis. He intends to make a fight for confirmation. Because this is not a party matter and because the President is so popular, he will not allow himself to be charged with the crime of disloyalty against the Jewish interests.

One Senator said today: "Some day Mr. Wilson will nominate a Democrat to a high office."

Senator Lewis and Senator Stone of Missouri charged each other with responsibility for Mr. Brandeis's nomination. If Mr. Lewis had not been behind Gov. Dunne, Mr. Stone declared, Missouri would have gotten the office. Senator Lewis said that if Stone had not pressed a Missouri man Dunne would have been named.

As a matter of fact, neither Illinois nor Missouri had a chance. The President was influenced by his belief in Mr. Brandeis's ability, by the fact that the latter was supported by Norman Hapgood and others, and by his desire to show that he had not disappointed against the Jews in his appointments to public office.

Snag.

FIFTH TURK ARMY TO GREEK FRONTIER.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

PARIS, Jan. 28.—The Fifth Turkish Army, which has been operating against the Entente forces at the Dardanelles, has been ordered to the Greek frontier, according to news in diplomatic circles, says a dispatch to the Temps, today from Bucharest.

OVERCOME AT HANGING.

Warden of Penitentiary Dies after Executing Two Negroes.

RALEIGH (N. C.) Jan. 28.—Warden Sale of the North Carolina State Penitentiary, died of apoplexy today after superintending the electrocution of two negroes. The warden appeared agitated as he untied the bodies from the chair and became unconscious soon after.

Waiting.

AT THE TELEPHONE.

SO COMPLETE is the Times service to its classified advertising patrons that no matter how inclement the weather or late the hour, or whether on a business day, Sunday or a holiday, alert, efficient and courteous operators are on duty in the Times office to receive telephoned advertisements, and to give advertisers other needed assistance.

Never sleeping and ever watchful, the Times' Telephoned Advertising Service is available to Times advertisers twenty-four hours a day every day in the year.

More than a quarter of a million "Want Ads" are telephoned to the Times every twelve months, and this worry-and-energy saving service is as near to every man and woman in Los Angeles as the nearest telephone.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to, or have a credit account with, the Times in order to use its Telephoned "Want Ads" Service. Any reputable person in any part of the city is privileged to telephone classified or "Liner" Advertisements to the Times for from one to thirty insertions, and collection for the service will be made at the residence or office of the advertiser.

Through Times "Want Ads" money can be borrowed, help and situations obtained, partners, tenants, roomers and boarders procured, and direct results can be had in all buying, selling, trading and renting propositions.

The Times' Telephoned "Want Ad" Receivers await your instructions. Main 8200. Home 10391.

BENCH NO PLACE FOR AGITATORS.

Portland Oregonian Denounces Brandeis's Appointment.

Declares He is Nothing but a Warped Prosecutor.

Says Wilson Violated Traditions of Supreme Court.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

PORTLAND, Jan. 28.—The Portland Oregonian will say editorially of the Brandeis appointment: "The country will be amazed at President Wilson's appointment of Louis D. Brandeis to be a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Here is a position calling for high qualities of impartiality and poise, and the ripe experience and sound judgment of a well-balanced and well-stored mind. It is no place for agitators or partisans, or warped prosecutors or special pleaders. It ought not to be given as the reward of political service, nor as a sop to particular interests."

It may be conceded that Mr. Brandeis is a remarkable man, who has an instinct to serve the under dog and the courage to oppose the most powerful beneficiaries of privilege. Let us concede that, and let us forget that he took a questionable part in the campaign upon Secretary Ballinger, which was not a fair fight, and let us consider the case of any concern or aggregation which he has fought, and how can he look without sympathy upon any cause which he has supported? Can a man, whose method is contentions and whose spirit is intolerant, become in a day, or at all, a new being? We think not."

Opinion.

TERMS BRANDEIS A MUCKRAKER.

THE TACOMA "NEWS" RECALLS "LIFT" EFFORTS.

Newspaper Declares that President has Surpassed a Goodly Number of Democrats by Naming Boston Lawyer to Supreme Bench.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

TACOMA, Jan. 28.—Of the Brandeis appointment the Tacoma News will say tomorrow: "President Wilson surprised a goodly portion of America today by appointing Louis Demetrios Brandeis of Boston to the Supreme bench."

He is 59 years of age, a native of Kentucky. His parents were German. His wife was Alice Goldmark of New York.

Mr. Brandeis is widely known as a writer. He was a recognized figure among the muckrakers of a few years ago, and it was complained of him that while he was a first-rate hand at tearing down, he did not exhibit large abilities as a constructive agent—a charge which perhaps has been answered by the fact that he has, anyway, to give the accusation a peg for support.

He figured in a number of large "cut" matters and did the country considerable service in assisting to cleanse the sties of certain predatory interests. He is of a type considerably different from that which heretofore has been chosen for the honorable gown. Perhaps the President deemed it necessary for political sake to make such a choice, feeling that the appointment of a publicist so well known might give him a renewal of anchorage among the masses.

AGREES THE JAPS SHALL CONTROL EAST.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

LONDON, Jan. 28.—Proclamations are being posted throughout the country calling to the colors eight more groups of men who attested for military service under the Earl of Derby's recruiting plan. The men, whose ages range from 27 to 35, are summoned to join on February 29.

AUSTRIANS DENY PERSIA SINKING.

[BY A. P. DAY WIRE.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—The United States has addressed another inquiry to Austria, asking if any of its submarines have been received by the British liner Persia. A statement that he had none, reported to have been handed to Ambassador Pennington several days ago never has been received here.

State Department officials consider that they virtually have exhausted every other source of information in their effort to establish what caused the sinking of the Persia with the loss of two American lives. Assertion by survivors that the ship was torpedoed by a hostile submarine—presumably Austrian—have not been proved. The state department wants a definite statement from the Vienna government, and should a denial be received, the case probably will be considered closed.

BOMBS ARE DROPPED ON ENGLISH SHIPS.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

HULL (Eng.) Jan. 28.—The captain of the Wilson liner Carlo, reports that his vessel was attacked in the vicinity of Dover Sunday afternoon last by a German aeroplane, which dropped bombs over the ship. The Carlo and other vessels in the vicinity. None of the craft, however, were damaged.

GERMAN U BOATS IN BRITISH ISLES.

[BY WIRELESS AND A. P.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—German U boats are numerous in the waters about the British Isles, according to passengers on the steamer Calla from Liverpool and Glasgow, which arrived here today. They said that the sailing of the boat was delayed one day, and that when it did get under way British destroyers escorted them until the war zone had been passed.

MORE "ADS," LESS WAR.

Instructor Powell Tells Lumbermen How Peace Could be Preserved.

[BY WIRELESS AND A. P.]

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 28.—"If one-tenth of the cost of the European war would be put into well-directed publicity advertising, to teach the people of the world that they were brother-citizens, a world war would never come," said J. B. Powell, instructor in advertising in the University of Missouri, addressing the annual convention of the Southwestern Lumbermen's Association here today. He urged that the lumbermen advertise in the newspapers.

MIND OF JOHN BULL IS NOT YET CHANGED.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

LONDON, Jan. 28.—Reports circulated yesterday to the effect that Great Britain had altered her position toward the operation of ships which formerly were German-owned, and that the authorities in the future would be more lenient in confiscating these vessels, were denied today in official circles. The situation was said to be unchanged.

HOUSE TO MEET GERMAN OFFICIALS.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

BERLIN, Jan. 28 (via London).—Col. E. M. House, personal representative of President Wilson, was to begin a series of conversations with officials of the German government today, when he will meet a number of them at a luncheon at the American Embassy.

BRITISH BOAT APPAM IS REPORTED MISSING.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

LONDON, Jan. 28.—The British steamship Appam has been missing for several days and was believed to have been lost. It left Dakar, West Africa, for Plymouth January 11, with 166 passengers and a crew of 134. A dispatch to Lloyd's reported today that the British steamer Tregantle had been sighted at sea on January 16 with a lifeboat from the Appam astern.

DEMAND REVISION OF MUNITIONS ACT.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

BRISTOL, Jan. 28.—The labor conference unanimously adopted today a resolution demanding a drastic revision of the munitions act to prevent "the pretext of war from being used for greater coercion and subjection of labor."

The conference adopted a resolution urging the labor party representatives to remain in the coalition government.

AGREES THE JAPS SHALL CONTROL EAST.

[BY WIRELESS AND A. P.]

BERLIN (via Sayville) Jan. 28.—The Frankfurter Zeitung published a dispatch today saying that Far Eastern affairs had been received to the effect that special agreements had been reached between Japan and England whereby Japan is given a preponderance of power in Far Eastern affairs.

ENGLISH RECRUITS CALLED TO COLORS.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

LONDON, Jan. 28.—Proclamations are being posted throughout the country calling to the colors eight more groups of men who attested for military service under the Earl of Derby's recruiting plan. The men, whose ages range from 27 to 35, are summoned to join on February 29.

AUSTRIANS DENY PERSIA SINKING.

[BY A. P. DAY WIRE.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—The United States has addressed another inquiry to Austria, asking if any of its submarines have been received by the British liner Persia. A statement that he had none, reported to have been handed to Ambassador Pennington several days ago never has been received here.

State Department officials consider that they virtually have exhausted every other source of information in their effort to establish what caused the sinking of the Persia with the loss of two American lives. Assertion by survivors that the ship was torpedoed by a hostile submarine—presumably Austrian—have not been proved. The state department wants a definite statement from the Vienna government, and should a denial be received, the case probably will be considered closed.

BOMBS ARE DROPPED ON ENGLISH SHIPS.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

HULL (Eng.) Jan. 28.—The captain of the Wilson liner Carlo, reports that his vessel was attacked in the vicinity of Dover Sunday afternoon last by a German aeroplane, which dropped bombs over the ship. The Carlo and other vessels in the vicinity. None of the craft, however, were damaged.

GERMAN U BOATS IN BRITISH ISLES.

[BY WIRELESS AND A. P.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—German U boats are numerous in the waters about the British Isles, according to passengers on the steamer Calla from Liverpool and Glasgow, which arrived here today. They said that the sailing of the boat was delayed one day, and that when it did get under way British destroyers escorted them until the war zone had been passed.

FOR NEW POLICY ON SUBMARINES.

Wilson Seeks an Agreement by All Belligerents.

Has Changed His Mind About Guns on Merchantmen.

Different Conditions Have Arisen During Year.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—A suggestion that all the belligerent countries subscribe to a declaration of principles governing attacks on merchant vessels and forbidding the arming of such vessels has been made by the United States in an effort to establish in international law a general policy disposing of many of the vexatious problems arising from the development of submarine warfare. Identical notes have gone forward asking the various countries at war to say specifically whether they are willing to join in such an agreement. The declaration of principles would provide:

"That noncombatants may expect protection under the rules of international law and the principles of humanity when traveling on merchant ships; that warning must be given before a merchantman is attacked; that belligerent-owned merchant ships must obey warnings to stop; that merchantmen shall not be fired on except in case of resistance or flight; that no merchantman shall be sunk except where it is impossible to place a prize crew or until passengers and crew are placed in safety; that merchantmen shall not be permitted to mount arms."

EXPECT ACQUIESCENCE.

Favorable responses from the belligerents would be looked on as indicating a willingness to accept the warfare for which the United States has contended through its extended negotiations with Germany and Austria. A troublesome question recently accentuated by the arrival at New York of three armed Italian merchant vessels, Germany and Austria already have agreed in effect to the proposals regarding attacks on commercial ships, and Great Britain and her allies always have been understood to have been in accord with the American viewpoint on that subject.

Officials pointed out tonight that should any of the belligerents fail to agree with the proposals the United States would have no difficulty in enforcing the principle so far as concerned vessels entering American ports. The note itself voices a warning that this government is considering adoption of a policy under which all armed merchantmen that enter ports of the United States in future shall be considered as subject to the established rules governing internment.

GUNS ON MERCHANTMEN.

In its note the United States calls attention to the fact that it has changed its policy toward mounting guns on merchantmen since submarine began to play such a large part in naval warfare. The United States clearly stated that this change had resulted from suggestions of any foreign government, but solely from the changed conditions.

"It was merely from a humanitarian standpoint," said one high official in discussing the note, "and in order that there might be some arrangement to save innocent lives." Whatever attitude the belligerents adopt in their replies, the United States expects to stand on the principle.

GERMAN FLAG TRAMPLED BY MOB IN LAUSANNE.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

PARIS, Jan. 28.—Fresh anti-German demonstrations took place last night at Lausanne, a Swiss city on the north shore of Lake Geneva. Towards midnight the crowds which surged through the streets were dispersed, but at the railway station a small group of persons surrounding a German flag was attacked with canes, stones and fists. The police were forced to use their swords before they could rescue the men attacked.

This information was contained in a dispatch received in Paris.

Earlier in the day an anti-German demonstration had taken place in honor of Emperor William's day.

In the evening great crowds gathered in the street in which the statue is situated, and the German flag was trampled. The crowds hanged and burned German flags and sang the German national anthem.

As a result of the police and the railway station was very lively and taken in a pit.

BRITISH LOSS IS NEARLY THOUSAND MEN.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

LONDON, Jan. 28.—Premier Asquith announced today that written statements show that the British casualties in all fields to January 9 were 549,677 men. Of these 24,122 were officers and 525,555 other ranks. The casualty report indicates that the average daily loss of

Small Damage.

FREIBURG IS BOMBARDED BY FRENCH AEROPLANE.

[BY WIRELESS AND A. P.]

Freiburg was bombed at 10 o'clock last night by two hostile aeroplanes which dropped five bombs on the town, according to reports received and given out here by the Overseas News Agency. There were no casualties. Some damage was caused, the extent of which is not stated in the reports so far to hand.

The City Theater, because of the celebration attending the Emperor's birthday, was crowded, but the audience remained calmly inside the building until the raid was over.

WILSON GUARANTY HIS DIGEST

off All Banquets Western Journey.

Speech of Camp Made at Pittsburgh.

Women's Committee Greet President's Plans.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—President Wilson left Washington tonight on his tour in the Middle West. He has been told that the opposition to army action is centered in that country and believes that of his defense plans the measure on the impasse. He will remain in Washington until February 4. The first address will be at St. Paul tomorrow afternoon. He will then go to Chicago, Des Moines, St. Paul, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Lawrence, Kan., and Omaha. Tomorrow night he will be in Cleveland, where he will stay Sunday.

NO BANQUETS.

About the trip the President will not have any banquets and other formal dinners. Mrs. Wilson, who will accompany the President, will be met by committees of women in each city. A special car will be used for the President and Mrs. Wilson. Two other special cars will carry secret service men and other members of the President's staff. For newspaper men, who will be met by committees of women in each city.

Nonpartisan.

ANN CHAMPIONS PRESIDENT'S POLICY.

WILSON'S DEFENSE.

Anti-Preparedness Democrats for Attacking Administration Policy Before He Has Had Opportunity of Vindicating It Before the People.

[BY A. P. DAY WIRE.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—Representative Mann came to the House today when President Wilson's policy was being attacked by anti-preparedness Democrats. Mann's New York speech on the subject was a defense of the President's policy. He said that the President's policy was a defense of the country and that the anti-preparedness Democrats were attacking the President's policy before he had had an opportunity of vindicating it before the people.

With the possibility of a "prevail," Mr. Mann declared that the President's policy was a defense of the country and that the anti-preparedness Democrats were attacking the President's policy before he had had an opportunity of vindicating it before the people.

The President ought to know men and women and their minds. He would not be ashamed to let the people know what he was doing. The President ought to know men and women and their minds. He would not be ashamed to let the people know what he was doing.

EXPLAINS WHY MUST BE C

Expert Declares Tremendous Need to Render Our Nations are Required on Be Easily Destroyed.

[BY A. P. DAY WIRE.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—Why force of at least 1,000,000 men would be needed to protect the "areas" of the United States from a strong enemy, was detailed by the Senate Military Committee today. The committee's report was by Lieut.-Col. W. G. Haan, chief of a War Department board that spent seven years working on the subject.

The board visited and studied every part of the coast line and reported in 1913, but its findings were held confidential by the War Department.

To protect the various areas from attack, the board had concluded that 1,000,000 men would be necessary for this action, only of the coast artillery support of the Pacific Coast.

AP MOVE AGAIN ROUSES SEN

[BY A. P. DAY WIRE.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—Resolutions to express the sense of the Senate that renewed efforts by Japan upon China would be made as a restrictive act upon the commercial rights of the United States, were introduced today by Senator Sherman, Republican of Ohio.

The resolutions were introduced in the Senate today.

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A black and white illustration showing several pieces of paper in various states of being folded, crumpled, or discarded. In the center, a tall, narrow, folded piece of paper stands upright. To its left, another piece of paper is folded into a shape resembling a letter 'C' or a small hat. In the foreground, a piece of paper is crumpled and lies flat. To the right, a piece of paper is folded into a rectangular shape, possibly a letter or a small envelope. The papers are scattered on a dark, textured surface, and the entire scene is framed by a simple border.

**Bituminous Coal Operators to
Receive Demand.**

Recriminations Indulged in on Colorado Strike

Organizer Doyle Criticised for Request for Guns.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]
INDIANAPOLIS (Ind.) Jan. 28.—
The United Mine Workers of Amer-
ica, in convention, decided by a vir-

the country for a 10 per cent. increase in wages at the basing point for miners on a mine run basis, a 10 per cent. increase for all dead work and variable

In addition, the convention ratified the demands formulated by the anthracite mine workers of Pennsylvania at a convention held in Wilkesbarre last September asking for a 30

FIGHTING EACH OTHER.
Frank J. Hayes, vice-president, replied to an attack made yesterday by

Hayes declared Doyle was a "handicap" to the strike. He cited an instance in which Doyle, as secretary of the Colorado miners, telegraphed to

The convention adopted a recommendation that a monument be

The convention went on record as condemning strikes in violation of contracts with operators and as favoring the creation of a Federal Department

ates did not discuss the question of preparedness which is denounced in President White's report. The committee on officers' reports recom-

MELK IS ACQUITTED.
Court Orders Detective Freed of
Charge of Shooting Miner.

ected verdict of not guilty was re-
turned in District Court today in the
case of Walter Belk, a detective
charged with the murder of Lukas
Schubert, a building coal-miner.

fight between mine guards and strikers, charging Belk with assault to kill, was disposed of in the same manner.

Judge Lindsay's Assistant Orders Cæsarian Operation Over Protest.
[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH]
DENVER (Colo.) Jan. 28.—Medi-

on of Ida Gregory, Judge Lindsay's assistant, in ordering a Caesarian operation on a 15-year-old girl. Despite the fact that the law is opposed to such a procedure and the girl's

CALLS WIFE A FLIRT.

DENVER, Jan. 28.—Lieut. Kuznik of the Twelfth United States Cavalry, whose wife recently sued him for a divorce in the courts here, alleging

Answer denies her allegations and declares that Mrs. Kuznik was unduly extravagant and was also a flirt. He asserts her nagging resulted in breaking up their home.

Why Tolerate Catarrh?

You have noticed, no doubt, that any cold aggravates nasal catarrh, and the

ment in your head. To ignore this catarrh when the cold subsides is wrong because it continues to slowly

To correct catarrh, cleanse the nose frequently with a solution of warm water and salt, insert vaseline on rising, and take a teaspoonful of Scott's

cott's acts through the blood to feed the tissues, and contains soothing glycerine to check the inflammation and heal the sensitive membranes.

BELL-ANS

**Absolutely Removes
Indigestion. One package
cures it. 25c at all druggists.**

ASK FOR and GET
HORLICK'S

MALTED MILK
cheap substitutes cost YOU same price.

321 West Third St 3rd Floor
 \$25 SUITS
 IF THE CUSTOMER DON'T PAY THE

A LUCKY WOMAN

Los Angeles Lady No Longer Has Backache

You know it well when you have rheumatism, sciatica or lumbago—yet thousands suffer in ignorance of kidney disease. Many treat for relief of the backache with dizzy spells—without knowing the cause—Uric Acid—the cause—remove Uric Acid—the root of the evil—by using Dr. Pierce's Uric Acid Tablets. This wonderful Uric Acid solvent will eradicate your trouble, remove Uric Acid out of your body and convince you as it has many thousands of people that it is Uric Acid's nearest enemy. Anuric is one of the more recent scientific discoveries made by Dr. Pierce of the Invalids' Hospital, Buffalo, N. Y., and at this renowned surgical institution Dr. Pierce has for over forty years made the well-known family medicines, valued the world over. Favorite Prescription is known to be the very best of all treatments for the kidneys. Mothers and daughters in every land endorse it. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has for the past forty years been the staple herbal tonic when people weak needed new fresh strength or needed restorative strength and vigor. This is a well-known practitioner. Dr. Pierce, by years of careful scientific study perfected an unfailing uric acid solvent and called it Anuric.

DANGER SIGNALS

Nature stands for lots of abuse, but time makes known its overwork—when your kidneys are overworked by the over-abundance of Uric Acid your back aches—you are subject to dizzy spells—very nervous—sleep poorly—lack of energy. These are some of the signs of kidney trouble—check this with Uric Acid—remove the cause—disease or the dead diseases. Rheumatism in its painful forms, lumbago or sciatica is caused by Uric Acid. When you are aware of any of these symptoms do not delay, but get from your druggist a package of Dr. Pierce's Anuric tablets. Insist upon Anuric for it is a safe and reliable remedy and will conquer Uric Acid.

Delays are dangerous.

I AM LUCKY

Mrs. Freeman of 526 Towns avenue writes: "I am lucky—my backache gone for the first time in a year, I could stand erect without pain. Formerly I had to get up two or three times a night and my kidneys hurt me all the time—the water was full of a deposit like red dust. Now I can sleep sound all night without the old annoyance. The Anuric remedy is the best I ever knew and I cheerfully recommend it to any person."

(Signed) Mrs. May Freeman.

KNOW YOURSELF

Dr. Pierce has written a valuable book on Anatomy—Medicine and Physiology in plain English—it gives you valuable facts about yourself and many valuable hints. A 1000-page cloth-bound book is today in the hands of a million homes; that sold at \$1.00 can be had this week at the special price of 25 cents. You cannot afford to be without one. For sale at Sun Drug Store, No. 10, the headquarters of Dr. Pierce's representative.

PERSONALLY REPRESENTED

Dr. Pierce of the Invalids' Hospital, Buffalo, N. Y., has sent to Los Angeles his personal representative, who has headquarters at the Sun Drug Store on the N.E. corner of Broadway at Fifth streets. Here he daily meets the public and will explain the Anuric remedy to all persons and give you helpful suggestions for regaining your health. Mail orders received. The Sun Drug Co. and other leading druggists sell Anuric.

The Times Free Information Bureau

619 South Spring St.
 THE TIMES FREE INFORMATION BUREAU is for the accommodation and benefit of persons seeking interesting news of travel, desirable hotels and resorts, recreation and recuperation at the seashore or in the mountains. Particulars are furnished by competent attendants and by correspondence to the general public regarding rates and attractions of railroads and steamships, hotels and health resorts. Photographs, descriptive literature and transportation literature are kept on hand for inspection and distribution. Times readers can obtain here in a few minutes without the delay incident to writing for it, all the information necessary for a safe and enjoyable journey or vacation. This service is absolutely free. LITERATURE AND INFORMATION OF ALL KINDS RELATING TO THE PACIFIC COAST AND THE MOUNTAIN RESORTS ARE AVAILABLE TO PERSONS CONTEMPLATING VISITING LOS ANGELES ARE PRIVILEGED TO HAVE THEIR MAIL ADDRESSED TO THE BUREAU.

Resorts

The Hotel and Bungalows at Beverly Hills



ONE OF THE MOST FASHIONABLE AND ATTRACTIVE RESORTS ON THE COAST. Midway between Los Angeles and Santa Monica Beach. GOLF, TENNIS, MUSIC DAILY, SURF BATHING, HORSEBACK RIDING, BOWLING. Special attention given Luncheon and Dinner Parties. Stanley S. Anderson, Mgr. Home 56902; Hollywood 4.

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AN ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF HOTEL—ALL OUTSIDE ROOMS AFFORDING FLEETLY OF LIGHT AND AIR—HEADQUARTERS FOR TOURISTS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD. PRIVATE LAVATORIES IN CONNECTION WITH ALL ROOMS. IDEAL CLIMATE. THE YEAR ROUND, AUTOMOBILE ROAD IS NOW PERFECT. 24 HOUR RUN LOS ANGELES TO SANTA BARBARA. UNEXCELLED FACILITIES FOR CARS OF AUTOMOBILES IN HOTEL GROUNDS.

R. F. DUNN, Lessee.

THREE KINDS OF GOLF—9 HOLE COURSE ON HOPE RANCH; 18 HOLE COURSE ON HOTEL GROUNDS; INDOOR GOLF INSIDE HOTEL.



Imperial Valley Winter Sunshine

Catch the 11 o'clock train from Arcadia Station tonight. Wake up in the magical land of "Barbara" where, in the midst of the fascinating and historical work of Harold Bell Wright.

STOP AT THE

MERRITT JONES HOTEL, Ocean Park

THE SOUTHERN IDEAL BEACH RESORT. Near the ocean. 150 luxuriously furnished rooms. Low winter rates now in effect. European Plan, \$1.00 per day; American Plan, \$1.50 per day. Everything modern. Try our table d'hôte dinner Sunday, 15c. Spend the week-end here. Write for beautiful new illustrated folder.



LONG BEACH

Absolutely fireproof. American plan. Golf, tennis, bathing, and many other diversions. Center of social events. Luxurious accommodations. Hospitable atmosphere. Spend the week-end here. Write for folder. W. E. Naudie, Mgr.

CLOSE TO THE RHYTHMIC SUB.

CAMP BALDY

Finest Mountain Resort in Southern California—4700 ft. at San Antonio Park through camp. Best hotel service or furnished housekeeping tents. Trout fishing; game drive; croquet ground; dancing, etc. Camp Baldy Co., Camp Baldy, Cal. Summer 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-12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Los Angeles Daily Times

News From Cities and Towns South of Tehachepi's Top.

GOVERNOR HELD FAST IN CORONA.

Party Safe on Santa Fe Angel. Trains All Stalled.

Heavy Rainfall Washes Away Roads and Bridges.

Riverside has Water Famine After Main Washes Out.

Hotel Del Coronado has an agency at 334 Spring St., to aid those wishing information. Steamer "Congress" sailing Sunday.—[Advertisement.]

HUSBAND RESCUES WIFE FROM RAGING RIVER.

MENTONE, Jan. 23.—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Tench were almost drowned near here last night when they went out with a horse and buggy to see the flood waters of the Santa Ana River.

Reaching the river they were forced to cross Dry Creek which is bankfull. The wheels of the buggy dropped into a hole that had been washed in the bed of the creek and the buggy capsized.

Mrs. Tench was thrown out into the swift-rushing water and carried down stream. Mr. Tench jumped into the water and, being a powerful swimmer, succeeded in reaching his wife and pulling her out on the bank.

He then went back to the horse which was held down by the buggy and held the head of the animal above water until help was secured.

ENGINE MAROONED.

FULLERTON, Jan. 23.—How an engine from a work train which went out of here this afternoon, carrying material for repairs, became marooned in the center of a bridge which was being repaired.

The engine was caught in its strange plight between Anaheim and Orange. When the train reached the bridge, the engine went ahead to test the strength of the structure, according to a version of the story here.

Midway it became marooned. A rescue train was sent out later.

CUTE NEW CHANNEL.

LOMA LINDA, Jan. 23.—The people of Bryn Mawr have come up smiling about the storm, although many of the homes in the low places here were flooded by Santimoto Creek when it cut a new channel.

The new channel, which is about a mile long, is a fine example of the power of water. It was cut by the rain which fell here last night.

The people here have succeeded in repairing most of the bridges down today. A big barn on the W. B. Covington ranch near here was blown down this morning and four heifers were killed. The loss was \$1000.

Hotel Del Coronado has an agency at 334 Spring St., to aid those wishing information. Steamer "Congress" sailing Sunday.—[Advertisement.]

Santa Ana.

TWO PERSONS DISAPPEAR AT FLOODED RIVER FORD.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

SANTA ANA, Jan. 23.—The heaviest flood this city has had since 1914 came down upon the Santa Ana Valley last night. Bridges across the Santa Ana River from Yorba to Los Angeles are impassable. Santa Ana is cut off by rail and road from Los Angeles, Anaheim and Garden Grove.

Half of the Santa Ana River broke at West Seventeenth street, and the water rushed down the river bed. The water level at the mouth of the river is now about 100 feet above normal.

Two persons are missing. One is a man named John Smith, who was seen last at the mouth of the river. The other is a woman named Mary Jones, who was seen last at the mouth of the river.

It is believed that the two persons were swept away by the flood waters. The search for them is being conducted by the local authorities.

THOUSANDS OF SHEEP SNOWBOUND IN CANYON.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

BISHOP, (Cal.) Jan. 23.—Twenty-five thousand sheep are snowbound in Marble Canyon in the White Mountains. They are the property of Raphael Rosen of Big Pine and are valued at between \$20,000 and \$30,000.

Desperate efforts are being made to get the sheep out. The snow is so deep that the sheep cannot move. The owners are offering a reward for anyone who can help them.

The snow is so deep that the sheep cannot move. The owners are offering a reward for anyone who can help them.

THE RIVER RUNNING HIGH.

EL CENTRO, Jan. 23.—Gila, Salt, Verde and Hassayampa rivers are running wild, carrying greater volume than ever before. Needles has not reported rise in Colorado. Twenty-five teams will be rushed to the breach below Hanlon's Head.

The water now is low at Yuma, the gauge reading 18.7 feet. A new flood will probably reach Yuma Monday. Yuma is preparing.

OTAY DAM BREAKS.

(Continued from First Page.)

The top of the dam was 124 feet above the bed of the river.

The reservoir when filled covered an area of 1000 acres. The area of the adjacent watershed was about 8000 square miles. According to a report made in 1914, the dam was valued at \$1,165,436.

The dam are designated as the upper and lower dam. Under normal conditions approximately 10,000 acre-feet of water is impounded behind the lower dam, while the upper dam contained about a third that much water.

The population of the entire Otay Valley probably totals several thousand persons. The upper valley is about a quarter of a mile wide, while the lower valley broadens out where it reaches down to the ocean. The Otay Valley is south of San Diego, near the Mexican border.

THE RAINFALL.

Stations— 24 hours. storm. season.

Redlands 4.0 3.30 14.57

San Bernardino 4.44 20.08

Van Nuys 12.17

No Other Equals It

The Los Angeles Times

Illustrated Weekly Magazine

Below Are Hints of Its Contents This Week

Prince Rupert, Alaska's New Gateway.

By Frank G. Carpenter.

The Military Spirit in Japan.

By Lillian A. Wheat.

In the Heart of the Caucasus.

By Christina Krysko.

Revelation by Ancient American Art.

By Alice Harriman.

The Man Who Wouldn't Strike Back.

By Vlasta A. Hungerford.

Hitting High Spots in History.

By Eugene Brown.

Gathering Mushrooms in the Garvanza Foothills.

By Frank L. Judd.

The Just and the Unjust Judge.

By Kendrick Foster.

The Legend of the Devil's Slide.

By Frederick J. Jackson.

David's Perverted Literary Taste.

By Gladys Green.

Bandits, Bullion, Babbitt and Bosh.

By Harold Playten.

The Golden Glow of Pioneer Days.

By A. T. Heintz.

A Strange Presentiment.

By Luigi Capuana.

A Chinese Romance.

By S. Ansan.

Married Life of Helen and Warren.

By Mabel Herbert Umer.

The Partnership of Jared and Johnny.

By Walter H. Ogden.

"This Land of Gigantic Erosion."

By M. V. Hartranft.

Facts About the "Oregon" Breed of Fowl.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

The Eagle—The Lancer—California, Land of the Sun—Good Short Stories—City and Home Beautiful—Care of the Body—"Home, Sweet Home"—Poetry, Humor, Etc., Etc.

Pictorial Features

Two-page Half-tone—"Palm Canyon, Home of the Only Native California Palm."

One-page Half-tone—"Happy Isles in the Laughing Yosemite."

One-page Half-tone—Recent Notable Cartoons.

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MONTENEGINS EAGER TO SIGN PEACE TERMS.
...
ITALIAN STEAMERS TO LEAVE WITH GUNS.
...

FOR SALE—Furniture.
...
THINGS ON WHEELS—All Sorts.
...
THINGS ON WHEELS—All Sorts.
...
LOST, FOUND, STRAYED—All Sorts.
...
CHINESE REVOLUTION SPREADS TO SZE-CHUEN.
...
GERMANS HOLD GROUND TAKEN FROM THE FRENCH.
...
JAP AND HINDU EXCLUSION IN THE IMMIGRATION BILL.
...
SPACE SYSTEM FOR MAILES HURTS EXPRESS COMPANIES.
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THE CITY
AND ENVIRONS.

EVENTS BRIEFLY TOLD.

Senior Theatricals.

"Trunella" is to be presented by the students of the graduating class of the Los Angeles High School next Tuesday evening in the school auditorium, and the following afternoon at 1:30.

On "The Flying Dutchman."

Dr. N. I. Rubinkam will give an interpretation of Wagner's drama, "The Flying Dutchman," at the College Theater, Hill street near Fifth, tomorrow morning. The public is cordially invited.

Lent Recital.

A musical recital which will consist entirely of selections from the work of Liszt will be given Monday evening at the home of Prof. Alfred A. Butler, No. 1104 West Twenty-seventh street. George Hopkins, Miss Lucile Atwater, Miss Ethel Palmer, Arthur Hitchcock and Miss Louise Stover will take part in the programme.

Training School Session.

The training school for Sunday-school workers, conducted under the auspices of the Southern California Sunday-school Association, will have a session at 7:30 o'clock Monday evening at the Y.W.C.A. Prof. T. C. Knolls will lecture on "The Temptations of Jesus," and Mrs. Sophia Lyons Fahn will discuss the subject "Reading Between the Lines." There are four courses of study, and these are open to all.

Chauteauquans' Reunion.

Chauteauquans will gather today at Sycamore Grove to hear Dr. J. A. Barber, dean of the Chauteauquans of the Pacific, who President R. N. Stubbs has secured to talk on "Our Need of a Chauteauquans Here." The programme will closely follow the basket luncheon, which is a feature of the annual picnic and reunion. This year former residents of Cattaraugus county, N. Y., are invited to be present.

Getting On.

FOR GOLDEN JUBILEE.

First of Series of Events to Celebrate Fifty Years of Young Women's Christian Association Activities is Given by Local Organization.

During the month of February every Young Women's Christian Association in the world will have special meetings to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of this organization. The first event of this kind here took place last evening in the auditorium of the local Y.W.C.A. It opens in Los Angeles the nation-wide jubilee.

Every former member of the association has been invited to come to this one evening and join in the enjoyment of the excellent programme and in the reminiscences of the early days of trial and struggle and also of achievement that counted much in laying the strong foundations on which the institution now rests.

At the festive programme was the showing of two notable films, "When Virginia Came to Town" and "Y.W.C.A. Exposition Girls." These depict the wide circle of helpful influences and the direct assistance which the association extends to girls and young women.

Miss M. Belle Jeffery, the general secretary, spoke on "The National Jubilee." Miss Cora L. Tatham and Miss Amelia C. Johnson, former secretaries, extended greetings. D. E. Luther of the Y.M.C.A. voiced fraternal greetings; Miss Julia T. Lee, secretary of the Y.W.C.A. at the exposition, spoke on "The Latest in Y.W.C.A. Activities." Miss Ella Schooley, national financial secretary, on "What's Doing Here," and Miss Bessie Fubner, a brilliant violinist who has recently returned from Europe, gave selections.

"Go-to-church day" will be a feature of life at the Young Women's Christian Association tomorrow, about 800 members and friends of that institution having planned to attend services in some of the various denominational churches of the city.

A reciprocal feeling has been established, and in many of the churches all or part of the evening service will be devoted to an exemplification of the work of the association as presented by the various secretaries. At the Temple Baptist two moving-picture films showing the work of the association, especially in its protective department, will be run, and Miss Schooley will speak briefly of that department.

Vesper services will be held this afternoon at the association headquarters with an illustrated lecture by Mrs. Blonda Banks Colburn on the oratorio, "Elisabeth," with musical numbers by Mrs. Harry Marx Miller and Harold E. Shugart. Following this programme tea will be served and a social hour, to which all visiting members and young women strangers in the city are cordially invited.

—and the Worst is Yet to Come.



The Exclusive Specialty House for Feminine Apparel
Garments of Style, Quality, Lowest Prices

Myer Siegel & Co.
443-445-447 South Broadway

New Street & Sport Suits
\$25.00 to \$45.00

Novel in effect—newest materials—latest weaves and tailored to a degree of perfection to please the most exacting women who require a Suit to meet their fancy for Street or Sporting wear. A distinct variety to select from.

Sweaters
Special at \$28.50

Greatly underpriced—a special line of Fibre Silk Sweaters in Green, also Shetland Wool in Rose and Green striped.

New Veils
—the newest designs and patterns for Spring in a large variety priced at 25c up.

Garments of Style, Quality, Lowest Prices
The Exclusive Specialty House for Feminine Apparel

AUCTION
The Sale of
Valuable Paintings
From the Hughes Estate
now on Exhibit Postponed Until
Monday, January 31st
At 2 P. M.
838 South Hill Street
This collection is the most important ever sold west of New York City, and includes oil paintings by William Keith, Thos. Hill, Thos. B. Craig, Jas. McNeill Whistler, Ralph Blakelock, Jules Tavernier, Jean J. Henner and others. Also etchings and mezzotints. This collection is ordered sold by Mr. F. McAuliffe, attorney for mortgage.

today
We are
Cooking
on the
Automatic Electric Range
—now selling, for a short time only, at
\$35
Regular Price is \$60.
Come in and SEE this range that everybody's talking about. Watch it cook. Ask us about it. Let us show you the scores of letters from people who are using "Automatics" today. Do you know, it's CHEAPER THAN GAS? If you once used the Electric Automatic, you'd never again be on speaking terms with that old gas stove.

Open until 10 o'clock Saturday Evenings
DRAKE - CLAPP
Electric Company
217 West 4th Street.
Opposite the Angels. Home F2228.
Main 8061.



Some men change their minds, also. A look at the out-of-style "hand-me-down" duds, offered at the "as-is" sale, is enough to drive any thinking man to Brauer's to be measured for a REAL SUIT at a \$10 saving. Latest style fabrics in classy \$40 suits at \$29. All-wool \$25 suits at \$19. And \$33 suits at \$24. Have a look!

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TAILORS TO MEN WHO KNOW
Two Spring Street Stores
345-347 and 529-527

The Only Private Dentist in the City
Doing Work at Night
SET OF TEETH, \$5.00
Best set same better, no matter how much you pay (guaranteed)
10 years... \$7.00
Bridge Work... \$12.00
Partial Crowns... \$15.00
Gold Fillings... \$1.50 up
Silver Fillings... \$1.00 up
Tooth Treatment... \$1.00
Nerve Removed (painless)... \$1.00
Teeth Extracted (painless)... \$1.00
My method of extracting teeth is ABSOLUTELY PAINLESS.
EXAMINATION FREE.
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301-304 Pantages Theater Bldg.
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434 So. Hill St.
CHICHESTER'S PILLS
Littlest and best
Pills in the world
for all ailments
of the bowels
and stomach
Always reliable
and never fails
SINCE MY DISCOVERY EVERYBODY

ALFALFA
Carload lots arriving daily.
Lowest prices.
Flory Hay and Grain Company,
301-15 Macy St.

RUPTURE
Dr. Joseph Pandey, European specialist, cures all curable ruptures permanently, no matter how long standing nor the age, without operation, pills or any eruption from business. For further investigation write to Dr. Pandey, 1411 Santa Monica Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Phone Broadway 4214. Hours 10 to 12, 2 to 5 except Sunday.

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MADE IN U.S.A.
GUARANTEED OVER 25 YEARS
157 PIONEER PAPER CO. 247-251 S. I. A. St.

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Boot Shops
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INDESTRUCTO TRUNKS
Are Guaranteed For Five Years
LUGGAGE
224 West Fifth

Radio Cream
Brought direct to you from the Radio Cream Hot Springs. Gives relief to Pimples, Eruptions, Itch, or any eruption or abrasion of the skin. For sale by drugists or mail order. 50c. small; \$1.00 large. **RADIO CREAM REMEDIES CO.,** 110 East Fifth St., Los Angeles.

The Electric Lighting Supply Co.
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Home F6497—Sunset Main 3462
Specialists You Can Trust.
DRS. SHORES & SHORES,
Jeweled pieces made to your order, or family pieces ready made. Designs and ideas on request.
Brook and Company
THE HOUSE OF PERFECT SERVICE
632-634 BROADWAY
EVENINGS, 7-9; SUNDAYS, 10-12.

THE WEATHER.
(Official Report.)
LOCAL OFFICE, U. S. WEATHER BUREAU, Los Angeles, Jan. 28.—(Reported by Ford A. Crocker, Local Forecaster.) At 5 o'clock a.m. the barometer registered 29.92; at 5 p.m., 30.04. Thermometer for the corresponding hours showed 46 deg. and 50 deg. Relative humidity, 75 a.m., 77 per cent.; 5 p.m., 64 per cent. Wind, 5 a.m., north-west, velocity 3 miles; 5 p.m., south-west, velocity 13 miles. Highest temperature, 54 deg.; lowest, 44 deg. Rainfall for week, 16.70 inches; last season, 5.00 inches. Barometer reduced to sea level.
WEATHER CONDITIONS.—The relative positions of the areas of high and low pressure remain practically unchanged, although there is a well-defined tendency toward the western low area. The weather in the eastern half of the country continues mainly with precipitation, mostly in the form of rain in scattered localities. The southern area is prominent in stationary overcast conditions, and very low temperatures continue in that and neighboring states. The western low area which passed the Atlantic coast in California traversed 500 miles in the past twenty-four hours, and now covers the entire Pacific coast. With the rapid drift of this disturbance, fair and cooler weather will be experienced in Los Angeles and vicinity during the ensuing thirty-six hours.

LOCAL FORECAST.
For Los Angeles and vicinity: Fair today; north-westerly winds.
STATE FORECAST.
SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 28.—Weather forecast: San Francisco and vicinity: Undercast; showers probably rain, Saturday; moderate south-west wind; Sacramento Valley: occasional rain Saturday; light southerly wind. Santa Clara and San Joaquin Valleys: Undercast; showers probably rain Saturday. Southern California: Fair Saturday; light westerly wind.
WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—Forecast for Arizona: Saturday, generally fair; Sunday, fair, with rising temperature.
TEXAS (LAF.), Jan. 28.—Exclusive Dispatch from LAF.: 18.70 feet; discharge, 20,100 second-foot.

Patriotic.
GATHER IN MEMORY OF LOVED MARTYR.
MCKINLEY ANNIVERSARY DRAWS MANY TO MEETING.

New Camp, Sons of Veterans, is organized after speaking on "The Deeds and Fine Effects of Late President's Life on the American Nation."
More than 300 men and women last evening attended the McKinley memorial meeting in Patriotic Hall, and the installation of the new Stanton Camp, Sons of Veterans. Half as many more were turned away because of lack of space to accommodate them.
Rev. E. P. Ryland delivered a eulogy of the martyred President, who, had he lived, would today be 73 years of age. Mr. Ryland told in a pleasing manner of the life and work of the departed President, of the effect of his life on the nation and the individual.
Mrs. Mary E. Hartwell and Eli Longfellow also spoke in memory of the man who now occupies a place in the hearts of Americans as well as with Washington, Lincoln and other great Americans.

The programme included songs, readings and impromptu addresses by members of the Stanton Post, G.A.R., under the auspices of which the memorial was held. Among those who participated were Miss Campbell, Miss Miller, Mrs. Gonzales, Miss Anderson and A. C. Shaffer, the chairman.
Immediately following the memorial meetings the newly-formed Stanton Camp, Sons of Veterans, was officially organized with nearly 100 members on the charter list. Col. F. A. Paugh, senior Vice-Division Commander of the Pacific, installed the officers of the new camp. Samuel Kreider is the Commander, and he made a brief address after the installation ceremony was concluded.
This camp, which started under such auspicious circumstances, is expected to become one of the leading organizations of its kind in the West and in point of membership, to soon rank with the largest camps of the Coast.

MOSS LANDING
(BY A. P. DAY WIRE.)
WATSONVILLE, Jan. 28.—Moss Landing wharf, eight miles south of here, was washed out last night during a gale that uprooted trees, wrecked fences and blew down telegraph poles and wires. The total damage in this vicinity was estimated at \$40,000.

ON CUMNOCK FACULTY.
Miss Bertha Iles, who has been closely associated with the Chicago Theater in Chicago, has become a member of the faculty of the Cumnock School of Expression. Miss Iles has directed children's pageants in Chicago and Minneapolis.

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Fitted Accurately
When you have your glasses fitted by us you may rest assured that they are accurate.
No guess work enters into the fitting of lenses here—your needs are definitely determined and lenses and mountings fitted accordingly.

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Quality Opticians
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"Makes a hundred dishes"
FREE RECIPE BOOK

Brook and Company
THE HOUSE OF PERFECT SERVICE
632-634 BROADWAY
EVENINGS, 7-9; SUNDAYS, 10-12.

VITAL RECORDS.
MARRIAGES.
The following marriages were solemnized during the week ending Jan. 27, 1916:
CALVERT—BROOKING. Harry V. Calvert, 27, and Mary E. Brookings, 25, both of Los Angeles. Licensed by Rev. J. H. Smith, Jan. 25. Ceremony at home of bride, 10:30 a.m.
GIBSON—MURPHY. Charles W. Gibson, 27, and Mary E. Murphy, 25, both of Los Angeles. Licensed by Rev. J. H. Smith, Jan. 25. Ceremony at home of bride, 10:30 a.m.
JONES—BROWN. Charles W. Jones, 27, and Mary E. Brown, 25, both of Los Angeles. Licensed by Rev. J. H. Smith, Jan. 25. Ceremony at home of bride, 10:30 a.m.
LAWSON—MURPHY. Charles W. Lawson, 27, and Mary E. Murphy, 25, both of Los Angeles. Licensed by Rev. J. H. Smith, Jan. 25. Ceremony at home of bride, 10:30 a.m.
MCKINLEY—BROOKING. Harry V. McKinley, 27, and Mary E. Brookings, 25, both of Los Angeles. Licensed by Rev. J. H. Smith, Jan. 25. Ceremony at home of bride, 10:30 a.m.
MILLER—BROOKING. Harry V. Miller, 27, and Mary E. Brookings, 25, both of Los Angeles. Licensed by Rev. J. H. Smith, Jan. 25. Ceremony at home of bride, 10:30 a.m.
PARKER—BROOKING. Harry V. Parker, 27, and Mary E. Brookings, 25, both of Los Angeles. Licensed by Rev. J. H. Smith, Jan. 25. Ceremony at home of bride, 10:30 a.m.
WATSON—BROOKING. Harry V. Watson, 27, and Mary E. Brookings, 25, both of Los Angeles. Licensed by Rev. J. H. Smith, Jan. 25. Ceremony at home of bride, 10:30 a.m.

BIRTHS.
Name, sex, place and date of birth:
ABNEY, John, male, Jan. 27, 1916, at home of parents, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.
BROWN, Mary, female, Jan. 27, 1916, at home of parents, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.
CORR, John, male, Jan. 27, 1916, at home of parents, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.
DUNN, Mary, female, Jan. 27, 1916, at home of parents, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.
FARMER, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Farmer, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.
GARDNER, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Gardner, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.
GODDARD, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Goddard, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.
HALL, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hall, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.
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PARKER, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Parker, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.
WATSON, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Watson, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.

DIVORCE SUITS.
AYERS, J. M. and Mrs. Mary E. Ayers, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.
BROOKING, Harry V. and Mrs. Mary E. Brookings, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.
BROWN, Mary E. and Mrs. George W. Brown, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.
CORR, John and Mrs. George W. Corr, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.
DUNN, Mary E. and Mrs. George W. Dunn, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.
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PARKER, George W. and Mrs. Mary E. Parker, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.
WATSON, George W. and Mrs. Mary E. Watson, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.

DEATHS.
With funeral services:
BROOKING, Harry V. and Mrs. Mary E. Brookings, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.
BROWN, Mary E. and Mrs. George W. Brown, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.
CORR, John and Mrs. George W. Corr, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.
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WATSON, George W. and Mrs. Mary E. Watson, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.

NOTES.
The following notes were received during the week ending Jan. 27, 1916:
BROOKING, Harry V. and Mrs. Mary E. Brookings, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.
BROWN, Mary E. and Mrs. George W. Brown, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.
CORR, John and Mrs. George W. Corr, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.
DUNN, Mary E. and Mrs. George W. Dunn, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.
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WATSON, George W. and Mrs. Mary E. Watson, 1030 E. 1st St., Los Angeles.

"MOTHER" WOMAN.
Woman Deceased by Name of Mother and Known as Title of Famous Book.
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—15c to 25c Wash Goods—
—Broken Lines Men and Women
—Values to \$3.50 Wash and
—Regular 75c Women's Undies
—Regular \$5.00 and \$6.00 Undies
—Regular \$1.00 to \$1.50 Boys'
—Values to \$1.50 Women's
—Values to \$2.50 Children's
—Regular 50c and 75c Women's
—Silk and Wool Dress Goods
—50c and 75c Women's Muslin
—50c Voiles, Satinets and Wools
—Values up to \$1.75 in Dress
—Values up to \$2.50 in Dress
—Wool Dress Goods up to \$5
—Children's Coats, values to \$5
—Scotch Wool Floor Rugs at \$10
—Silkoline Covered Comforters
—Values to \$27.50 Body Rugs
—Rich Draperies, values up to \$10
—\$12.50 Stenciled Japanese
—Values up to 50c Cretomats
—Regular \$4.00 Fine Bed Cover
—\$1.25 and \$1.00 Bleached
—yard 85c
—Regular 40c Baby Flannel, 1
—\$1.80 Extra fine Quality Fl
—85c Hemstitched Scarfs; 18
—80c Seamless Sheets; size 8

VITAL RECORDS
The Times
LOS ANGELES

ADVANCING SOUTHERN METROPOLIS.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1916.—EDITORIAL SECTION.
POPULATION By the Federal Census (1910)—219,129
By the City Directory (1915)—222,471

AREFACED BANDITS TRY TO HOLD UP POSTOFFICE.
Wings Clerk Gives Alarm and Nervous Pair Make Getaway.

Unmasked Highwaymen Thrust Revolvers through Wicket and Demand Cash—Attendant's Yell Starts Two Hundred People in Building, but Couple Slowly Out and Escape—Police Combing City.

Two unmasked bandits attempted to hold up the main postoffice early last morning. The pair, who were dressed in dark suits, entered the building and demanded cash from the clerk. The clerk, who was alone at the time, gave the alarm and fled. The bandits then searched the building for a short time before escaping.

The police are combing the city for the two men. They are believed to be the same pair who attempted to hold up a man on the street last week. The police are also looking for a third man who was seen with the bandits.

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WAR PICTURES START A RIOT.
Austrians Try to Wreck Show House When Italian War Film is Shown.

An Italian war film started a riot at the Alhambra Theater on Beacon street, San Pedro, last night, when a crowd of Austrians, enraged at the enthusiasm manifested by the audience, composed largely of Italians, attempted to wreck the theater. A squad of police officers stopped the disturbance after the glass front of the box office had been smashed and the front entrance of the theater was blocked.

The police then cleared the theater and the film was shown without incident. The riot was the result of the Austrians' dislike for the Italian war film.

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"ANGEL OF THE NORTH" TAKEN.
Beautiful Life of Yukon Woman Pioneer Closes Here.

Wife of Bank President, Noted in Clubs, Philanthropy.

Picturesque Career Cut Short by Typhoid Poisoning.

Mrs. Isabella Mary Kloke, wife of Fritz Kloke, president of the First National Bank of Calexico, died last night at the Rosilyn Hotel, this city, where she had been for several weeks.

Mrs. Kloke had a remarkable career as a woman pioneer in Alaska, made a fortune there, and distributed thousands of dollars to the sick and suffering. She was known to hundreds of the men who participated in the development of the Alaskan gold fields and had a wide acquaintance throughout Southern California.

Several weeks ago Mrs. Kloke visited the exposition at San Francisco. While there she suffered from an attack of typhoid poisoning, and after a few days' treatment to go back to her home in Calexico. When she reached Los Angeles her condition was so serious that she decided to stay over for a few days here. Since that time the trouble steadily increased in seriousness.

Mrs. Kloke was the daughter of an English father and German mother, and from each she inherited her sturdy characteristics. Her parents died when she was a young woman and she was thrown upon her own resources. She developed a business capacity that was remarkable. When the Alaska gold discoveries were made she determined to try her fortunes in the Northland, and went to Skagway in 1887. She was the first white woman to locate in the upper Yukon district, and became known far and wide for her generosity to those in want or sick, earning the picturesque sobriquet of the "Angel of the North."

While in Alaska she was married to Capt. John J. Healy, and soon thereafter she established a general merchandise store and trading station in the Skagway Pass. She went down to Juneau and there learned the fur trade and then conducted trading posts and had interests in mining concerns for several years.

In all, Mrs. Kloke spent eighteen years in Alaska. After the death of Capt. Healy she married Fritz Kloke, who had been in Alaska for several years, was an intimate friend of her husband, and had looked after her mining interests in various districts.

During all the years that Mrs. Kloke was in Alaska her home was an open harbor to the needy. She gave of her money and her personal care, often she was called into the lowest circles of life to minister to suffering women. She had some education in medicine and kept with her a complete surgical equipment. In many a case of illness or accident or serious illness were kept in her own home for weeks and put on the road to recovery, and then given a "stake" in order to begin life anew.

IMPERIAL PIONEER.
Twelve years ago Mrs. Kloke came back to the States and became one of the pioneers in Imperial Valley. Mrs. Kloke was an enthusiast over this valley. She entered with spirit into the plans of her husband for the development of horticulture and they made a notable success in this line. She erected one of the hand-somest residences in the valley at Calexico and there carried on valuable and extensive experiments in horticulture. In this home is kept Mrs. Kloke's famous Alaskan collection, valued at thousands of dollars.

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Mrs. Fritz Kloke on the Skagway trail. The first white woman to penetrate the Yukon, for eighteen years a noted figure in Alaska, Imperial Valley pioneer and wife of a Calexico banker, died here last night. The girl standing was Mrs. Kloke's Indian servant.

SOME FAVORITE ROADS REOPENED TO MOTORS.

MOTORISTS are promised some of their favorite Sunday tours tomorrow, according to a report issued yesterday from the Automobile Club of Southern California, in which it is shown that several of the highways closed to travel Thursday are again open and ready for business.

The second installment of the recent storm wrought sudden but not permanent damage to the highways and bridges, according to reports received from the Automobile Club. The highways closed to travel Thursday are again open and ready for business.

One of the most important lanes of traffic open today is the Foothill boulevard to San Bernardino. It has been a case of "on again, off again, gone again, planning," with this highway, as it has been closed one day and open the next for two weeks, calling for the almost entire attention of one of the club's scout cars.

All through the storm the Telegraph road, scarcely considered previously by motorists, has borne the brunt of Southern California travel, this being at different times the main artery to San Diego and all points south and east. It is pointed out that no single highway has been a "bad mess" for any distance, but most have been closed in only one or two places, due to washed-out bridges. Here is the Automobile Club's latest bulletin:

Los Angeles to Santa Barbara—This route is open as far as Camarillo. Los Angeles to Ventura via Saugus and Fillmore—Absolutely closed. Los Angeles to Bakersfield—Closed at the Castaic switch; also the Castaic Creek is impassable. Los Angeles to Antelope Valley via Bouquet Canyon and Mint Canyon—Absolutely impassable. Los Angeles to Mt. Wilson—Closed, numerous slides. Los Angeles to San Gabriel Canyon—Closed, washouts. Los Angeles to Camp Baldy—Closed, road badly washed in places and covered with rocks. Lytle Creek to Glen Ranch—Closed, road washed out. Los Angeles to San Bernardino via Foothill Boulevard—Road open and in good shape with the exception of 25 feet of pavement which has been destroyed east of Claremont. This road not advised for trucks between Upland and Claremont. Cajon Pass—From San Bernardino is passable, although quite muddy. Valley Boulevard—Open as far as Crestmore road. Detour from Savan-

Score Again.
LOS ANGELES LEADING THE WORLD IN THRIFT.

LOS ANGELES leads the world in thrift, according to figures made public yesterday by the Chamber of Commerce, in connection with the forthcoming celebration of "National Thrift Day" next Thursday.

"There is enough money in our savings banks to pay the expenses of our standing army for a year," is the chamber's preface to its statement of totals. But the figures themselves are more startling. According to the chamber, 247,802 persons have accounts here, totaling \$98,070,081.77, an average of \$59.45 each. This is not counting money in building and loan associations, held by the savings department of the postoffice, or invested by the tens of thousands who are buying homes on the installment plan.

Yet Massachusetts, with average savings accounts of \$432.63, claims to lead the country in thrift, while Germany, with an average of \$192.47, had pretensions before the war to first place among the thrifty nations of the globe. Based on population, California is second, Massachusetts first, in savings, with an average of \$198 to each account, while only 11 per cent. of the population of the United States has

TWO SUSPECTED OF ABDUCTION.
Pair Named in Kidnaping Case of Mrs. Anna Holman.

Nurse Knocked Out, Wealthy Woman's Spirited Away.

Did She Wish to Leave or Is She Held for Ransom?

Baffled by contradictory clues, a score of deputy sheriffs, private detectives and police officers were unable, up to a late hour last night, to arrive at a solution of the mystery surrounding the kidnaping or escape of Mrs. Anna E. Holman, a patient at the Canyon Crest sanatorium, Glendale, who was taken away early yesterday morning by two masked men. Miss Mary Craig, the nurse in charge of Mrs. Holman, who was knocked unconscious by one of the men, is recovering from the blow she received. Two men have been named as suspects, but no arrests have been made as yet.

The investigators learned little during the day. Mrs. Holman was either spirited away or kidnaped, to be held for ransom, according to Deputy Sheriff Bell, who made the first investigation. He learned that early yesterday morning Nurse Craig was attracted by a peculiar noise to the hall that separates her apartment from that of Mrs. Holman. The nurse investigated and as she stepped into the hall was confronted by an armed and masked man. The man was in the act of closing one of the doors leading to Mrs. Holman's suite in the bungalow she occupied.

NURSE KNOCKED OUT.
The nurse screamed and as she did so a short, thick-set man struck her with a slungshot and she fell unconscious. During the brief time that Miss Craig was in the hall she did not see Mrs. Holman. However, footprints discovered yesterday morning indicated that Mrs. Holman walked away from the bungalow between two men, entered an automobile and was taken away.

Dr. C. C. Manger, head of the sanatorium; Deputies Bell and Cole, and several private detectives, as well as other persons familiar with the situation, all agreed that but two theories as to the disappearance of the patient are tenable. They believe that the woman, chafing under restraint, may have conspired with the men for her rescue, or that someone who knew of the patient's wealthy connections

Now You Can Enjoy Grand Opera
In Your Home as Often as You Like if You Have an Edison Diamond Disc

Eleanora de Cisneros, American operatic contralto, who has appeared with the Metropolitan, Manhattan and Chicago Opera companies, makes records for the Edison.

Come in and hear this eminent artist sing "Au udir del sistro il si n." from the opera Carmen, also hear the "Toreador Song," as sung by Thomas Chalmers, one of the world's greatest exponents of Grand Opera in English.

Diamond Disc Records
When you listen to an Edison Diamond Disc record you hear the actual reproduction of music, as opposed to the mere mechanical and only approximate reproduction which distinguishes ordinary talking machine music.

New Records Now on Sale
A splendid collection that you will want to hear and add to your record library.

Convenient Terms if Desired
Diamond Disc Phonographs \$100 to \$450
Catalog on Request.

FRANK J. HART
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MUSIC COMPANY
532-54 SOUTH BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES.
Branches: Pasadena, Riverside, San Diego.

AGAINST CHECK ON THE PRESS.

Advertisers Actively Fighting Bill Now in Congress.

Object to Censorship Powers for Postmaster-General.

Annual Conference Also Fires Volley at Sunday Laws.

Protesting vigorously against a bill now pending in the United States Congress, on the ground it would tend to curtail the freedom of the American press, Seventh-day Adventists of Southern California, assembled in their annual conference here yesterday, passed a resolution which will be forwarded to one of California's representatives in Congress.

House bill No. 491 is the one to which the Adventists take particular exception. It authorizes the Postmaster-General to exclude from the mails any publication which contains any article which "tends to expose any race, creed, or religion to either hatred, contempt, ridicule or obloquy." The resolution of the Adventists is as follows:

"Whereas, one or more bills have been introduced into the present session of the United States Congress designed to abridge the freedom of the press and the right to frank statements upon religious subjects, by excluding from the mails any publication which prints articles subjecting any creed or religion to reproach, and granting the Postmaster-General the power of censorship over all newspapers, periodicals and magazines; and

"Whereas, the First Amendment to the United States Constitution very properly provides that 'Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press'; and

"Whereas, the present Federal laws against libel now give full redress in case the rights of individuals or sects are infringed; therefore, be it

"Resolved, that the delegates of the Southern California Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, in conference assembled hereby respectfully, but most earnestly protest against the passage of these bills, or any others of like nature, which may be presented to Congress."

RIGHT IS FUNDAMENTAL.
"Freedom to discuss religious, as well as political questions is a fundamental right that should obtain in every government," said Elder W. F. Martin of Santa Ana, secretary of the Pacific Union Conference, who is here attending the conference. "This freedom should not be confined to the pulpit or platform, but should extend to the press as well. If this bill becomes a law, it will place in the hands of any individual, which may be in power, the opportunity to influence the Postmaster-General against other religions. If these should be constrained to censor or criticize the prevailing religion. This would lead to very serious results."

"The free discussion of any political or religious tenet will not do harm, but good. Religious beliefs have to do with man's relationship to God, and a religion which will not bear the severest test of criticism is not worthy to be retained by a thinking people. The present laws prohibiting the sending of obscene matter through the mails give ample protection, and permit the accused to take his case into court for trial, by jury if desired, whereas the present bill leaves it to the arbitrary ruling of the Postmaster-General. "Seventh-day Adventists are strenuously opposed to scurrilous argument, and believe the laws ought to govern matter sent through the mails. If one religion scandalizes another by its publications, the one against whom the scandal is directed has the rights of the courts. It is neither Christian nor polite for one religious body to engage in scurrilous attack upon another. Such conduct is opposed to the fundamental principles of Christianity, and is beneath the dignity of any Christian man or body of men."

AGAINST SUNDAY LAWS.
The Adventist conference passed another resolution, opposing the enactment of Sunday laws, saying these constitute religious legislation and are opposed to the principles of American freedom. They commended the stand Californians have taken, thus far, on this question, in resisting the influence of those who are trying to induce them to enact such laws. They maintain that every man ought to be free to observe or not observe Sunday, as he chooses.

Indorsement of the movement to bring prohibition in California was expressed by the Adventists yesterday. The resolution declared that "for more than half a century, health and temperance principles have been universally accepted by the Adventist community as a fundamental doctrine by Seventh-day Adventists."

Officers of the Southern California Conference of the Adventists, to serve for the next two years, were elected yesterday, and are as follows: President, B. E. Beddoe; secretary and treasurer, B. M. Emerson; Executive Committee, B. E. Beddoe, F. I. Richardson, G. A. Snyder, H. G. Lucas, I. C. Colcord, E. G. Fulton and Dr. C. A. Burroughs. Members of the board of directors of San Fernando Academy in this conference were elected as follows: B. E. Beddoe, E. G. Fulton, H. G. Lucas, M. A. McWherry, H. S. Prenter and Parker Smith. Other members of the board residing in the South-eastern California Conference will be elected by that body at its regular session. The names of W. F. Martin, R. S. Owen and C. McReynolds were proposed.

CRUEL TO CATS.
Unless Gus and Mike Christophorus, Greek dairymen, clean up their dairy near Burbank in three days, they will be given a jail sentence. Justice Hinchshaw fined them \$25 each yesterday morning after they pleaded guilty to a charge of cruelty to animals. This was brought by the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals through William Fullerton, who stated that the dairymen provided no shelter for their 240 cats and that they had permitted them to remain in mud and filth knee deep. Justice Hinchshaw told them that their conduct of business was a menace to public health.

Keep Your Bowels Regular.
If your bowels become constipated, take a dose of Chamberlain's Tablets just after supper and they will correct the disorder. They are mild and gentle in their action. Obtainable everywhere. (Advertisement.)

Suspected Abduction

(Continued from First Page.)

That Mrs. Holman was fretful and anxious at times to leave the sanatorium, and to be free from the watchfulness of trained nurses, gives weight to the theory that she was privy to the affair. That she had no ready money or other valuables to reward those who aided her in leaving the hospital leads the detectives to the theory that outside interests took advantage of her desire to escape and have helped her in the hope that a reward will be offered for her return.

Mrs. Holman is a member of a wealthy Pittsburgh family, although her private fortune is small, being placed under \$20,000 by her attorneys, Jones & Evans. Her brother, Col. O. S. Hirschman, owner of the Pittsburgh Press, and head of the family, was notified yesterday of the matter, and will probably offer a reward for her return. Judge Frank Stanley of Anaheim, a banker, is the guardian of Mrs. Holman, and yesterday retained private detectives to assist the Sheriff's office in the search for the missing woman.

UNDER GUARDIAN.
Mrs. Holman came to California eight years ago and shortly afterward was married. Five years ago her husband sought to be appointed her guardian, but this was resisted by Mrs. Holman. She was placed in the sanatorium for medical treatment. A guardian was appointed to look after her property, but the woman was never declared mentally incompetent, and her property was not sequestered. In placing Mrs. Holman in the sanatorium Judge Rives allowed her \$300 a month for maintenance and, in addition, medical services. The woman sent her more than \$8000 since her residence in the sanatorium so that she might have every care that money could buy. Mrs. Holman's husband, Dr. Manger, stated that the large sum spent on Mrs. Holman at the sanatorium and the fact that she came from a wealthy family, may have inspired her abduction.

Mrs. Holman had been an intimate of Dr. Manger's sanatorium, at Sierra Madre and Glendale for nearly five years, and, according to her physician, had never before attempted to leave.

LETTERS TO "THE TIMES"

The Times invites strong, clear, brief expression of opinion on subjects of current interest. Letters should be sent to the editor, 1111 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and should be signed. Letters are subject to editorial supervision.

Is It Right?
LOS ANGELES, Jan. 28.—[To the Editor of The Times:] A few days ago a young man came to my office to see me. During my conversation with him he remarked he had to go to the County Hospital a few weeks when he was sick. I asked why he went there. He said he was too poor to pay anything and besides had just paid \$150 cash for some property. I have learned since he has some \$1500 worth of property in California. Besides he is getting something like \$75 a month, with no one dependent on him.

Now, I am a practicing physician in this city and yet I, as others, know that this is happening every day. While that is one of the best hospitals of its kind I know, and while the superintendent and assistants have always replied when I have had to send some worthy patient there for treatment, there is little room.

How can this matter be stopped? B. MOSEY SMITH, M.D.

Feeling in Oaxaca.
LOS ANGELES, Jan. 28.—[To the Editor of The Times:] Under the heading, "They Keep Carrillo in Power," in your paper of Wednesday morning, I read the letter this Mexican Carranza Consul has sent you. Now I have just come from Oaxaca, where I have lived for nine years and when Mr. Carrillo says that the State of Oaxaca recognizes Mr. Carranza, the simply makes a false statement. Oaxaca has never nor will ever recognize Carranza and furthermore, although Mr. Wilson has recognized him, the Mexican nation never will.

I will like for Mr. Carrillo to give me that bandit's name he mentions. He can't do it if he has any sense. This Consul that there are over 20,000 well-trained, disciplined and armed soldiers in that State now, and there, Americans and all foreigners are respected. M. P. NICHOLS.

Specific.
CHEW GENTIAN ROOT.

Guaranteed to Take Away Taste for Tobacco by Field Secretary of the Anti-Cigarette League of America. Who is here to Start Campaign.

Manfred P. Welcher, field secretary of the Anti-Cigarette League of America, who is a guest at the Hersey Arms, advises the chewing of gentian root to satisfy the appetite for tobacco, and the eating of apples, oranges and lemons when the appetite is strongest. He also stated yesterday that those who are trying to break away from our Lady Nicotine should avoid all highly-seasoned foods.

Mr. Welcher is here giving addresses before parent-teacher associations, women's clubs and in some of the churches. He plans to extend his campaign to include various civic interests. Mr. Welcher was in this city a year ago and spoke in several of the public schools. He has been engaged in the anticigarette work for sixteen years and in that time has visited eleven States and given more than 1400 addresses.

DEFENDANT MAROONED.
When the preliminary hearing of W. H. Hanchey, the "love grabber," and his associate, I. E. Wall, charged with the forgery of property deeds, was called yesterday morning at Justice Hinchshaw's court, Hanchey was not present. An old man, bent beneath the weight of years, appeared before the justice and asked that the justice and asked that the justice be postponed until February 5.

LICENSED IN EAST.
A marriage license was issued yesterday at Chicago to Harry F. Tumbler and Minna Mitchell, both of Los Angeles.

Try Marine Eye Remedy
See Red, Watery Eyes and Gravelled Sight.

WILLIAMSON IS FOUND GUILTY.

(Continued from First Page.)

Verdict Returned by Jury in Fifteen Minutes.

Tuna Company Head Convicted on Woman's Charge.

Five Years in Penitentiary Maximum Penalty.

It required a jury in Judge Dietrich's court but fifteen minutes yesterday to convict Charles E. Williamson, former president of the National Tuna Fishing and Packing Company, of the charge that he had used the mails in a scheme to defraud.

But forty-five minutes were employed in the delivery of the court's charge and the rendition of the verdict. Not even a formal ballot was taken by the jury. They all agreed that he was guilty and signed the report that was later delivered to the court.

Williamson evidently expected the judgment was announced. The only persons connected with the trial who evinced any evidence of being nervous were Mrs. Minnie C. Emerson, victim of Williamson, and her mother-in-law, Mrs. Eugene Raney of Dallas, who embraced each other in their joy, and took each member of the jury by the hand and thanked him.

Attorney S. M. Johnstone in behalf of Williamson asked that the sentence be postponed until next Tuesday. This was agreeable to the court. Under the statutes the maximum punishment for the crime of which Williamson was convicted is five years in the penitentiary.

Williamson was the promoter, and, so far as known, the whole existence of the California Tuna Fishing and Packing Company, the only sales of which were made to R. G. Burger, who was afterward employed as private secretary to Williamson, and Mrs. Emerson, who turned over to him two pieces of property, on Twenty-ninth and Thirty-fifth streets, respectively, in return for \$20,000 in stock of the company. This real estate was afterward turned back to Mrs. Emerson, but in the meantime Williamson had received the \$20,000 in mortgage, which the woman must pay, or lose her property.

The evidence showed that every dollar received by Williamson, Mrs. Emerson and Mrs. Emerson was spent in fitting up the office of the company in the Black Building. A contract was made for the erection of a cannery plant, near Wilmington, but there was not a cent paid to the contractors, who turned the unfinished work over to the Halfhill Canning Company.

After his indictment and arrest, Williamson twice jumped his bail, being arrested again first time at Bay City, Mich., and the last time in Denver. The indictment was based on two letters sent by Williamson to Mrs. Emerson, after he had secured the deeds. It was contended by the defense that not only were the letters false, but that Williamson was a false man, and that he had received the woman had been robbed of her property, and therefore could not have been duped by the furtherance of a scheme to defraud.

Brave and True.
MANY COME TO MOURN.

Friends in all Grades of Society Attend the Funeral of Chester-place Watchman, Slain by Bandits when in Performance of His Duty.

By the hundreds his friends gathered yesterday to pay their last respects to Capt. Jack Hendrickson, the Chester-place watchman, slain while on duty by two young bandits. The body was escorted from Breeses Bros' undertaking rooms to the Commandery Hall, in the Masonic Temple, Pico and Figueroa streets, by forty policemen.

The picturesque life of the deceased was retold in the presence of those who came to mourn. They were of all grades of society—millionaires from Chester place, soldiers, society women, prominent business and clubmen, cowboys, outcasts, whom he had befriended, beggars, street car men—all who had become attached to him in the varied phases of his life. Chief Snively and Assistant Chief Home were of the 100 members of the police department who attended the funeral.

The impressive Masonic funeral services were conducted under the direction of the Los Angeles Lodge No. 42, F. and A. M. Rev. Baker P. Lee of Christ Episcopal Church delivered the funeral sermon. He spoke of the remarkable life of the man to whose memory they were paying tribute. He described him as a man of action, fearless, bold and thoughtful, who dignified his position as watchman into a confidential relationship with those over whom he watched during the night.

The body was taken to a receiving vault in Forest Lawn Cemetery, where it will be held until the arrival of the son, Jack Hendrickson, Jr., who is on his way from Tampico, Fla.

5% Discount Today On Children's Shoes

Every purchaser of Children's Shoes at Staub's Saturday, saves 5 per cent. We give the discount to the child.

Our Juvenile Footwear is highest quality. Prices, \$1.50 to \$4.00.

Staub's
The Popular Price Shoe Store.
336 SO. BROADWAY

Everything for Baby

Exquisite lines of dainty, hand made garments, as well as all the warm, soft wearables on which baby's health and comfort depend.

Fashion's Latest for Girls

Lingerie Frocks for the spring wearing of Girls from 8 to 16. Lace-trimmed waists and lawns—priced \$3.50 up.

Peeman & Hendee
351-353 SO. BROADWAY

Roads Reopened.

(Continued from First Page.)

on E street and continue through Colton to Riverside.

Los Angeles to Corona—All roads closed with the exception from Riverside-Magnolia-Arlington drive. The small bridge at eastern entrance of Corona is out, crossing through wash in fair condition.

Los Angeles to Perris and Hemet—In fair shape. Take Riverside road, thence Eighth street to Rivers Junction, over Box Springs grade and continue to the above-mentioned places.

Los Angeles to Whittier, Fullerton and Anaheim—May be reached by Telegraph road to Rivera, thence left to the Whittier boulevard, from which point the main road will be followed. Los Angeles to Long Beach—Absolutely impassable. Not advisable until Sunday and then only via Long Beach, Naples, Bay City and Westminster.

Los Angeles to Long Beach—One should follow the regular Huntington Park-Long Beach road, which is in good shape, as the bridge has been repaired.

Los Angeles to Norwalk and Artesia—May be reached by following Telegraph road to Rivers Junction, turning left at this point back to the Whittier road, thence right, crossing the San Gabriel River and taking the first paved road to the right, at which point sign will be found reading "Los Nietos-Norwalk-Artesia." Paved the entire distance.

Los Angeles to Huntington Beach—May be reached via Long Beach, Naples, Bay City and Westminster, thence south.

Newport and Balboa—Roads absolutely closed to these points. Laguna Road—Open if West Fifth street bridge at Santa Ana is repaired by Sunday.

San Diego Coast and Inland Route—Both closed absolutely.

San Pedro roads closed by the County Highway Commissioner on account of high water in the vicinity of Nigger Slough; also bad slides in the road between Wilmington and the harbor.

Anaheim road, between Long Beach and Wilmington, absolutely closed.

Los Angeles to Redondo Beach—Open and in good shape.

Los Angeles to Venice—Was closed slightly by high water in the vicinity of Nigger Slough; also bad slides in the road between Wilmington and the harbor.

Los Angeles to Santa Monica via Wilshire Boulevard—Open and in good condition.

Hollywood to Glendale via Los Feliz Road—The bridge over this road will be passable Saturday morning if the Los Angeles bridge department promised to remove it.

Los Angeles to Owensmouth via Lancaster and Van Nuys—Not advisable for the next few days.

Santa Susanna Pass to Simi Valley—Practically impassable.

SEEKS HOME HERE.
Big Four's General Manager Senses Charm of Southwest.

H. F. Houghton, general manager of the Big Four Lines, with headquarters at Indianapolis, Ind., is in Los Angeles for the first time, visiting friends on his vacation. While here Mr. Houghton will probably select a home, where he may enjoy California's charm when he retires from active railroad work.

He is one of the most impressive men in the railroad world, and in America and like the majority of big railroad men, he rose from the ranks. He began his career at Defiance, O., in 1878 as a telegrapher when O. F. Potter of this city was manager of the Big Four, then a small railroad. By constant application and study Mr. Houghton rose steadily to his present position.

UNDELIVERED TELEGRAMS.
There are telegrams at the Western Union office, 1111 Broadway, which Claude Cummins, T. W. Edwards, Miss E. C. Kiel, W. J. Lawrence, Mrs. E. N. Owen, C. P. Parker, F. C. Roach, H. C. Smith, D. W. Wright, Thomas Watkins and A. M. Williams.

5% Discount Today On Children's Shoes

Every purchaser of Children's Shoes at Staub's Saturday, saves 5 per cent. We give the discount to the child.

Our Juvenile Footwear is highest quality. Prices, \$1.50 to \$4.00.

Staub's
The Popular Price Shoe Store.
336 SO. BROADWAY

Everything for Baby

Exquisite lines of dainty, hand made garments, as well as all the warm, soft wearables on which baby's health and comfort depend.

Fashion's Latest for Girls

Lingerie Frocks for the spring wearing of Girls from 8 to 16. Lace-trimmed waists and lawns—priced \$3.50 up.

Peeman & Hendee
351-353 SO. BROADWAY

Everything for Baby

Exquisite lines of dainty, hand made garments, as well as all the warm, soft wearables on which baby's health and comfort depend.

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351-353 SO. BROADWAY

WORKMEN RUSHING FLOOD REPAIRS.

(Continued from First Page.)

BRING ORDER FROM DEBRIS IN WAKE OF THE STORM.

Train Service Still Hampered, with Only the Southern Pacific Valley Line not Affected—Telegraph and Telephone Companies Bridging Gaps in Their Lines.

After twenty-four hours of unceasing effort workmen have succeeded in making temporary repairs and the damage caused by Thursday's down-pour in Los Angeles and vicinity has been found comparatively slight. Because the storm followed as closely as it did the excessive rainfall of last week, a considerable part of the work accomplished at that time will have to be done over again. But within a few minutes after the rain stopped the work of reconstruction was once more under way.

Trains, which were delayed on all tracks, except on the Southern Pacific valley line, started operating yesterday on the Santa Fe and Salt Lake. The Coast route, which suffered slightly near Moor Park, was repaired early and within a few hours after the rain stopped service was resumed. The Santa Fe trains to the North and East were routed over Southern Pacific lines to Mojave and thence over the Santa Fe to their destinations. The Salt Lake also used the Southern Pacific lines to Mojave.

Much inconvenience resulted from the interruption of telegraph service in nearly all directions and the railroads are yet unable to keep in communication with many of their trains. Westbound trains began to arrive early this morning on all lines and it is confidently expected that by tonight transcontinental service will be resumed on schedule.

Local service to Pomona and other neighboring cities remains interrupted by washouts.

The Redlands "loop" is out of commission. The line between Fullerton and Santa Ana is also reported closed by washed out bridges and undermined track. Near Corona a gang of men worked last night repairing the Santa Fe tracks at Prado, where there were two serious washouts. Service to Corona some time this morning is expected.

Just outside the city at Pico, Salt Lake bridge No. 13 proved a hoodoo and more than 150 feet of track

was undermined by the flood that destroyed the bridge. The San Gabriel River overflowed and undermined or covered with debris the tracks near Azusa and Duarte. Train service to San Diego will not be established for several days.

For the telephone and telegraph companies hundreds of linemen are out making temporary repairs.

Between here and San Diego there has been no telegraph service since 3 o'clock a.m. Thursday. Near San Juan Capistrano more than a quarter of a mile of poles and wire lay in a tangled mass. It is estimated 20,000 feet of wire will be needed to replace the break.

Mr. McPhee of the Western Union yesterday rushed linemen on a lumber schooner to San Diego with wire, tools and other supplies. A wireless communication from F. A. Bennett, San Diego manager, stated there is not enough emergency wire there to replace the break.

Mr. McPhee hopes to have temporary communication established with San Diego some time tomorrow. In the meantime, important messages are being sent by wireless.

Mr. McPhee states check dams built in the Haynes Canyon and at other points saved the line to the north from serious damage.

Pacific Electric service has been re-established over all lines except the San Bernardino-Arrowhead, San Bernardino-Highland, and Santa Ana-Huntington Beach lines. There will be no service west of North Sherman way on the Owensmouth line. Service to Riverside will be via San Bernardino. Toward Santa Ana, trains will run as far as Morton only, and to West Covina as far as Los Nietos. The Newport line is open as far as Huntington Beach via Long Beach.

VALUABLE STONES STOLEN.
Two Thousand Dollars' Worth is Held of Burglar.

When Mrs. Helen G. Woodbury of No. 1824 Van Ness avenue returned to her home early last night from one of the beach towns, she discovered burglars had entered her home and departed with \$2250 worth of jewelry.

According to Mrs. Woodbury, the burglars took a diamond value valued at \$250, a diamond ring worth \$1000 and two other rings valued at \$500. The burglar entered by the front door.

Reasonable Excuse.
[Indianapolis Star:] Teacher: You are late this morning, Tommy. Have you any good excuse? Tommy: You bet I have. First breakfast cakes and sausages of the season.

Grand Prize, Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915
Grand Prize, Panama-California Exposition, San Diego, 1915

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa

The Food Drink Without a Fault

Made of high-grade cocoa beans, skilfully blended and manufactured by a perfect mechanical process, without the use of chemicals; it is absolutely pure and wholesome, and its flavor is delicious, the natural flavor of the cocoa bean.

The genuine bears this trade-mark, and is made only by

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780

DORCHESTER, MASS.

5% Discount Today On Children's Shoes

Every purchaser of Children's Shoes at Staub's Saturday, saves 5 per cent. We give the discount to the child.

Our Juvenile Footwear is highest quality. Prices, \$1.50 to \$4.00.

Staub's
The Popular Price Shoe Store.
336 SO. BROADWAY

Everything for Baby

Exquisite lines of dainty, hand made garments, as well as all the warm, soft wearables on which baby's health and comfort depend.

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Los Angeles Daily Times

Angel of the North.
(Continued from First Page.)

In the Calixto Woman's Club, in the Imperial County Federation, and has been delegate to various district conventions. Here, as in Alaska, her generosity was of much help to the poor. Although a Catholic, she was liberal in her financial help to other churches. She was especially interested in young men and did much to provide wholesome entertainment for them in Calixto and thus exert an influence to prevent them from drifting "across the line."

A and feature of her death was that her two nephews, who live in the Imperial Valley, were unable to reach her bedside before the end came because of the washed-out railroads. Mr. Kloke was with her, however, when the end came. He is overcome with grief.

The funeral services will be conducted in this city Monday morning at 10 o'clock, interment being at Calvary Cemetery. The pallbearers will all be Alaska pioneers who were in the Yukon at the same time with Mrs. Kloke and all of whom now reside here. They are Ole Finstad, Ben Levy, H. J. Koch, Fred Noyes, J. Finken and J. Thornton.

BUSINESS CHANGE.
A. H. Sievert, who for the past twelve years has been actively connected with the Sievert Oil Burner Company will retire next month. He has decided to locate on his large fruit ranch near Santa Cruz. He has transferred his interests in the burner company to E. E. Rushton, late of Pittsburgh, Pa., who together with C. W. Sievert will carry on this business as heretofore.

MAJESTIC
2 More Days ONLY
11:30, 2:00, 4:30, 8:15
SHOWS JOE JACKSON
DAILY
12:30, 3, 5:30, 9:15
"A MODERN ENOCH ARDEN"
Beginning Monday Morning 11:30

BILLIE BURKE
The management has succeeded in response to public demand in securing Thomas H. Ince's master production of "Fanny" for this limited return engagement of one week only.

—Phone Now for Seats.
—Every Seat Reserved
—For Every Performance.
—11:30, 2:00, 4:30, 8:15.
—Main 3162, Home 60337.
—35c, 25c, 10c; Loges 50c.
Seats ordered by telephone may be called for at additional box office provided, to avoid waiting in line.

THE KEYSTONE FEATURE
"HIS HEREAFTER"
With Charlie Murray and Louise Fazenda
The most brilliant combination of spectacular effects ever produced under the famous Mack Sennett direction.

BURBANK
2 DAYS MORE
The FLYING TORPEDO!
With John Emerson and Bessie Love
& Two Keystone Hits. Roscoe Arbuckle in an uproariously funny Sennett production.
Mack Swain and Chester Conklin in "Saved by Wireless."
25c, 15c, 10c. Reservations Main 3162 Home 60337
Loges, 35c 4 Shows—11:30 2:00, 4:30, 8:15

MOROSCO THEATRE—Last 2 Times, Mat. Today 2:15
FLORENCE ROCKWELL
AND OLIVER MOROSCO CO. in GEO. M. COHAN'S BEST PLAY.
"HIS HEREAFTER"
PRICES, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c. MATINEE TODAY, 10c, 25c, 50c. ONLY.
BEGINNING TOMORROW MATINEE. FIRST TIME IN THE WEST.
"HE COMES UP SMILING" The Smartest Comedy of the Year.
FLORENCE ROCKWELL AND OLIVER MOROSCO CO.

LITTLE THEATRE—Pico and Figueroa
TONIGHT MOTHERHOOD WITH Selling OUT
AND Direction Fred J. Butler. and selected company. EVERY
SUNDAY All Seats 75c. NIGHT

CLUNE'S AUDITORIUM—THEATER BEAUTIFUL
TODAY AT 2:15—TONIGHT AT 8:15—LAST PERFORMANCES.
La Scala Grand Opera Company
Today at 2:15 "Mme. Butterfly" with Zotti
Tonight, "LA BOHEME" with ALICE NIELSEN
PROVIDING S. P. LIMITED NOW AT INDIO, CAL., ARRIVES IN TIME, OR
"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA" with Gentle
AND ALL-STAR CAST IN FIRST ACT OF "LOVE TALES OF HOFFMAN" AND
LAST ACT OF "IL TROVATORE"
LOWER FLOOR 25c and 15c. SECOND BALCONY 75c.
BALCONY 15c and 10c. GALLERY 50c.

TRINITY AUDITORIUM—A GREAT PROGRAM
TODAY GABRILOWITSCH
at 2:15 MASTER PIANIST, and
CLARA CLEMENS, Contralto
SEATS 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.50, 2.00—STUDENT RATES.

Eloquence to Stand Her in Good Stead.



Mrs. Helen Bosbyshell Warner, well known in the social circles of Los Angeles and Alhambra, who has been nominated by urgent friends in The Times wonderful automobile campaign. She is the niece of E. P. Bosbyshell, prominent business man of this city, and is a graduate of the Cumstock School of Expression. Though frequently in demand as a dramatic reader, she asserts the next few weeks will be largely spent in trying for an automobile.

RAIN SWELLS RANKS OF "TIMES" CONTESTANTS.

While Early-bird Candidates, Seeking to Win Beautiful Autos and Other Prizes, Cannot Campaign for Votes, New Aspirants Seize Chance to Join the Fray—Every Opportunity for Hustlers.

RAINS and floods that created havoc throughout Southern California likewise succeeded in making many young women, in the same part of California, put at the inconsistencies of the weather man. Reference is made to those ambitious misses who are candidates in The Times greater automobile and circulation campaign. With the exception of a few peeps from the sun, the water kept them from getting votes—and votes are quite a necessary article to win those sixteen automobiles The Times will give away free.

"But it's an ill wind that blows nobody good," said a young woman from one of the suburbs of Los Angeles, who called at campaign headquarters yesterday. "Here I've been waiting to enter this campaign, and I kept putting it off and putting it off, until I got to the point where I feared I had waited too long."

"Then I realized that while it was raining so hard the other candidates who had already entered couldn't be getting votes, so I figured they were no better off than I. Which explains why I am here. Me for an automobile."

And she wasn't the only one who, in substance, has said the same thing. It is quite true. Much as the candidates have wanted to apply themselves

Use this blank to enter candidate. Fill out as directed and bring or send to the Campaign Manager.

Nomination Blank Good For 5,000 Votes
GREATER AUTOMOBILE AND PRIZE CAMPAIGN
Los Angeles Times

To Campaign Manager: Date: 1916.
I nominate _____
Street and No. _____ County _____
Town or City _____ District No. _____
As a candidate in The Times Automobile and Prize Campaign.
Signed _____ Address _____

This blank counts 5000 free votes. Only one nomination will be credited to each contestant. The nominator's name will not be divulged if so requested.

First Subscription Coupon
Good for 15,000 Extra Votes

Return this coupon to the Campaign Manager, Los Angeles Times, with your FIRST subscription payment, either old or new, of three months or longer, and you will receive 15,000 votes in addition to the regular number of votes given, as shown in the regular schedule.

Name of Subscriber _____
Address _____
Contestant's Name _____
Dist. No. _____ Amt. Enc. \$ _____ OLD or NEW.

This coupon, accompanied by the Nomination Blank and your first subscription, will start you in the race with over 20,000 votes. Only one of these coupons will be credited to each candidate.

10 FREE VOTE COUPON
GOOD FOR TEN VOTES
GREATER AUTOMOBILE AND PRIZE CAMPAIGN
Los Angeles Times

Good for Ten Votes if voted on or before February 8, 1916.

NAME _____
STREET _____
TOWN _____
COUNTY _____ DISTRICT NO. _____

This Coupon will count Ten Votes when properly filled out and sent to the Campaign Manager of the Los Angeles Times on or before the expiration date. Coupons must be neatly trimmed and put in package, with number of votes written on top.

THEATRE—AMUSEMENTS—ENTERTAINMENTS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST THEATRE PIPE ORGAN
TALLY'S BROADWAY THEATRE 833 So. Broadway
Today and Sunday Only
FLORENCE REED in "AT BAY"
WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, JANUARY 31
MARGARET ILLINGTON in "THE LIE" by Henry Arthur Jones
SEATS NOW ON SALE.

MILLER'S THEATRE—THE SERPENT
843 South Main Street.
Shows at 11:30, 12:45, 2:30, 4:15, 6:00, 7:45, 9:15 P.M.

MIDNIGHT MATINEE TONIGHT at 11:00 P. M.
Only Two More Days. Come Early for Seats.

WILLIAM FARNUM
828 SOUTH BROADWAY.
Shows at 11:00, 12:45, 2:30, 4:15, 6:00, 7:45 and 9:15 P.M.

WOODLEY THEATRE—MARGUERITE CLARK
828 SOUTH BROADWAY.
DON'T LET THE WEATHER MAN PREVENT YOU FROM SEEING
"MICE AND MEN"
Kazel Down in "My Lady Inocog," Next Week

LANCHARD HALL—BRAHMS QUINTET
MANAGEMENT F. W. BLANCHARD.
Solelist: CONSTANCE BALFOUR, Soprano
Friday Matinee rehearsal at 2:30. Admission 50c.
Saturday Evening Concert at 8:30. Tickets \$1. Special season rates.

PHAEUM—THE BEST OF VAUDEVILLE—
Every Night at 8, 10:15 and 12:30; boxes \$1. Mat. at 2 DAILY, 10:15-12:30; boxes 75c.
RYAN & LEE "You're Spoiled!" HARRY FERN & CO. "Veteran"
CLAYTON WHIPPLE & WALTER HUSTON "Spag"
BURY HELDER with "Tenor" VOICE LOE HOEN & DUBRECK
Presty Novelties STAINES TANKBARK COMEDIANS. Last Week
ROSEAN & BURNS and Indian Dancers. Pathe Weekly News Views.
Orchestra Concerts 2 and 5 p.m. Pathe Weekly News Views.

ANN'S SUPERBA THEATRE—Cleo Ridgely and Wallace Reid in "THE GOLDEN CHANCE"
A Paramount-Lasky production—it's different.
Prices Always 10, 20, 30 cents.
FIRST PERFORMANCE 10:30 A.M.

PLACE OF PICTURES—MARGUERITE CLARK
Broadway Near 7th. In the Heart of the Shopping District.
In "THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER"

PHONY THEATRE—This Week—614 S. Bdw.
Theater's gripping and dramatic story, THE HOUSE OF TEARS, with the gifted actress, EMILY STUBBS, in the stellar role, supported by the eminent dramatic actor, HENRI BERGMAN. Six compelling acts of intensely human note and the heart. Directed by EDWARD CAREWE.

REPUBLIC—5 CASTING CAMPBELLS 10c
Six Big New Acts Headed by
and "Whittier"
A Feature Photoplay by
FEAT. E. VAN LOAN. SEATS

POPDROME—10 FEATURE VAUDEVILLE Every Seat 10c
INCLUDING SINGER'S PET
and his comical dog and his comical
MONKEY COMEDIAN'S 3000 of 'Em.

ANTAGES—3 Shows Tonight 10, 20, 30c
Matinee 2:30 Starting 6:30

AWSTON OSTRICH FARM, SOUTH PASADENA
Open to visitors daily. Tickets including admission to Farm, can be purchased at F. E. Depot or at our store on Broadway. Inspect our after inventory of food at Germania store, 725 So. Broadway.

BLAZE IN WOOL PLANT.
Fire of unknown origin early last night damaged to the extent of \$2500 the wool pulling house of the Pacific Coast Wool and Provision Company at 1600 Lyons street. The blaze was discovered by a night watchman. The fire fighters were unable to save the building but prevented the flames from spreading farther.

A Big Ribbon Remnant Sale

Reductions of a third, or even half, on all short lengths of fine Dresdens, Persians, velvet brocades, stripes, plaids, Jacquards and plain ribbons in lengths up to 2½ yards. Buy now for ribbon bags, for girdles, for hair bows, or for any purpose where short lengths can be used. (Ribbons: Main Floor)

—Home of Outerwear Mattresses— —McCall Patterns—
Coulter Dry Goods Co.
FOUNDED IN 1878
U. S. Postoffice Sub-Station. W. U. Telegraph Branch. American Express Branch.

Stamped Needlework 25c

Stamped centers, scarfs and pillow tops, in natural colored linen, mercerized poplin and a few white linen (in the centers only) articles that you can embroider in dainty fashion for personal use or for gifts; values to \$1.50 to be quickly closed out today only, at 25c (Art Needlework: Third Floor)

TO CHARGE CUSTOMERS: All purchases made on and after January 25 appear on statement rendered you March 1st.

Coulter's January White Sale Draws Near the Close

Hemstitched Lunch Napkins Reduced

—dozens and dozens of designs and qualities; all beautifully hemstitched—
\$3.00 quality, dozen, \$2.45 \$6.00 quality, dozen, \$4.85
\$3.50 quality, dozen, \$2.90 \$7.50 quality, dozen, \$6.00
\$4.00 quality, dozen, \$3.25 \$9.00 quality, dozen, \$6.75
\$5.00 quality, dozen, \$3.90 \$12.00 quality, doz., \$9.85

Madeira Lunch Sets

Doilies sets of rich quality and beauty.

Reg.	Now.
\$ 6.00	\$ 4.50
\$ 8.50	\$ 6.35
\$10.00	\$ 7.50
\$25.00	\$18.75



Bath Towels, 25c

—yellow, pink or blue key borders; made of superior yarn; regularly 35c.....25c

Our Best \$1.50 Irish Table Linen, yd., \$1.15

A seventy-inch snow white pure Irish linen damask, in patterns of the most attractive sort, and in many of them; a grade that we sell universally at \$1.50 a yard, offered in the January Linen Sale at only \$1.15.

Lunch Cloths, \$1.00—two hundred of them; 43x43, in small, neat fleur de lis design, with wreath pattern in the center; a \$1.50 cloth.

Bath Towels, 42½c

—27x54-inch heavy double thread bath towels; note the extra size; good at 50c; each 42½c

Linens by the Yard

64-in. Mercerized Linen, reg. 50c yard 37½c
60-in. Pure Linen, snow white, reg. 85c yard 75c
68-in. pure snow white Linen, reg. \$1.00 yard 85c
70-in. pure snow white Linen, reg. \$1.50 yard \$1.15
72-in. pure snow white Linen; reg. \$2.00 yard \$1.55

Extra Wide Linens

81-in. assorted patterns, reg. \$2.25 yard \$1.85
90-in. various patterns, reg. \$3.00 yard \$2.50



Some Inducements for Buying Bedding Here

The inducement of even small price-reductions should be sufficient to give this Bedding Section all the business it can handle, in the face of a rising market in all lines of Bedding. Such prices as the following make bedding buying a genuine investment:

Blankets

White, gray, tan, red or plaids—	Reg.	Now.
\$1.00 grade	90c	\$2.50
\$1.25	\$1.10	\$8.50
\$1.50	\$1.25	\$4.50
\$2.00	\$1.65	\$5.50
—And so on up to the finest grades, regularly \$22.50, \$25 and \$30, now \$19.75, \$20.00 and \$22.50.		\$9.00



Comforts

—in silk, filled with down or wool; in silkoline, wool and cotton filled; dainty and handsome, and above all, durable:

Reg.	Now.
\$2.25	\$1.90
\$2.50	\$2.20
\$3.00	\$2.50
\$5.00	\$3.75



Charming Lingerie Waists, \$2.50

The daintiest new blouses are arriving now, almost daily; new white, flesh, bisque and Chantrelle shades, with vests and collars of dainty Swiss embroidery and Valenciennes lace, \$2.50.

Blouses of crepe de chine; in several lovely models; white, maize, light blue, old rose, coral-ette and salmon, \$5.00.

Tailored blouses in best quality silks, with convertible collars; satin stripe waists and styles made from rich wash silks, in maize and white, blue and white, rose and white or violet and white, at \$5.00. (Blouses: Second Floor)



Sheets and Pillow Cases at These Prices for Today Only

We can accept no telephone or mail orders on any of these goods. They comply with the State law which makes 3-yard sheets necessary in hotels and apartment-houses; made of good, heavy, full-bleached, soft finish muslin, that washes and wears well.
Sheets—torn, size 72x108, each 75c
Pillow Cases—torn, size 45x36, special, each 12½c
Torn size, 90x108, each. These prices are away below usual ones.
(Domestics: Rear South Aisle)

Values In Spring Suits at \$25.00

Most women do not care to pay over twenty-five dollars for their early-season suits, so we have assembled a great quantity of styles to sell at this one price.

There are the ripple jackets, with novelty and full flare, throw-over collars, and cuffs of white or colored silk.

There are the pretty skirts that flare so charmingly, some of them made with pockets and separate belts.

And the materials are serges, poplins, gabardines, black-and-white checks, navy and all other popular shades.

Other suits arrive every day at prices from \$17.50 to \$55, in the very best styles that we can find, and in dainty spring shadings. (Suits: Second Floor)



The Lingerie Sale Offers Undergarments at Discounts of One-Third to One-Half

As the Undermuslin Sale draws to a close, size ranges dwindle down to a point where it is good economy on our part to sell the remaining garments at any price—regardless of the fact that in themselves they are perfect and just as good as though we had quantities:

Lace-Trimmed Skirts

—regularly \$1, now 50c
—with double panel; very fine Swiss embroidery; reg. \$3.50 \$1.75
—of nainsook; deep flounce of shadow lace and ribbon; regularly \$4.00, now \$2.00
—of pink or blue Seco silk; lace trimmed; reg. \$2.50, now \$1.25

Nainsook Gowns

Were. Now.
\$6.00 \$4.00
\$10.00 \$5.00
\$15.00 \$10.00

Handsome Skirts

—of cambric; Swiss embroidery ruffle; or double panel; shadow lace embroidery trimmed; regularly \$1.50 75c
—with French Valenciennes lace, Swiss medallions; regularly \$7.50, now \$3.25
—of pink Crystalline crepe; scallop bottom; regularly \$3 \$1.50
—of nainsook; elaborately trimmed, reg. \$6, now \$2.25
—regularly \$8 to \$10, to close now \$4.00

Crepe de Chine Gowns

—extra heavy quality crepe; shadow lace yoke and sleeves; maize color; were \$8, now \$4.00

Princess Slips

—of pink Seco silk; lace-trimmed; reg. \$5, to close \$2.50

Camisoles

—of shadow lace; were \$1.50, now 50c
—of Dresden chiffon; trimmed with roses and gold braid; were \$5, \$2.50 now \$1.00 (Undermuslins: Second Floor)



La Grecque Combination

—skirt combinations; were \$5.00, now \$2.50
—\$8.00 \$4.00
—drawer combinations; Cluny lace trimmed; were \$3.50, now \$1.75

French Skirt Combinations

—embroidered by hand; regularly \$10 and \$12, now \$5.00 and \$6.00.
Regularly \$7.50, \$8.00 and \$10, now \$5.00, \$6.00 and \$7.50.

French Drawer Combinations

—hand-embroidered; regularly \$4.00 and \$6.50, now \$3.00 and \$4.50.

Camisoles of Lace

—that have been \$1.25, \$5, \$6 and \$7.50, are now 50c, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$4.00.

Handsome Gowns

—(not hand-embroidered) that were \$6, \$10, \$12 and \$15—imagine their daintiness and fine quality—are now \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00 and \$10.00.

Chemise

Were. Now.
\$2.50 \$1.25
\$3.00 \$1.50
\$4.00 \$2.00
\$8.00 \$4.00

Mercerized White Crepe, 10cyd.

For today only; no mail or telephone orders—29 inches wide; good quality. The 31-inch width, 17½c.

Figured Crepes
—for house dresses, etc., about 50 pieces; regularly 12½c, now 7½c (Wash Goods: Rear South Aisle)



\$2 to \$4 Nets, Mousseline, \$1 yd.

Nets and tucked mousseline de soie, black or white, the \$2 to \$4 a yard grade, special \$1.00

40-inch White Nets, embossed in gold; and one piece of white, embossed in navy blue; were \$6 a yard, special \$3.00 (Embroideries: Main Floor)



Silks Worth to \$1.50 at \$1 yd.

36-in. Striped Taffetas. 26-in. Plaid Taffetas.
40-in. Crepes de Chine. 40-in. Coin Spot Foulards.
36-in. Changeable Taffetas. 32-in. Tub Silks.
36-in. Plain Satins. 34-in. Imported Pongees.

Last day of the sale of Black Silks at reductions. (Silks: Broadway Annex)

Toilet Goods

Palmolive Soap—four cakes for 25c

With every purchase of a 50c box of Bourjois Alysia Rice Powder we will include without extra charge a 10c Powder Puff.

50c Jergens' Bulk Sachet Powders; assorted odors; violet, crushed roses, carnation, heliotrope, etc., today, 35c ounce; three for \$1.00

15c Elite Talcum Powder; special, can 10c

Elite Bulk Perfume; violet or muguet lily; today, ounce, 35c; three ounces for \$1.00

Seamless Sanitary Napkins; Hygienic brand; 35c dozen; three dozen \$1.00

40c Sanitary Absorbent Cotton; 16-oz. package; Salco brand; today, lb., 35c; three for \$1.00

10c Crepe Toilet Tissue; flat or roll; limit of 10 packages to a customer, each 5c (Toilet Goods: South Aisle)

Stationery Now 39c

All odd lots of stationery that were formerly 50c to 85c, in letter papers or correspondence cards, or both, are out on special sale today, at box 39c (Stationery: South Aisle)

Fay Stockings

35c pr.
For children; they require no hose supporters, because they button to the child's waist; black only; sizes 6 to 9; regularly 50c, to close, 35c pair.

Women's Silk Hosiery

Odd lines in white silk, out sizes, regularly \$1.50, pair, \$1.15.
In regular sizes, white, silver, lavender; regularly \$2.50, pair, \$1.65.
In black or tan only; broken sizes; regularly \$1, pair, 75c. (Hosiery: Main Floor)

Clearing Out Children's Winter Coats

All winter coats for children up to 14 years, in plain and mixed materials; heavy and medium weight goods; are out on special sale now at \$1.95 and \$2.95.
Little People's Coats—in navy, Copen, tan or brown zibeline, special, \$3.95.
Tailored Hats—in plush or velvet—may be advantageously bought now for as far ahead as next winter; for tailored hats do not change in style, you know—50c. (Children's Wear: Second Floor)

Midwinter Millinery, \$3.50 to \$5

Clearaway prices on mid-winter millinery, in many chic styles—turbans, close-fitting, narrow-brimmed, medium brimmed and large sailor shapes; dress hats and tailored models. In black and all popular colors; trimmed in the flower trims; with chic ribbon bows or smart wings.

\$3.50 and \$5.00 do not begin to cover the cost of the materials alone. (Millinery: Main Floor)

The Linings Women Want

With spring, and the opening of new wash materials, dainty silks and fine woolsens, comes renewed demand for the foundations—the linings that must be used if the garment is to look well and wear well; here is a complete stock of the best—
36-inch Plain Satin Linings, \$1.00 yard.
36-inch Novelty Pompadour Satins, \$1.00 yard.
36-inch Skinner's Pompadour Satins, \$1.75 yard.
36-inch plain A. B. C. Silks, 50c yard. (Linings: Broadway Annex)

36-inch Novelty A. B. C. Silks, 50c and 60c.

36-inch Skinner's Satins, \$1.35 yard.

36-inch Brocade Satins, \$1.25 yard.

36-inch plain A. B. C. Silks, 50c yard.

36-inch Novelty Pompadour Satins, \$1.00 yard.

36-inch Skinner's Pompadour Satins, \$1.75 yard.

36-inch plain A. B. C. Silks, 50c yard.

36-inch Novelty Pompadour Satins, \$1.00 yard.

36-inch Skinner's Pompadour Satins, \$1.75 yard.

36-inch plain A. B. C. Silks, 50c yard.

36-inch Novelty Pompadour Satins, \$1.00 yard.

36-inch Skinner's Pompadour Satins, \$1.75 yard.

36-inch plain A. B. C. Silks, 50c yard.

36-inch Novelty Pompadour Satins, \$1.00 yard.

36-inch Skinner's Pompadour Satins, \$1.75 yard.

36-inch plain A. B. C. Silks, 50c yard.

36-inch Novelty Pompadour Satins, \$1.00 yard.

36-inch Skinner's Pompadour Satins, \$1.75 yard.

36-inch plain A. B. C. Silks, 50c yard.

36-inch Novelty Pompadour Satins, \$1.00 yard.

36-inch Skinner's Pompadour Satins, \$1.75 yard.

36-inch plain A. B. C. Silks, 50c yard.

36-inch Novelty Pompadour Satins, \$1.00 yard.

36-inch Skinner's Pompadour Satins, \$1.75 yard.

New Style Purses, \$1.50

Newest styles in purses—the flat envelope—shown in a dozen or more sizes; made from the best leathers—bright and dull pin seal; Morocco, patent leather, Vachette and natural seal or walrus; from \$1.50 to \$7.50 each. (Leather Goods: Main Floor)

10c Handkerchiefs 5c

Embroidered corner designs of real worth, also some handkerchiefs that will please children, in Mother Goose pictures, all on sale today at 5c

And a broken line of colored initial handkerchiefs for children—C, G, F and K—at 10c a box of three. (Handkerchiefs: Main Floor)

Chic Neckwear, Special \$1.00

Just at this season of the year many women are adopting the inexpensive and charming method of toning up their winter blouses or suits by the addition of fresh neckwear. And the majority of them are buying these very things.

Vestees, guimpes, high and low, flat or roll collars, collar and cuff sets, fichus, stocks with jabots and maline ruffs; in organdie, voile, lace, net; hand embroidered and trimmed with dainty laces; values here to \$3 to be cleared out at \$1.00 (Neckwear: Main Floor)

Rubber Goods

All Rubber Goods are Guaranteed

2-quart Challenge Brand red rubber Water Bottles, 79c; 3-quart 90c

75c red rubber Household Gloves; assorted sizes, pr. 50c

Kleinert's Rubber Aprons; especially adapted for household work and laboratory use 50c

Children's sizes 35c

O-M-O Emergency Cases; cretonne covered, waterproof lined; contain one sanitary belt, one sanitary apron and three absorbent napkins 50c

20c and 25c Etched Glass Tumblers, including water, beer, ice tea and grape juice sizes; also some whisky glasses; to close 10c

Cut Glass Vases; in daisy and vintage patterns; today, each 20c; two for 35c

\$10.50 seven-piece Cut Glass Water Set; floral design; today \$5.85

Cut Glass Comports; in two styles; today 65c and \$1

Seven-piece Cut Glass Fruit or Berry Set; today specially priced at, set, \$3.65

Cut Glass Vases; in daisy and vintage patterns; today, each 20c; two for 35c

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COULTER'S—215-229 South Broadway

Cafe—Fourth Floor—Open from 11 to 3 Daily.

224-228 South Hill Street—COULTER'S

Business: Money, Stocks, Bonds—Trade Local Produce Market—Citrus Market

IRREGULAR RECOVERIES MADE IN WALL STREET.

War Shares, Led by Several Steel Concerns, Show the Most Strength—Oil, Motors, Copper and Some of the Railroads Also Advance, but Spirited Unloading Late in the Session Pares Down Profits.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—Stocks registered general but very irregular recoveries today from their declines of the preceding days of the week. War shares, particularly Crucible Steel, Lackawanna Steel, Baldwin and American Locomotive, Westinghouse, General Electric and American Can led the rise. Crucible Steel was the most active feature of the session, its extreme advance of 6 points to 73 1/2, revived rumors associating the company with Bethlehem Steel. Bethlehem was dull but strong, advancing 10 points to 470, and United States Steel rose to 84 1/2, but closed at 83 1/2, unchanged. Petroleum shares, notably

RANGE OF STOCK SALES.

Stock	High	Low	Close
Alcoa	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Aluminum	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Am. Can	73 1/2	73	73 1/2
Am. Locomotive	65 1/2	65	65 1/2
Am. Steel	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Am. Wire & Cable	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Am. Zinc	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Am. Iron Works	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Am. Lumber	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Am. Paper	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Am. Textile	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Am. Rubber	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Am. Glass	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Am. Cement	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Am. Brick	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Am. Tile	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Am. Paint	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Am. Paper	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Am. Textile	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Am. Rubber	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Am. Glass	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
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Am. Tile	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Am. Paint	100 1/2	100	100 1/2

Mexican Petroleum, the motors, copper and steel, all of the miscellaneous high-priced issues, contributed moderately to the forward movement, which halted in the early afternoon. Erie and Union Pacific were the conspicuous shares of the railway list, while Canadian Pacific, St. Paul, Reading and Northern Pacific were decidedly firm at average advances of a point. Prices underwent sharp downward revision in the final hour, the decline being led by New Britain, which broke 3/4 to 68, while some of the other rails, as well as industrials and metals, forfeited much or all of their advantage. Total sales of stocks amounted to 535,000 shares. Bonds were mainly steady on narrow sales. Total sales, par value, was \$42,000. United States bonds were unchanged on call.

STOCKS AND BONDS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Stock	High	Low	Close
Alcoa	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Aluminum	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Am. Can	73 1/2	73	73 1/2
Am. Locomotive	65 1/2	65	65 1/2
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Am. Brick	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Am. Tile	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Am. Paint	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
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FINANCIAL.

OFFICE OF THE TREASURER, Los Angeles, Jan. 28, 1916. Bank charges yesterday were \$2,140,610.40, a decrease of \$50,740.12, compared with the corresponding day last year.

STOCKS QUIET ON LOCAL EXCHANGE.

Home Telephone Securities Dull. California Hills Leads Trading in Mining Issues—Daimler, Sell at Firm Prices—Bonds and Bank Stocks Inactive.

Dullness continued to prevail on the stock exchange yesterday, with little interest shown in the offerings on the part of the public. A marked improvement was seen in Union Oil, and the stock advanced to 70.00, a gain of almost 3 points over night. A fair amount of Associated changed hands at practically unchanged quotations.

Among the mining issues California Hills monopolized the trading, with total sales of 14,000 shares at better prices than the previous day. The Daimler was rather quiet, although prices did not decline. Ivanhoe, as usual, was the most active stock, with sales of almost 10,000 shares at quotations ranging from 20 to 25. Lucky Boy advanced somewhat, and closing transactions were recorded at 16 1/2. Little attention was paid to Home Telephone securities, and the preferred stock dropped to 64 1/2. Los Angeles Investment was steady at 70, and National Pacific was in call at 70. Bonds and bank stocks were neglected.

LOCAL CLOSING STOCK QUOTATIONS.

As posted at the Los Angeles Stock Exchange, L. W. Heiman Building.

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Am. Brick	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Am. Tile	100 1/2	100	100 1/2
Am. Paint	100 1/2	100	100 1/2

LOCAL CLOSING STOCK QUOTATIONS.

	Mid.	Asked.
Al. Hospital		\$ 77.50
Consolidated Realty Co.	\$ 53.50	80.00
Emergency Hospital	39.00	
Hawaiian Com. & Eng.	41.25	
Home Telephone Bldg.	66.87 1/2	64.50
Home Telephone Com.	22.00	22.25
Hutchinson & P. Co.	28.12 1/2	
Los Angeles A. Athletic Club	8.50	
A. Brewing Co.	100.00	
A. Insurance Co.	76	
Accidental Life Ins. Co.	125.00	
Sanhan S. P. Co.	23.87 1/2	

Situated at Calexico:
#1 Main office building.

Warehouse.
Oil house.
Tank tower (enclosed).
Carpenter's shed.
Oil house.
Oil platform.
Barn.
Corral and ramada.
Sited at Allison Headings
Tent house.
Sited at No. 5 Headings
Tent houses (2).
Sited at Resolute
Tent houses (2).
Food shed.
Powder magazine.
Sited at Seven-foot Drop
Tent house.
Sited at Double Water
Frame and screen house.
Sited at Dahlia Headings
Tent houses (2).
Sited at Woodbine Headings
Tent house.
Sited at Fingieve Headings
Tent house.
Sited at No. 8 Headings
Tent house.
1. All railroad tracks and equipment
and telephone lines and equipment
constructed by said California Development
Company or the receiver, or use
in connection of or in connection with
said irrigation system.
2. All dredgers, automobiles and all
other property, either real or personal, owned
by said California Development Company,
and in possession and control
of the receiver, W. H. Holabird, which
belonged to said California Development

Together with all and singular tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging, or in anywise appertaining, together with all rights, easements, rights of way, major and minor, and all commissions, powers, franchises, licenses, and all other things necessary for the maintenance or enjoyment of the same, and of the right to use said irrigation system or used in connection with said system, and of all causes of action held or claimed by or receiver as such receiver against all persons claiming the same.

Public notice is hereby given that Tuesday, the 8th day of February, 1910, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day at the County Courtroom at St. Louis in the County of Imperial, State of California, the following order of the court to said Courtroom, if I will, in obedience to a writ of execution, and in order to close out of me and decrease of value of the property, as an entirety, and in satisfaction of the above described debt, to said Courtroom, if I will, shall be absolute and without any right of redemption. The bidder using the highest bid shall be deemed the purchaser of the deposit with the under commission of his bid, and the balance of his bid shall be the sum of not less than 30 per cent. of the sum of money bid, and the balance shall have been confirmed, the purchaser shall pay the commission, on the day of the sale, and the balance of the money made, the balance of his bid, unless the court shall order that the time of sale be extended, and the balance of the purchase shall pay the balance of his bid within the time fixed by the court. If the purchaser shall fail to make the sale, the moneys paid by the bidder shall be returned to him. If the bidder

of his bid, as provided, and shall fail to pay the balance of such bid in accordance with the provisions herein, the amount so paid by him shall be forfeited and shall be due to the State, to be paid out by the Commissioner as provided in the Decrees.

Bids shall be made in gold coin of the United States, provided, however, that in the event that the bidder is a non-resident alien, any party in whose favor he decrees by the aforesaid decrees of foreclosure, shall, upon the completion of the sale, become the purchaser thereof, and said party shall have the right and privilege of bidding in cash, and the said bidder shall be the amount found due to him and said bidder shall be in said decrees decreed to him, in the list of bidders, and the making of said purchase; provided, however, that any such bidder shall pay in cash, all money claimed by him, as decreed to be prior and superior to his bid, in the list of priorities in said bid, as established, shall be preserved and maintained.

Filed this 15th day of January, A. D. 1918.

W. H. HOLABIRD,
Commissioner.

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only 479 cases were reported in the first day of the epidemic. The daily average was forty-eight until the middle of the month. The daily average had been fifty in the children treated at the hospital. The children were born of American parents, but some of them were foreign-born. The children were children of the mother of foreign birth.

SEYMOUR'S CONCERT.

A Methodist choir, which has been organized by the Rev. Mr. Seymour, will give a concert at the Episcopal Church this evening. The choir is composed of thirty-four members, and will give a popular concert. The concert will be given at the Episcopal Church, which is located at the corner of Broadway and Broadway. The concert will be given at the Episcopal Church, which is located at the corner of Broadway and Broadway. The concert will be given at the Episcopal Church, which is located at the corner of Broadway and Broadway.

THE VICTORIAN MUSEUM. The Victorian Museum, which is located at the corner of Broadway and Broadway, will give a concert at the Episcopal Church this evening. The museum is located at the corner of Broadway and Broadway, and will give a concert at the Episcopal Church this evening. The museum is located at the corner of Broadway and Broadway, and will give a concert at the Episcopal Church this evening.

Special Luncheon Today. The Special Luncheon Today, which is located at the corner of Broadway and Broadway, will give a concert at the Episcopal Church this evening. The luncheon is located at the corner of Broadway and Broadway, and will give a concert at the Episcopal Church this evening. The luncheon is located at the corner of Broadway and Broadway, and will give a concert at the Episcopal Church this evening.

Final Clearance. The Final Clearance, which is located at the corner of Broadway and Broadway, will give a concert at the Episcopal Church this evening. The clearance is located at the corner of Broadway and Broadway, and will give a concert at the Episcopal Church this evening. The clearance is located at the corner of Broadway and Broadway, and will give a concert at the Episcopal Church this evening.

and \$25.00. The and \$25.00, which is located at the corner of Broadway and Broadway, will give a concert at the Episcopal Church this evening. The and \$25.00 is located at the corner of Broadway and Broadway, and will give a concert at the Episcopal Church this evening. The and \$25.00 is located at the corner of Broadway and Broadway, and will give a concert at the Episcopal Church this evening.

SATURDAY, JAN. 20, 1916

"JUST CALIFORNIA"



Los Angeles Times

Illustrated Weekly Magazine

TEN CENTS THE UNIQUE MAGAZINE OF THE SENSUOUS SOUTHWEST 1781-1916

Happy Isles in the Laughing Yosemite.



Handsome, Ornamental, Deciduous Trees FOR PRESENT PLANTING

Comprised in the following list are to be noted some of the handsomest and most decorative of deciduous trees. This class of ornamental trees should be more generally planted than they are.

The present is the most propitious time of the year for planting. Root action starts quickly, and new growths begin to spring forth with advancing spring. They make handsome foliage and flowering specimens within a comparatively short period.

Bechtel's Flowering Crab

A handsome, double flowering crab apple. Covered in early Spring with myriads of beautiful double pink blossoms. Extra strong 4-6 ft. trees.

Price—Each, \$1.00.

Peach—Double Flowering

A splendid stock of extra strong trees, six feet in height and well branched. Colors red, pink and white. A plant in bloom in early Spring attracts attention at once. Price—Each \$1.00

Crepe Myrtle

Undoubtedly one of the handsomest of our Summer flowering trees, the plants being completely covered with numerous spikes of beautiful crepe-like flowers. Colors red and pink.

Price—Extra fine plants, each \$1.00.

Catalpa Bungeii (Umbrella Catalpa)

One of the handsomest of all deciduous trees. Foliage enormous in size. Growth rapid. Just the thing for a quick shade tree. A plant suited for desert planting where water is available. Frost and sun proof. Equally good for gardens where the highest cultivation is given. Fine specimens 8-9 ft. Price—Each \$2.50.

European White Birch

Although but little known in California this handsome tree, common in the Eastern States, should be more generally planted. It grows rapidly, soon forming an attractive specimen. Fine, thrifty stock, 7-8 ft. high.

Price—Each \$1.50.

Almond Double Flowering

We offer splendid plants of these, three feet high. The flowers are perfectly double and in colors of pink and white.

Price—Each 75c

Japanese Magnolia

Splendid plants grown in pots. Colors white and various shades of pink. Extra strong, well-branched specimens.

Price—\$1.50 to \$2.50,

Taxodium Distichum

A handsome deciduous tree from Tehuantepec Mexico. Rapid in growth. Foliage delicate in texture. Equals our finest Cypress in point of beauty. Extra fine specimens 8 to 9 feet high.

Price—Each \$3.50.

Weeping Purple Leaf Beech (Copper Beech)

Unequaled as an ornamental tree for your lawn or shrubbery border. Foliage rich coppery red. Unlike many trees it thrives in a lawn. Surplus water does not affect it. Six to eight feet in height.

Price—Each \$3.50.

Lilacs

We have a splendid collection of the above in named varieties including all colors from white to purple, lavender, etc., in both double and single flowering kinds. Extra fine standard specimens 5-6 ft. in height.

Price—Each \$1.50

Smaller plants in pots for growing on, in similar assortment—

Price—Each 50c

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When in need of cut flowers, floral designs, bouquets, wedding decorations or floral effects of any kind, do not forget that we have one of the largest and best equipped departments of its kind on the Coast.

Our present offerings of early Spring flowers are the best the market affords. Beautiful Purity Freesias, Daffodils, Narcissus, Roman Hyacinths, Hothouse Roses and Carnations, Orchids and Lilies of the Valley are but a few of the specialties to which we would draw your attention. The fresh, crisp character of our flowers will appeal to every one.

Plants for Rent for All Occasions.

Handsome palms, bay trees, ferns and other stock from which to make your selections. Quality of everything the very best. Prices strictly reasonable.

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Ben Hur Coffee is sold mostly to those who have already used it—to those who, by actual use, have found it measures up to the requirements of a perfectly blended and roasted product.

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kind who speak their language, and every visitor to the State finds his own church with its doors open, its bells ringing, its worship going on, and its pulpit filled with a preacher as eloquent as anywhere else in the world. "See America first" is a slogan sure to be changed into "See America first, last and all the time."

[Saturday, January 29, 1916.

14th Year—New Series, Volume IX, No. 2.
Single Copies, by mail or at News Agencies, 10c.
Established Dec. 5, 1897. Reconstructed Jan. 6, 1912;
Jan. 4, 1913; Nov. 31, 1913; March 27, 1915.

Average Circulation Weekly, 103,000.

OBJECTS, SCOPE AND AIMS.

Devoted to the development of California and the Great Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural resources and the word-painting of their wonders and beauties. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant editorials, correspondence, poetry and pictures; the Home, the Garden, the Farm, and the Range.

Not partisan-political in character or affiliations, it is an independent weekly vehicle of present-day thought, explanation and description; a journal of views, opinions and convictions; the steady champion of Liberty, Law and Freedom in the Industries, holding up the hands of all good men and women, without distinction, who are honestly seeking to better their condition in life and to serve the cause of Home, Country and Civilization.

Californian in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's Desire."

The Illustrated Weekly is delivered to all subscribers of the Sunday Times—more than 103,000 in number—and being complete in itself, is also served separate and apart from The Times news sheets when desired. Advertising rates based on circulation. Write or ask for them.

The Illustrated Weekly is under the editorial direction of HARRISON GRAY OTIS, and is published by THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, New Times Building. Price, with the Sunday Times, \$3.50 a year; without, \$2.00 a year in advance, post-paid. Sample copies mailed free on request.

A Weekly Greeting: A handsome present to a distant friend is a yearly mail subscription to the Sunday Times, including the comprehensive, superb and surpassing Midwinter Number for 1916 and the Illustrated Weekly (52 copies), making in all 105 distinct issues for \$3.65. A quarterly mail subscription to both (13 copies of each) will cost only \$1.00, post-paid. An extra copy of the Weekly will be sent 3 months to any separate address, post-paid, for 65 cents or 6 months for \$1.30 in advance.

To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found available; otherwise the return is not guaranteed. Entered as second-class matter, January 6, 1912, at Los Angeles (Cal.) P. O., under Act of March 3, 1879.

FIVE Long Beach boys were expelled from High School for rowdiness. It is just as well that these young men should get a little of life's discipline before somebody hands them a complete knockout.

IT COSTS \$56.94 annually per pupil to maintain the public schools in California. This is more than the average of other States, but then California has a very high grade of pupils, and of schools.

LOS ANGELES is to have another big hotel, with 450 rooms in it. If the tourists insist on coming, the least the city can do is to offer a roof for their heads.

IF THE eastern physicians who have discovered a new cure for whooping cough will now find a preventive, they can come out to Los Angeles and do business.

A NOTED artist has come to Pasadena to paint scenery. He will find that the Crown City is just as lovely as it has been painted.

JOHAN MITCHELL promises the Chamber of Commerce a year of its best work. He has the best year in history to work with.

THE picnic season is on, not again but yet. People in Los Angeles hold out-of-door picnics every week in the year.

NOW comes the acacia blossom to gladden the vision. Many streets are illumined by these torchlights of beauty.

AN EASTERN exchange said last summer that everyone should eat more fresh fruit because it was plentiful and cheap, and furthermore, because it contains valuable medicinal qualities. The advice is good, but why narrow it? We would say eat more fruit winter and summer, and all the other seasons of the year; eat it fresh, cured, any way, even in preserves, although that is not so good. There is no doubt that the average human being is too carnivorous. He is learning now to eat less meat because of its high cost more than out of wisdom. The animals which eat vegetables are as a rule stronger and more vigorous than carnivorous beasts. Man will be more vigorous and do more work on a ration composed more of vegetables and fruits than he will on a larger ration of meat. He will be more healthy, live longer, escape doctor's bills, and in every way be a better man.

California is the great fruit orchard of America, and is blessing the whole world with her food products. The California Fruit News in its annual review for last year presents very interesting data concerning the fruit crops of the State. A study of its tables presents enlightening facts as to where opportunity lies in fruit growing in this State. The fruit pack for 1914 shows of various fruits 5,000,000 cases, and nearly 1,000,000 gallon packages in dozens. The vegetable pack shows 2,764,000 cases and 264,235 dozens of gallons. The grand total is nearly 10,000,000 packages.

The output of California dried fruits for the year 1915 amounted to 259,600 tons. The prune yield for the year was 43,478,892 pounds.

Fresh fruits shipped during the year 1915 totaled 16,728 carloads exclusive of oranges. The citrus fruit crop came to 46,862 carloads. The walnut crop was 13,000 tons and the almond crop nearly 4000 tons.

Turn to the exports and imports, and we find that some of these fruits are not imported at all; others are. The same is true of the exports, in which some of these fruits figure and others do not. The opportunity for the investment of money, time and labor for the production of all fruits in California is noteworthy. Of course, the greatest opportunity lies in those that we are still importing for home consumption. We ceased five years ago importing prunes. We imported in the fiscal year 1914-1915 figs to the amount of 20,779,730 pounds. While we are importing figs at such a rate as that there is room for the extension of the industry in California. The raisin pack of last year amounted to 250,000,000 pounds. We exported 24,845,414 pounds and imported 2,808,806 pounds. We are the largest, almost the only, producer of raisins in the world, a fruit that is used everywhere civilization is found in any degree. Taking five-year periods, we imported almonds to the amount of 15,000,000, 17,000,000 and up to 18,000,000 pounds. During the fiscal year 1911-1912 we imported walnuts to the amount of 37,213,674 pounds. We are producing in the country nearly all the oranges we use. During the last fiscal year we imported this fruit to the value of only \$50,000. It is different with lemons, of which we imported enough to cost us \$3,730,075. We produce about half the lemons we use in the country. During the last fiscal year we exported of oranges to the amount of 1,759,405 boxes. We imported currants to the amount of 20,000,000 pounds. Of olive oil during the year we imported 6,710,067 gallons, and of olives 3,622,275 gallons. The imports of oil were the largest during the century, but the imports of olives were little more than half the maximum importations.

We exported during the last fiscal year dried apricots amounting to 23,764,342 pounds, and dried peaches,

14,452,055 pounds. The exportation of peaches includes the whole country, and is twice as large as ever shipped out before. Apricots are entirely a California product, and three years ago the exports amounted to more than 35,000,000 pounds.

It is plain that there is a great chance for extending the fig orchards and olive orchards, also walnuts and almonds, because we are still importing large quantities of these fruits. The State is never likely to produce more apricots than the markets will absorb. Prunes are likely to prove a profitable crop for some years to come on account of the war's wrecking the orchards in what used to be Turkey in Europe, and of orchards in part of France.

A CITY'S opportunities for growth in population, industry and wealth depend directly upon the back country from which it draws support. This is an axiom disputed by no sane person who considers the subject from any angle.

On this basis the future of Los Angeles is as secure as the rock of Gibraltar and as great in prospect as that of any city on the globe. Taking the immediate back country of this city, it has more good land to the square mile, and all of it better land, than any other city on the map. The products of this section are in demand wherever the sun rises and sets and there are human beings with human necessities. The lands back of Los Angeles produce greater values per acre than any other lands in the world.

In manufacturing lines she is the gateway to the Orient, where teeming millions stand ready to trade with us on the same footing as with any people in the family of nations. It is the shortest line from her harbor to that of any city in the Orient on the map of the world. It is the shortest distance by rail from here to the Atlantic Coast in North America until you get down into Mexico. Trade follows the shortest lines as sure as water follows the line of least resistance.

We lie midway along the western coast of America on the Pacific Ocean, and so are the natural gateway for trade north and south as far one way as Bering Strait and as far the other as the Straits of Magellan.

Right around the city lies raw material in the greatest abundance in every line used in manufacturing anything for human consumption. We have iron and cotton, and every other mineral used in manufacturing by the human race, and nearly every other fiber used for the creation of fabrics desirable for human use.

But after all it is the climate that extends our back country to the ends of the earth. We produce fruits in our immediate back yard that grow nowhere else on the earth, others that find their full perfection here and that are desirable for every human being in the world; with our shortest line of rail and our shortest distance by water to distribute these products and no possibility of a rival in the world. Then the sunbeams of winter time in California's sunset skies of glory and our ocean breezes that temper the ardor of summer suns coming from ten thousand miles of uncontaminated ocean surface extend our back country to every human being in the round world.

These things have been counting for our growth in population in the past, and have made Los Angeles the admiration and envy of every other city in the world. Our commerce has been growing in proportion to our population, and our manufactures have kept pace with the marvelous growth of the city. We are just at the beginning of our development, and the growth of the city in the future in population will be greater than in the past, while the growth of our manufactures in the past

Lincoln Highway.

THE INVENTION of the automobile has called into being active operations in the construction of highways more nearly perfect than the world ever knew before. The Appian Way, leading from Rome to Brindisi at the south of the Italian peninsula, more than 2000 years ago was a remarkable achievement. It was nothing in extent compared with the ambitious project of Americans to construct a highway from ocean to ocean, which is about 3000 miles as the crow flies and likely to be 4000 or more in the course the road must run. In perfectness the Appian Way was a poor concern compared with the smooth surfaces of the American roads.

About two years ago an active propaganda was begun for the construction of the ocean-to-ocean highway denominated the Lincoln. During the first year there was a great deal of enthusiasm about this highway, which gathered momentum as it went, increasing at the end of the last year. The Lincoln Highway Association is organized for the purpose of constructing a continuous, highly-improved road from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The line marked out is from New York to San Francisco. Automobile clubs are taking a great deal of interest, and so are the larger cities. In Pennsylvania a good deal of work has been done, while in New Jersey there is a good road all the way from Jersey City to Trenton. Quoting from an article on the subject, it is said of this link in the road, "It may be called perfect, every mile being either concrete or macadam." In the Middle West the work is being taken up with enthusiasm, and a good deal accomplished. In Iowa it is said that 30 barrels of cement have been allotted to the State for work on the construction of the road. Quoting again: "Practically every Lincoln highway bridge in the State of Iowa is of permanent reinforced concrete construction, with a minimum width of twenty feet." The thirteen counties in Iowa through which the road runs have spent \$250,000 in the past two years.

In Nebraska and on west through Wyoming into Utah and Nevada a good deal of work has been done.

In California the best roads of the country are found. From Lake Tahoe to San Francisco the road is in a boulevard condition every mile of the way. This part of the road passes through superb scenery of mountain, river and valley, all the way from the Sierras to the Golden Gate. From San Francisco to San Diego the road is in an admirable condition nearly all the way. In the northern part of the State much work has been done, and so on up into Oregon and Washington. This coastwise road, of course, is not part of the Lincoln highway, but is an important extension of the good-roads system.

During last year it is said that 25,000 automobiles crossed the continent into California. This is ten times more than two years before. The work is of the highest importance to the whole country, particularly so to California. With the closing of Europe to tourist travel during the current year the increase in this method of getting to the Coast will be greatly increased. Once Americans get a taste of this trip they will use it more and more as the years go by. They find a climate much more nearly perfect than anything anywhere in Europe. They find natural scenery of every kind much more fascinating than anything on the other side of the Atlantic. They are at home

Los Angeles Times
BURNS
Good Shoes
SOFT AND
EASY SHOES
GROVER'S

The Just and Unjust Judge.
The Golden Glow.
Jared and Johnny.
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE.)
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GOOD LITTLE POEMS.

The Glory of Fighting.
The naked earth is warm with spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze;

And life is color and warmth and light,
And a striving evermore for these;
And he is dead who will not fight;
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from the glowing
earth;
Speed with the lightfoot winds to run
And with the trees to newer birth;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest and fulness after dearth.

All the bright company of heaven
Hold him in their high comradeship,
The Dog Star and the Sisters Seven,
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend;
They gently speak in the windy weather;
They guide to valley and ridges' end.

The kestrel hovering by day
And the little owls that call by night
Bid him be swift and keen as they,
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, "Brother,
brother,
If this be the last song you shall sing,
Sing well, for you may not sing another;
Brother, sing."

In dreary doubtful waiting hours,
Before the brazen frenzy starts,
The horses show him nobler powers;
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only joy of battle takes
Him by the throat and makes him blind.

Through joy and blindness he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the destined will.

The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air death moans and sings;
But day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And night shall fold him in soft wings.
—[From the Saturday Review, written by
Capt. Grenfell, killed in France last May.]

Life and Love.

With steadfast hope and constant faith,
Though might 'gainst right doth yet con-
tend,
I feel that life must conquer death
And love endure unto the end.

Though darkness oft around me creep
And sorrow share my couch with me,
Some memoried love attends till sleep
Brings golden dreams from reverie.

Sweet dreams—they come like angel's flight,
Or soft winds o'er the waters blown,
To whisper through the lengthened night
Of things long loved and loves long known.

Then sorrow seeks again his tomb
Beyond the moonlit vale afar,
And love, returning from the gloom,
Sits smiling at life's sepulcher.

Though 'tis not clear in every phase
That love must be life's final goal,
Yet somehow through her devious ways
She lights the pathway to the soul.

She seems to tell, not how nor when,
And yet through her I seem to know,
In other worlds I once have been
And still to other worlds shall go;

That what I am I've been before,
That what I've been I yet shall be—
'Tis love 'twill lead me to the shore
Of time's eternal, boundless sea.
FLOYD D. RAZE.

Fancy.

She draws her rosy garments close
About her graceful form
And silently she glides away—
All palpitating, warm.

She goes to seek a heart more gay,
Where Youth and Hope are strong,
And thus she wings, inconstant one,
Her petaled path along!
JO. HARTMAN.

The Cowboy and the Tempter.
I met a well-dressed stranger at the bar in
Poker Bill's;
I had just come off the round-up in the far
Red Desert hills.
He spent his gold most lib'ral, but he over-
played his hand
When he tried to buy my cow horse for
some distant warrin' land.
He offered me two hundred, which he boost-
ed seventy-five,
I let him talk his string out, jest to see
where he'd arrive;
And he looked my pony over and then says,
"I'm standin' pat
On an offer of three hundred—and you'd bet-
ter grab at that."
Well, I needed that three hundred, and I
needed it plum bad,
But the thought of sellin' Teton didn't some-
how make me glad,
And I says, "I've rode that pony in the rain
and in the sun;
We have romped the range together till our
thoughts melt jest like one;
I have trained him till in turnin' he can
stand upon my hat;
You should see him on the round-up, he is
quicker than a cat;
When I throw a steer, that pony holds the
critter till I tie,
And he loves the game he's playin', you kin
see it in his eye.
"That there boss which you would slaughter
at the front across the sea
Has shared all my daily troubles, and a
comrade is to me.
We have battled snow together, when King
Winter's ruled the plains,
And we've shared the chinook breezes and
the summer's first warm rains.
We have dwelt in sage and cactus till we
couldn't change our home,
When that pony travels elsewhere, why, the
rider, too, will roam.
I admit you've got me tempted, but my
needs 'll have to wait.
So—durn it, boss, that's stranger's up and
pulled his orn'ry freight!"
—[Arthur Chapman, in New York Sun.

When the Old Gods Awake.

Think not that when the old gods' reign had
ended
They passed as passes our mere mortal
breath;
Or that the Elder Lord at last descended
Into a land of impotence and death.

They are not dead; as yet they do but
slumber,
And ever and anon awake again
To watch with ancient calm the men that
cumber
This earth of theirs with puerile joy and
pain;
With ancient calm—but when the world
old gladness
Wells up anew within earth's fervent
heart,
When all the forest throbs with August
madness,
The pagan gods arise and play their part;
The fauns, beneath the summer stars, are
chanting,
Their dreamy melodies for modern man;
The nymphs are in the brake, and distant,
haunting,
Rise from the woods the glad old songs
of Pan.

Still is the wine of Circe made and offered
For mouths a-thirst where Lethe's water
flows;
When life's best sweets at youth are first
uncovered,
Then Aphrodite's lips are in the rose.
—[Reginald Wright Kauffman, in Life.

HUMOR.

[Detroit Free Press:] "Do you believe in
love at first sight?"
"No. That's the way I got my first hus-
band."

[Life:] "She believes everything she is
told, doesn't she?"
"Yes, indeed. Why, that woman would
even believe a letter of recommendation."

[Yonker's Statesman:] Bacon: Has your
wife a cook-book?
Egbert: Oh, yes.
"Did you ever get anything out of it?"
"Sure! Indigestion."

[Puck:] "In the old days the main element
of a soldier was to know how to act under
fire."
"And nowadays, in addition, he is sup-
posed to know how to act under water, in
the earth and without air."

[Kansas City Star:] "Beauty is only skin
deep."
"I consider that a wise provision of na-
ture."
"Why so?"
"With that limitation, the girls are kept
busy enough."

[Louisville Courier-Journal:] "Now, wife,
if we are going into the poultry business,
here is an opportunity. Neighbor Wombat
has some hens he will sell us cheap."
"Oh, I wouldn't get second-hand fowls.
Better start with new models, I say."

[Judge:] Visitor: What impresses me
most about your prison is the entire absence
of guards. Aren't you afraid some of the
crooks will break out?
Warden of Reform Prison: Lord, no, the
guards are all on the outside to keep 'em
from breakin' in.

[Washington Star:] "I see that you are
warning against speculating."
"I am," replied Dustin Stax.
"But don't you profit by the speculation
of others?"
"Of course. My warnings don't stop 'em.
They'll merely think I'm envious of their
superior smartness and want to keep them
from making money."

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] "I hope you're
saving some of the money you made in war
stocks."
"You bet I am. As fast as I get it I invest
it in more stocks."

[Chicago Daily News:] "What was the
result of the flood?" asked the Sunday-
school teacher.
"Mud," replied the bright

[Birmingham Age-Herald:]

"I judge this
is going to be a problem play."
"What makes you think so?"
"During every pause in the dialogue the
hero drinks a highball and lights a fresh
cigarette."

[Philadelphia Ledger:] Concert Singer:
I am thinking of touring South Africa next
year.
Best Friend: Take my advice and don't.
An ostrich egg weighs two or three pounds,
you know.

LOS ANGELES WEATHER.

[From The Times of January 25, 1916.]
THE SKY. Cloudy. Wind at 5 p.m.,
southeast; velocity, 4 miles. Thermometer,
highest, 57 deg.; lowest, 49 deg. Forecast:
Showers.

[Pittsburgh Post:] "I always like to meet
a fellow who came from a farm," remarked
Congressman Flubbub.
"Yes?"
"Yes. You can advise him to go back to
it if he isn't a success, and congratulate him
on leaving it if he is."

[Kansas City Journal:] "It is the regret
of her life that she has never been able to
afford a trip abroad."
"Wants to see the world, does she?"
"It isn't that. But she has a remedy for
seasickness that she is simply crazy to try."

[Siren:] She: I wish you wouldn't call
me Mabel.
He (on short acquaintance): Would you
rather that I call you by your last name?
She: That's unnecessary.
He: But what shall I call you?
She: Dorothy—that's my name.

Developing Bust

A few years ago a maid or matron who was
flat-chested thought she must remain so, but now
all is changed and newspapers and periodicals
are recommending Willard White Co.'s Vaucaire
Tablets to build up the bust and fill out what the
French describe as "Salt Cellars," those little hol-
lows at the base of the neck near the shoulders.
The base of this tonic is imported Galega, an herb
that acts immediately on the mammary glands,
stimulating and building them up. It is put up
in little tablets by the Willard White Co., and
certainly in this form it fills a long-felt want.
This article has accomplished wonderful results
in a number of cases known to the writer.—Ida
McDermott Gibson, Editor "The Woman Beautiful."



MME. DE LA VIE, Beauty Expert.

The most noted stars of the American stage, join
the thousands of other women of note, including
Mme. De La Vie and other high authorities on
health and beauty, in recommending Willard White
Co.'s Vaucaire Galega Tablets and the famous
"Melorose" Toilet Articles.
Willard White Co.'s Vaucaire Galega Tablets
contain the genuine imported Galega. They round
out shrunken, shallow parts, develop and make
the bust firm, if you are undeveloped. THIN,
careworn, nervous or run-down, take a box of
these tablets and note their wonderful effects. \$1
box (three weeks' treatment). Six boxes \$5. Sent
by mail prepaid. Sold by Hamberger & Sons and
drug stores at cut prices. Mail orders filled.
CAUTION—Imitations and worthless nostrums
are being offered. Get only the original, genuine,
distributed by Willard White Co., Chicago. Beware
of substitutes. Look for U. S. registered trade-
mark on each box.
FREE—Send 2c stamp for sample of Melorose
Cream, Melorose Face Powder, also booklet.
Write to Willard White Co., Chicago Ill.
MELOROSE 50c
Per Box
Most Perfect Toilet Dainties in the World.

Abolish the Truss Forever

Do Away With Steel and Rubber Bands That Chafe and Pinch
You know by your own experience the truss is a mere makeshift—a false prop against a collapsing
wall—and that it is undermining your health. Why then, continue to wear it?
Stuart's PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine ap-
plicators made self-adhesive purposely to prevent slipping and to hold
the distended muscles securely in place. No straps, buckles or springs
attached; no "digging in" or grinding pressure. Soft as Velvet—Flexible—
Easy to Apply—Inexpensive. Continuous day and night treatment at
home. No delay from work. Hundreds of people have gone before an
officer qualified to acknowledge cures, and swore that the Plapao-Pads
cured their rupture—some of them most aggravated cases of long stand-
ing. It is reasonable that they should do the same for you. Give them
a chance.
FREE TO THE RUPTURED
Trial Plapao and illustrated book on rupture. Learn how to close the
hernial opening as nature intended, so the rupture can't come down. No
charge for it, now or ever, nothing to be returned. Write today—NOW.
Address
Plapao Co., Block 298, St. Louis, Mo.



PLAPAO

Where Opportunity Waits.
N. EASTERN exchange said last summer that everyone should eat more fresh fruit because it was plentiful and cheap, and furthermore, because it contains valuable medicinal qualities. The advice is good, but why narrow it? We would say eat more fruit with ter and summer, and all the other seasons of the year; eat it fresh, cured, or dried, and you will find it a great chance for extending the life of the orchards, and all the other seasons of the year. It is plain that there is a great chance for extending the life of the orchards, and all the other seasons of the year. The exports amounted to more than 35,000,000 pounds. California product, and three years ago out before. Apricots are entirely a the wealth of the community must be in the future. With increased population of is merely a cipher to what it must be in the future. The exports of peaches includes the whole country, and is twice as large as ever shipped and marketed increased industries as anywhere else in the world. "See America first" is a slogan sure to be changed into "See America first, last and all the time."

Hitting High Spots in History.

BY EUGENE BROWN.

The Burning of Rome.

WE AWAIT with deep anxiety the hour when the muse of history will extend belated justice to the memory of our fallen friend, Nero Domitian—the man who taught Rome how to howl. The whole world seems to have passed hasty judgment upon him and he is invariably referred to in terms of ardent disrespect; yet barring the assassinations of his wife and mother and the feeding of a lot of persistent Christians to hungry lions Nero was a tolerably good old scout.

Like many other great but absent-minded men, he has simply been misunderstood. Take that little episode of the burning of Rome, for instance. He is usually blamed for the whole business. Every account I have read pictures him gloating over the fiery tragedy with a large and lusty gloat. I have seen an oil painting by one of the old masters—done in kerosene by Simon Legree—in which Nero is shown standing on the balcony of the City Hall with a fiddle under his fat chin playing "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," while the red-shirted members of Neptune hose company rushed feverishly to their posts of duty and danger. The royal musician is pictured with a wreath of something like spinach on his dome and his face is flushed with pleasure and Scotch highballs.

Unbiased investigation proves that this picture is not in accordance with the facts. At any rate Nero was as prudent as any other man who sets fire to his property for the insurance money. He had an air-tight, burglar-proof alibi. He was not among those present when the great fire broke out. He had thoughtfully taken the precaution to be spending a week-end at his country club at Antium, some fifty miles up the road from Rome. This was much more of a journey then than now. He couldn't ring up Gasoline Gus and make it in a forty-minute spin out the Apian Way in his limousine. He had to make the trip in a somewhat ponderous chariot drawn by a flock of highly-polished horses. The chariot was a sort of cross between a buckboard and a moving van. Ordinarily it was about as comfortable as riding in a wheelbarrow, but Nero had his chariot rather heavily upholstered and it was also provided with arm-slings so that he could not be easily jolted out if under the influence of eggnog.

With this outfit it took some time to make the trip to Antium. Nero would have to start before the 6 o'clock whistle blew in the morning if he wanted to get to the links the same day. Furthermore, the old boy usually had a skirt or two with him. Nero was a warm baby with the chorus dames and when he was out with a bunch of them they took their time at seeing the country. Every now and then they would stop for liquid refreshment and Nero would gargle a few bars of "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" in a boisterous baritone voice that he was crazy about. So it was that when he went out to his country place it usually took him four or five days for the round trip.

It was not until the second day of the big fire that the butler apologetically remarked to Nero that there seemed to be a right smart wad of smoke in the direction of the old town. "Maybe it's Seneca hitting the pipe," chuckled his royal gorgelets, with a knowing wink.

But the cloud in the distance kept getting blacker and denser and finally Nero pushed the button and ordered Sempronius to hitch up Paris and Helen for a quick drive to the city. When they got there the blaze had eaten its way up Main street as far as the Palace Hotel and the streets were full of people carrying furniture and clocks. The fire department appeared to be powerless to do any effective work and most of the apparatus seemed to be out of commission. The chief touched his helmet when he saw the Emperor, and admitted that they were up against it good and plenty. "No, 2 is as dry as a bone," he exclaimed, hoarsely. "Well, cheer up; it might be worse," answered Nero, optimistically. "I notice that

row of shacks between the old depot and the Vulcan Iron Works is cleaned out."

That remark, overheard by several citizens, explains in a measure the suspicion that at once attached to Nero and has clung to his shade for 1850 years.

It was known that he had the reform bug in his bonnet and was ambitious to clean up the town. He wanted to be rid of a lot of the old junk that defaced his metropolis. As it was the streets were narrow, crooked and dirty and on nearly every corner was a dinky little altar to some one of the 942 gods affected by the Romans of that day. There didn't seem to be a decent site available for a concert hall or a Carnegie library. Nero often used to remark that the view from the State House always made his eyes sore and what the town needed was a good fire and a fresh start.

Under the circumstances the Pinkertons of the time can hardly be blamed for casting suspicion upon their careless but ambitious ruler, although it has since been shown that he was not actually present when the conflagration started and the fire ladders answered the first dread alarm. The flames raged for seven days and nights and burned over ten of the fourteen wards of a city of nearly two million inhabitants, most of whom were uninsured.

When Nero found the finger of suspicion directed at himself he got busy. He claimed to have discovered that the fire started from an alcohol lamp used for heating water for the First Baptist Church and he offered to lead a lynching party directed against the deacons of that congregation. He did, in fact, soak some of the brethren in oil, run lamp wicks through them and then use them as lanterns to light his way from the weekly sessions of the Home-wreckers' Union.

So history not only definitely charges Nero with firing his capital and publicly gloating over the deed, but with afterward affixing the crime to other interests.

But history sometimes lags. Take that paragraph of the story which represents Nero rapturously tuning up his fiddle when the flames were at their height: This is all poppycock, because the violin did not begin its hair-raising career as a musical instrument until some twelve centuries later. Nero had a robust voice and would sometimes twitch the lyre, but he never tried to murder "Turkey in the Straw" on a one-stringed fiddle.

If biographers have calumniated Nero in the two important details mentioned why may not history have erred in its treatment of other incidents in his stormy life? Who are we that we should throw rocks at the skeleton of one who answered for his misdeeds nearly nineteen hundred years ago? It is known that when harsh and unfeeling men sought the Emperor to tell him what they thought of him Nero felt the situation so keenly that he punctured his own frame with a ponderous toad-stabber and died a disagreeably mussy death all over the place. In the greatness of his heart he had already put his wife and mother out of the way so that they should not grieve over his passing.

Under the circumstances the Committee on Resolutions begs to report:

Whereas, the hand of fate has removed from among our midst none other than our steamed fellow citizen, Lucifer Gehenna Nero. Therefore be it

Resolved, that in his departure Rome has sustained an irreparable loss—with no insurance. He was a good provider—providing burial lots for all who knew him. He was very warm in his friendship—in fact, he made it hot for all his relatives and friends and when he cut an acquaintance he did it man-fashion—with an ax. He was very kind to dumb animals. No lion ever went hungry so long as he could find a Christian in the Roman empire. He had his faults but they were faults of the voice and not of the lungs.

Resolved, that out of disrespect for his memory the Jolly Roger be displayed at the masthead of the Courthouse for a period of thirty years.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the stricken members of the family of the deceased—when found—and that the same be spread upon the records of the Black Hand Society.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him.

The Day of Thrift.

THRIFT is to have a day, the same as the orange, the apple and St. Patrick.

On February 3 we are all cordially invited to step down to the savings bank and deposit \$80 or \$1100 of our gains—whether we pulled it out of a jackpot or took it from the blind man on the corner.

It is urged that we save up for another rainy day—the recent splashy season having been presumed to have cleaned up most of our patrimony.

So on the morning after ground-hog day, we will experience the unwonted joy of seeing John D. Rockefeller and Hetty Green march hand-in-hand to the bank with the mazuma they saved from not eating heartily the day before—and all the while Hetty will be squeezing the American eagle until the screams of the golden bird can be heard across the river in Hoboken.

It is the thrifty who practice thrift, so that they have the right to preach it. They feel that if we show signs of thrift they may sometime garner the proceeds of our thriftiness.

But thrift is a good thing whether it is an individual trait, or a national quality. The thrifty man may not experience the same feverish pleasures as are open to less provident financiers, but they are able to weather the storm when it comes and they bravely bear up under blows that crush and stagger the careless and unwary. Furthermore, there are joys in thrift that the improvident cannot understand. To some souls there is no more exquisite pleasure than being able to prove that they have honestly acquired more money than could possibly have been expected of them. Being thrifty is not being miserly at that. The thrifty man merely realizes the importance of being prepared for emergencies. He may even spend unusual money in carrying out his future programme, just as a nation may spend millions on warlike preparation for a tranquil peace.

It is not a bad idea to designate a day on which to call national attention to the importance of the gospel of thrift. There is no gainsaying the fact that the man who practices a sane formula of thrift makes the best sort of a citizen a nation can have. He realizes the importance of his obligations to society and his fellowman. He is interested in the maintenance of an honest and an economical government and he is an implacable champion of the cleanliness and perpetuity of the home. On these fundamentals our civilization chiefly rests.

It is a pity we cannot all be thrifty all the time, but with our attention called to it by gentlemen whose thrift we cannot question, some of us may be able to make a fresh start.

So if the banks are cluttered up with small change on the night of February 3, it will be a good sign, for every man who starts resolutely and intelligently to save becomes worth more to the world as well as himself. A fat bank account will give a man an improved standing—even at the morgue, although barrels of ink have been shed to prove the contrary.

In a time when buzzwagons are going at \$495; when pianolas can be carried away for \$5 a month and when \$1 a week will buy a new dress suit, it takes considerable character and courage to either preach or practice thrift.

Which is the Correct View?

STILL GOES on the question, What is to become of America after the European war closes and the soldiers fighting in the trenches return to their former vocations, manufacturing goods for export to all the world instead of shells and cannon? The question is as persistent as, "Who hit Billy Patterson?" or "How old is Ann?" The discussers of the problem are divided sharply, with scarcely any middle ground occupied by any of the debaters. Every one is eager, extremely optimistic or very unduly depressed at the prospects that are to face the country.

There is room for discussion and for difference of opinion on the part of most of us. When you find men of the first order in finance and business of every kind taking opposite sides there is little need for excuse for the average man to range himself on one side or the other. Indeed, it would seem to be the part of wisdom for most of us to suspend our judgment about it.

True as these views are, yet there are men whose views outweigh those of a million others because of their lack of prejudice and wide experience in matters of this kind. We have had such a man with us here in Los Angeles recently in the person of Alfred Mosely, one of the wealthiest and best-informed men in England on all subjects touching business and finance. He knows the conditions better than almost anyone else, and surely would not be prejudiced in favor of the United States. His views coincide perfectly with those expressed editorially in this Illustrated Magazine. We quote from his statement as expressed in an interview in The Times of recent date: "With the enormous debt and burden facing the populations of Europe there would have been an exodus of able-bodied men to take up their abode in a more peaceful sphere and where they would be free from having to shoulder the burden of a heavy taxation that Europe is now laboring under and that must be augmented in the future. Further, those who remain behind would have had to labor early and late in order to turn out cheap products to dump on the markets of the world in order to get the money to support themselves and pay the war debts."

These suppositions were based upon what would have happened if the war had come to a close quickly. Mr. Mosely goes on: "But the length of the war has altered this. It is true that the debts remain and are ever increasing, and it will tax both the labor and the ingenuity of the whole of the European nations to pay interest. But a change has come over the labor market, inasmuch as the price of labor in England has pretty well doubled. The consequence is that the workingman has more money to spend, and instead of trade being bad there is a greater demand for goods of a middle-class nature than has ever been known in England. With the enormous loss in men this shortage of labor must continue, with high rates of wages and consequently dearer merchandise than England has ever seen."

That is precisely what we have contended for in this magazine for months past. England is under the domination of her working people so closely organized in labor unions to such an extent that the new conscription law was only passed after an understanding had been

Saturday, January 29, 1916.]

The Just and Uljust Judge.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN)

fatality which he had invited, and which now claimed him. He felt himself detached from all human considerations. He was only a judge. It was not an easy position; nor would it make matters easier for Temple. But what of that? He told himself that he was no longer a free agent—great forces swayed him.

Temple's face yellowed as he looked into the strange eyes above him. It was like looking into the face of death, the supreme impersonality. He quavered thinly:

"Can't you reach? Frayne! Can't you reach?"

"Temple," said Frayne in a heavy voice, "did you drop that rock on purpose? Tell the truth. This may be your last chance."

"Frayne! You wouldn't—?"

"Did you?"

Temple saw something more dreadful than hate in those eyes so close to his own, yet so very far. He heard it in that voice.

"I—I—Yes! Yes! For God's sake, Frayne, don't look like that! I did it. You won't leave me? You can't!"

"Queer," thought Frayne; "I don't hate this rat."

Aloud he said:

"Temple, I'll toss a coin. You will call. If you win, I'll get you out. If I win, I'll leave you. And you'll have to trust me to play fair, I guess."

Temple could not speak.

Out of his pocket Frayne took a silver dollar. It seemed to him a prosaic thing to be thus an instrument of fate. He held it over the hole, over Temple's staring eyes.

"It says on here: 'In God we trust.' We don't—all of us; but you'd better. Here goes. What do you say?"

Temple summoned all his strength.

"Tails!" he cried, and strained every sense after his last hope.

The coin rang shrilly on the ice, and rolled three or four feet, then came to rest. With never a change of face, Frayne stepped over and picked it up.

Some six months afterward, Frayne, sitting in a New York club, read in a western newspaper of the marriage of Miss Helen Cahill to Mr. Jackson Coulter Temple. His mouth tightened a little. Then he took out of an inner pocket a silver dollar. He was staring at it when a friend saw him and paused at his side.

"Got a bad one, Lewis?" queried the friend.

"No," replied Frayne, and added enigmatically. "I was thinking how much better this dollar would do on the supreme bench than I would. It's a very righteous dollar, a just dollar."

Bookkeeping with Beans.

[New York Sun:] Very graciously the postmistress in a Maine postoffice received the postoffice inspector as he called to examine the records of the office the other day. The postoffice inspector smiled, for even a government official can do that, and he proceeded to look over the cancellation records. Then he received a shock.

Ordinarily, it might be mentioned, when a postmaster keeps his cancellations he has a book in which are posted the number of letters cancelled with the value of the stamps opposite and the number of postcards cancelled. This particular postmistress had her books right up to date with the exception of the day when the inspector arrived.

"Where is your record for today?" asked the official.

"Oh, I have it," was the smiling reply.

"I'd like to see it."

The postmistress reached under the desk and pulled forth a cigar box. The inspector received it in wonder. He shook the box and it rattled. Then he opened the receptacle and his eyes fairly bulged out as he gazed on the contents.

There was nothing inside except red beans and white beans.

"What's this?" he asked somewhat sternly. "My cancellation record for today," replied the still smiling postmistress.

"Cancellation record!" exclaimed the astonished inspector. "Will you tell me what kidney beans and pea beans have to do with the postal service of the United States government?"

"Oh, yes," came from the postmistress, and then she smiled still more broadly and very proudly, as she continued: "That is my record. A kidney bean for each letter and a pea bean for each postcard. At the end of the day I post my book."

"Oh," murmured the inspector, as he meekly finished his examination.

The Golden Glow.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE.)

sacring, mocking laugh, turned and slouched heavily away in the cold, cheerless drizzle.

"Come, let's be moving along," said Jerry, clasping Nellie's hand, and starting to lead her down the hill.

"Don't trouble yourself to help me," she protested; "I can go alone."

Jerry clung to her left hand, while Joe stepped to her right side, speaking in an earnest, deferential tone: "Miss Blake—Nellie's head lifted with a proud, courageous dignity at the sound of the unfamiliar title of respect, which Joe repeated. "Miss Blake, we consider it a great privilege to be permitted to help you. I'm proud to know you. Will you take my hand? I shall feel honored if you will accept me as one of your friends."

Nellie slowly extended her doubting hand. "Oh, you don't know what this means to me!" she faltered. "You don't know what it means; I shall never go backward after this."

Joe looked steadily at her. "I trust that the influence of your good example will keep me from going backward," he said.

"Why, I haven't done anything good," was Nellie's puzzled answer.

"You have done more than you realize. You have opened my eyes to the beauty of all goodness. Here we are at the last turn. I shall have to leave you to Jerry's care now, and go back to Uncle Ed. He will be anxious and lonely. I want to thank you for your kindness to him. Jerry will give you his message, but I wish you could have seen how happy your gift made him. Good-night, Miss Blake."

"I'm so glad! I'm so glad!" Nellie murmured, her voice breaking with the intensity of her feeling. "Good-night, my friend."

[To be continued.]

Towns Lighted and Heated Electrically.

To those who are accustomed to paying the usual city rates for electric energy, the condition which has been brought about in towns and rural districts along the Snake River in Idaho by the Minidoka power and irrigation project is no doubt novel, says the February Popular Mechanics Magazine in a well-illustrated article. At Rupert, Idaho, a public High School is heated and lighted electrically, as mentioned at some length in a previous number of this magazine. Altogether, however, the town, which has a population of about 1000, now uses 1600 horse power in its homes and stores.

In houses which have cost only a few hundred dollars to erect it is not uncommon to find electric stoves, ranges, lights, washing and sewing machines, and other appliances. The same is likewise true in some other towns and in the country for miles along the river. The farmers not infrequently turn their grindstones and operate separators and other machines by power. And this is all because of the cheapness of hydroelectric energy.

The State is said to have more than 200 separate electric pumping stations in operation, which together are reclaiming tens of thousands of acres.

Samoans Imitate Europeans.

[New York Times:] The natives of Samoa are exhibiting a marked inclination to imitate European manners. The beautiful siapos, hallowed by age-long usage, are disappearing more and more, their places being taken by imported cotton cloth. Women and girls like to put on greater quantities of European wearing apparel.

In the vicinity of Apia native Samoan house and kitchen utensils have been replaced by European articles of less worth. New foods are being introduced. Instead of taro, bananas and yams, the natives now eat rice, biscuits and bread, and even drink coffee in the morning. The new foods, however have but a limited number of consumers at present.

The native huts were formerly covered with thatches of sugar cane. Insects have destroyed the sugar cane plantations, and the natives now cover their dwellings with corrugated iron, which gives them much less protection against the sun during the day and against the cold at night. The Samoan house is disappearing, too, and its place is being taken by square buildings of American pine.

The total native population of the Samoan group is about 42,000. There are 1500 whites and half-castes.

Jared and Johnny.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE.)

An' he's gone.

Jared pours out a big flapjack on the skillet. It don't seem like it's much better'n them thet Johnny'd made, but Jared ain't thinkin' about thet. He looks all aroun' an' pulls out a big wallet from under his shirt. Out uh thet wallet he ex-tracks a roll uh yellow bills, which, placed proper on the stock-exchange, would make him a millyunaire, an', laid careless under a train, would make her jump several feet vertical. He gloats over this here roll thusly:

"An' as soon as I get to Barstow, I'll take the Limited fer Connecticut. Yessir. An' try to ferget about Johnny—he was SECH a fool!"

He puts the wallet back an' falls to on the flapjack he's jest made.

A quarter of a mile up the trail, poor, ole Johnny was a-settin' on his bed-roll. He was tired, his tooth ached an' the fox-tail was irritatin' his shoulder. But he wa'n't a-thinkin' about thet, Johnny wa'n't. He was thinkin', ef anybody could hev read his thoughts this-wise:

"It wa'n't his hittin' me I felt so bad about, ef we hadn't been pardners so long. Oh, Jared! Yore ole Johnny pardner won't never see yuh no more. No more, Jared, on this earth an' not in the nex' world, neither, I reckon. Yuh was a right smart man, Jared, an' yuh grubstaked me fer twenty-five loong years, but I didn't s'pose yuh'd lie to ME thet-a-way, ole-timer. What fer did yuh tell me yuh'd went an' lost thet thutty thousan' fer, when yuh was totin' it aroun' in yore shirt, all the time? It was plumb ornery of yuh, pardner—plumb ornery—an' I reckon I was justified in sayin' nothin' about the strike I went an' made durin' the time yuh skun me, nor about the hull string uh locations we've been findin' all along, neither. It was yore own fault yuh couldn't see 'em. It was ME thet did all the work. Why shouldn't it be ME thet gets all the money? Reckon you didn't know yore ole pardner was wuth somethin' like seven'y thousan' dollars, did yuh?"

"I wonder ef yuh knowed there was cy'nide uh potassium in thet bakin' powder can. Yuh WAS plumb ornery, ole-timer, but I wonder—I—jest wonder."

Ed arose from his chair and stirred the fire, which had burned low in the course of his narration. His face was strangely sad, as the glow from the embers struck across it. He resumed his seat, relighted his pipe and stared silently into the fire. After a few moments, during which we heard the sleepy whirr of a rattler, which had encountered something under the floor of the shack, Ed aroused himself.

"What do yuh mean—ornery?" he asked, gravely.

Airplane and Auto Mail.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] Two new methods of carrying rural mail, and possibly also parcels by post, are fast looming up as reasonably certain and paramount features of government service. Part of it is not far off, while part of it is far enough off only to await practical completion. The instruments of these two methods are the automobile and the aeroplane.

Mail service by aeroplane between postal stations, but not individual service, may be counted upon with certainty just as soon as the reliability of such service has been established, and this does not seem to be far away. At the rate at which these planes travel, dwellers in the mountains and desert places of the West, and also in the high spots of the East, will get their mail with daily frequency and regularity, and more than once a day where necessity would justify it.

The Lincoln Head Stamps.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] Everyone who buys a 2-cent stamp, and that means about everyone, will of course notice that the new Lincoln stamps have the head of the famous emancipator on them in a position in reverse to that of Washington on the old style stamps. The Irish maid who presides at the mail desk of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel came into possession of some of the new stamps yesterday, and her expression became more and more mystified. "Faith," said she, with a smile, "now I know what's the matter with that stamp. The man on it's gone and turned his head around altogether."

BURNS

Good Shoes

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Grover's Martha Washington Julia Marlowe



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Soft vici kid, plain toe, low heels, turn soles, Grover make; same in congress \$3.00 Same style in Burns Fit Easy make, \$2.50 and \$3.00.



Soft and easy house slippers, very best vici kid, hand turn sole, Grover's make. One-strap \$2.50 Two-strap \$3.00 20 styles in Burns Fit Easy house slippers, 1, 2 or 3 straps... \$1.50 to \$2.50

BURNS

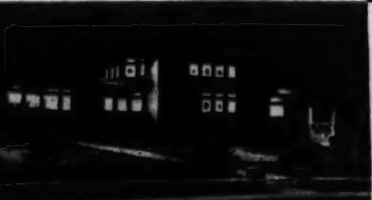
Good Shoes

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[Life:] "Be sure and get the right tooth, doctor." "Don't worry. I'll get it if I have to pull out every tooth in your head."



SOME OF you, friends, will remember what a bright French writer says about Eagles and turkeys. To the Eagle's eye as he looks at the matter the remark appeared on a page of one of Victor Hugo's books. No doubt many readers of this Illustrated Magazine will be able to understand the words in French. They run thus: "Les dindons vont en troupe, l'aigle est toujours seul." For those who do not understand the original the Eagle will translate it. "Turkeys go in flocks, the eagle is a solitary bird." A good many of you, too, remember, brethren, the conversation between the fox and the lion as related by Lafontaine in one of his fables. The fox and the lion met in the woods, and the little canine was followed by a big litter of pups, while the lion was accompanied by a single cub. Madame Reynard attempted to be sarcastic at the expense of Madame Leo, as to the numbers in their families, and the big cat, glancing with disdain at the half-dozen little dogs, then turning her eye upon her own offspring, said, "One, but a lion."

So it is, geese, chickens and turkeys are a numerous tribe. So are dogs, cats, mice and rats. You humans are one tribe but so complex is your life that every other tribe may be matched in your own family. You can recall what Abraham Lincoln said about common people, to the effect that God must love them very dearly because He made so many of them. There is but one Victor Hugo in the French race, but one Goethe in the German, and but one Shakespeare among the English. Lincoln's sym-

pathetic heart always went out for the lowly, but your Eagle, friends, doubts very much that his reasoning is correct as to God loving the nondescript, no-account, ne'er-do-well human as well as He does the great ones of your race. Somebody has said that God loves to cradle genius in strange places. Your Eagle was near the street the other day, and an old fellow, approaching too perilously near the psalmist's utmost limit of age, fourscore years, met a friend of a little past middle life. They were real friends, and had been so here in Los Angeles for a generation, and the greeting was very cordial. The younger man was Henry T. Gage, once Governor of California, now a lawyer in the employ of one of the big corporations of the country. The former Governor said to the almost octogenarian, "How are you?" And the old fellow with a smile and confidence replied, "Fine as a fiddle; indeed fine as a whole orchestra. How is yourself, Governor?" The reply was prompt and bright, "Fine as ever I was in my life." Then the old philosopher said, "That's the way to talk, whether it's true or not."

There are too many of you humans who are pessimistic, too many of you who inflict your sorrows upon your friends and acquaintances. There are too many of you like the sick kitten that whines, or the whipped pup that yelps in sorrow to the ears of all around him. Why not cultivate the aquiline and leonine qualities that the dear God has implanted in the mind of every one, to be cultivated and developed? It is just as easy to be cheerful as sad under most circumstances, and even when the circumstances are adverse it is better to put on a bold front, better for the afflicted, better for his friends, better for every one he meets. From the Governor's standpoint it prevents your enemies from rejoicing, keeps your friends from being sad, and scatters sunshine instead of gloom all around you.



LILLIAN RUSSELL certainly does masculinity credit. If she can still retain all that placid beauty after a long life and four husbands, to say nothing of a line of male managers, stage directors, orchestra conductors, press agents, newspaper reporters, and mere adorers, we can't begin to be as bad as we are painted. Lillian says that she is not going to get the "farewell performance" habit. But Lillian dear, we have long since come to know that these mean just farewell performances and are not in any way intended to convey adieu or good-by. We were under a little misapprehension in the long ago, when Adelina Patti and Henry Irving and Ellen Terry were all making farewell tours, but we afterward discovered they meant just what they claimed and nothing else. So au revoir, Lillian, and fare thee well to thy heart's content. The more you fare well the better we shall like it.

THE Health Department of New York City has just issued an edict against public sneezing and coughing. Spitters are to be summarily dealt with by the police. It appears that the coughers and sneezers treacherously spread the grip and the public is to avoid such vicious offenders like the plague. And they call this human liberty. Things are coming to a pretty pass when we are compelled to consume our own sneezes,

especially when that sneeze has been wished upon us anyway. We never asked for that sneeze; why should we be compelled to support it unassisted? They'll be making us pay a license for 'em soon. This idea of making the chap with the grip keep it to himself is anti-social, class distinction in a horrid form. An eminent doctor has estimated that there are about half a million grip germs in a sneeze—fancy any poor devil being asked to support that crowd in his own person! Nature has provided us with a simple means of sneezing 'em out by the half million and then some arbitrary health department calmly commands us to keep 'em on the premises. Besides a great many people like the grip. That is quite obvious from the way the average person insists upon claiming to have the grip when he has merely got a common cold in the head. Would they do that if they were not convinced that the grip was a stylish thing to have? Of course not. One can claim any amount of leave and sympathy on the grip that would never be accorded a mere cold—why should the bulk of the community be barred from acquiring it by a petty embargo on sneezes? The thing is outrageously unfair. Equal opportunity to all, we say, and the man with the most sneezes ought to be compelled to share them up in a democratic country. Sneezes have so much significance, too. One a kiss, twice a wish, three times a wedding. Fairy gifts. It looks like a case for the feminists. Will they sit idle while a city health department calmly abolishes their inalienable rights? Fancy being compelled to consume one's own kisses and wishes and weddings. Grossly unfair. The thing is unthinkable. Citizens, let us arise and demand our glorious right to sneeze to our heart's content.

fore their cases could be tried! The association was able to prove that no less than 300 innocent people had been so treated during the last year. This is a real charity organization. They have managed to get the law amended so that such villainous miscreants—mixing ashes with garbage! oh, the enormity of the crime!—should be immediately dealt with. What is an Amateur? A sportsman has written me for a definition of an amateur. "Aw, quit yer kidding, there ain't no sich thing." But the exclusive authorities of the tennis and golf association are doing their best for us. The U.S.G.A. has just issued an ultimatum by which everyone who makes profit out of golf supplies is required to take professional status. Golf supplies being an inclusive word, means water companies, grass-seed merchants, electric-light corporations, Standard Oil, and even grocers and furniture dealers, for all of these people make profit out of golf clubs and all golf clubs are very considerable customers therefore. It brings in even the bankers who do the clubs' business, the insurance companies, the real estate concerns, the very people whose property adjoins the various links, for the latter certainly make comfortable profit on their holdings owing to its proximity to a country club. Of course the U.S.G.A. insists that it means only sporting goods, the actual implements of the game. But why should the man whose firm sells golf balls to golf clubs be barred and the man who sells liquors, which everyone will admit is a highly important and lucrative item in the game of golf, be exempt? If the U.S.G.A. enforces its ruling to a logical conclusion, golf will be a really nice, exclusive game. Only wealthy men of leisure whose inherited fortunes are gained out of, say, office buildings that harbor no golf players or corporations that trade with golfers directly or indirectly, will be eligible amateurs. The amateur is already scorned in drama, in literature, indeed, in all the professions. It only remained for sport to fall into line to make the amateur an undesirable alien.

Two Great Financiers. BILLY SUNDAY and John D. Rockefeller have met and become friends. Each proclaims the highest respect for the other. That's as it should be. One has cornered the earth and the other Heaven. Now if they form a combine, our dreams of big business will be finally realized. The report says that Rockefeller phoned to Billy and asked how much he would charge to speak in Trenton, N. Y. Billy's diplomacy was admirable. "A dinner for myself and Mrs. Sunday" was his reply. A sprat to catch mackerel. Do you suppose he would have preached at your local chapel or mine for such a recompense? Billy is scripturally logical. "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away." Diplomatic Autocracy. MAYOR MITCHEL of New York must have made some of our local anti-Francis brigade green with envy. He objected to Superintendent of Schools Maxwell and has just given him six months compulsory leave, at the end of which time his office expires. And he refuses to discuss re-election at that time. The Mayor says Maxwell needs that vacation badly and he's got to have it. And he's gone. The German Emperor could have done no more. Yuan Shi Kai's methods are entirely sympathetic. We can see King George of England reading that news item with a wistful sigh. It must be great to be Mayor of New York. Makes a Good Living. [Boston Transcript:] "What is your occupation, Rastus?" "I'm de manager of a laundry, sah, an' I makes a right comf'able livin'." "What is the name of your laundry?" "Hannah Maria Johnson, sah." He Belonged to the Union. [Burr:] Nobby Child: Are my clothes ready? Tailor: Not yet, sir. Nobby Child: But you said you would have them done if you worked all night. Tailor: Yes, but I didn't work all night.

THE HUMAN BODY: ITS CARE, USE AND ABUSE.

Aids to Good Health. By a Medical Man.

"HOME, SWEET HOME." BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

For Wife, Mother, Daughter and Maid.

CLEANSING PROBLEMS.

When Using Acids.

[St. Paul Pioneer Press:] The ink or iron rust, which are purely chemical stains, require acids, like oxalic or hydrochloric, and alkalies, like ammonia, soda, etc., for their removal. These acids and alkalies not only remove spots, but they remove color. The owner of the garment must decide which will show the least, or which she will prefer, the ink spot or the white spot which may result from the removal of the stain. It may be found that the dye is sufficiently strong to run the risk. Here again we find a good use for the left-over scraps of material for testing. It may even be found that a person who has done considerable work with dyes or watercolor paints can retouch the white spot and restore the color.

Wet the spot with warm water, drop oxalic acid (diluted one-half) on the stain, let stand a few minutes and then rinse. When stain is removed, wash in water to which ammonia has been added.

Iron Rust Spots.

Spread stained portion over a bowl containing one quart of water and one teaspoon borax. Apply hydrochloric acid, drop by drop, until stain brightens, then dip stain at once into water. If not removed, use same method until stains disappear. Care should be taken to use either borax or ammonia or soap in rinsing water.

CARE OF HAIR.

For Blonde Tresses.

[Mme. Lina Cavalleri in New York American:] I recommend this, which is not for brunettes, because the action of ammonia is toward a lightening rather than darkening of the hair:

Sulphate of quinine.....20 grains
Ammonia water.....2 drams
Compound Tinct. of cinchona.....½ ounce
Powdered borax.....½ dram
Add enough bay rum to make a four-ounce mixture.

These can be well mixed at home. To the bay rum add the borax and quinine, then add another ounce of the bay rum. Pour into it the ammonia, drop by drop. Then the cinchona and again the bay rum.

Different Treatment for Brunettes.

For a brunette my preference is for this:
Sulphate of quinine.....20 grains
Fluid extract of jaborandi.....1 oz.
Glycerine.....2 ozs.
Cologne.....4 ozs.
Bay Rum.....4 ozs.
Rosewater.....20 ozs.

The above is excellent also for hair that is too dry. For moist hair I advise a dry shampoo or tonic treatment of this:

Eau de cologne.....4 ozs.
Borax.....½ oz.
Tincture of cochineal.....½ oz.
The best shampoo for ordinary use I know is the simplest:

Castile soap.....1 cake
Water.....1 quart
Melt the soap in the water. Stir it to the consistency of jelly. Keep it in a wide-mouthed jar.

ETIQUETTE HELPS.

About Finger Bowls.

[New York Press:] Finger bowls are sometimes used immediately after the first course of grapefruit, but the hostess usually has the fruit so prepared by loosening it that it is scarcely necessary to touch the fingers even to the outside. The most general use of these bowls is when the fruit is served "au naturel" at the end of a dinner or luncheon, when corn is served on the cob and for fried chicken. They are more often used at family affairs than for strictly formal dinners.

Lady Left to Gentleman.

The lady should sit at the left of the man, thus permitting him to use his right hand in serving her. The honored guest should sit at the right of the hostess.

Regarding Visiting.

Custom has decreed that it is the privilege of the old resident to extend her hospitality to the newcomer, but there are exceptions to all rules, and it is not always best to stand too much upon ceremony.

ABOUT ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

Buy Light Instead of Current.

[Stephen L. Coles, in Minneapolis Journal:] The rapid growth in use of the new tungsten lamps has demonstrated that the public appreciates the opportunity to buy light instead of current. A comparison of the old and new lamps will better explain just what this means. The old-fashioned carbon filament lamp was purchased according to its candle power. This is not an exact method of buying, because the lamps give their rated candle power only when new. As they age they give less and less light and the amount of electricity they consume per candle power actually increases.

Economy in "Watts."

On the other hand, all tungsten lamps are rated by the amount of electricity they consume (in watts.) This varies but slightly during the life of the lamp and is sufficiently accurate to form a basis for naming tungsten lamps according to the number of watts of electricity they consume. Repeated and authoritative tests have shown that, for example, a fifteen-watt tungsten lamp will give approximately eleven and one-half candle power of light.

If a carbon filament lamp were used to give a same amount of light it would consume forty-six watts. Therefore, it is apparent that when we use tungsten lamps rated according to wattage instead of candle power, we are buying light and not current, only a small part of which is useful in making light.

SUGGESTIONS FOR BRIDES.

The Wedding Costuming.

[New York Press:] White, with pure bride roses, is, of course, always best for the bride, and for the honored maid white over American Beauty red with a muff of green with American Beauties and gauze ribbon the same shade. For the maids pink gowns of four shades with muffs of green and roses to correspond in color. You will find the effect very lovely. Satin slippers are the best, as they seem to fit the foot better. Begin serving at once after the first people have offered their congratulations, and thus much time is saved. Place chairs around the dining-room so that all may be served comfortably.

Pretty Entertainment for Bride-elect.

At a pretty entertainment given for a bride-elect the guests were passed pink heart-shaped cards bearing words transposed, apparently a hopeless mixture. The hostess explained that when properly spelled the words represented the articles in the trousseau of a bride. There were two prizes offered. The refreshments were heart-shaped sandwiches, coffee served in the drawing-room, heart peppermints and delicious pink ice cream in heart forms.

MOVING MADE EASY.

Companies Both Pack and Move.

[New York Sun:] A company is engaged which will take things from their customary places, pack them and remove them without friction or confusion. It furnishes the packing boxes and material with sufficient men to make quick time, so that two or at most three hours will see an ordinary apartment cleared out. The owners need do nothing but look after their trunks containing clothing and personal effects.

Rugs can be taken to a cleaner's, furniture to an upholsterer's, bedding to a renovator's. No intelligent person moves broken or damaged things or articles that require cleaning. The packing men are experts and know their work thoroughly. They box all small pictures, china, books and bric-a-brac; bronzes and ornaments of a perishable character are specially crated.

Your Goods Unpacked and Placed.

And not only are the house furnishings taken from the old quarters without worry to the owner but they are set up in the new home under the direction of some person who knows where the various things are to go. So the modern woman goes out of town for moving day if she wishes and returns to find everything in place, needing only the final touch.

CARE OF CLOTHING.

Hang a Skirt Successfully.

[Farm and Fireside:] Every woman knows how hard it is to hang up a skirt so that it retains its original shape. Here is one way in which it can be done.

Take an ordinary wooden coat-hanger, and screw underneath the hanger two small brass hooks about one inch long. Place them at either side of the center hook, at equal distances from it. Hang the loops of the skirt on the hooks. A jacket can be slipped on the hanger without wrinkling the skirt.

Overcome Shine on Serge.

To improve the shiny serge or cloth lay it flat on the table and pass a piece of fine sandpaper very gently over the shiny part. The sandpaper will roughen up the nap again, but be careful not to rub too hard, as it may wear a hole in your material.

To Put Away White Dresses.

When putting away white dresses wrap them in dark blue cambric to prevent them from turning yellow. Paper can also be used and can be blued by dipping in strong bluing water and dried. Fine centerpieces and dollies not in use should be kept wrapped in dark blue tissue paper.

THE BREAKFAST TRAY.

Portfolio for Morning Mail.

[Baltimore American:] A European notion, where the household is large, is to put the mail for each member of the family in a small portfolio. The portfolios go up on the trays. They are made of chintz or material to match the tone of the room. Frequently the morning paper is laid in with the mail when the tray is going to a man guest.

Three Compartment Coffee Pot.

There are in the shops all sorts of pretty little tray appointments for individual use, including salts and peppers, toast racks, egg dishes and things designed to keep food at the right temperature. One novelty is the coffee pot of three compartments. Fitting over the top is a mite of a sugar bowl, ample for several lumps, then over that a cream jug.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[New York Evening Telegram:] The annual coat of oil not only prolongs the life of willow and cane furniture but it keeps it from becoming so dry that tiny splinters stick out.

Lima beans can be pulled while young and tender, dried in the sun and put away and kept for use at any time. They should be soaked before using.

Newly baked bread should be lightly covered with a clean cloth while it is cooling. If it is not aired when it is taken from the oven it is apt to be soggy.

Many steps may be saved if when preparing a meal you pin a small, clean hand towel to the apron belt on one side and a similar tea towel to the other side. Then, when needed, they will be right on the person.

Covered buttons never stand washing without some damage. It is a good idea to sew a stud fastener beneath each button and a corresponding eyelet to the dress, so that they may be removed for laundry purposes and slipped on again easily.

PILES
Do Not Be Cut until you have at least tried Jebb's Pile Remedy. Result from an undue accumulation of stagnant blood within the hemorrhoidal veins. Jebb's Pile Remedy dispels the impurities, placing the hemorrhoidal veins in a perfectly healthy condition. Salves, lotions, etc., may give temporary relief, but permanent results can be had only by Jebb's Specific, which purifies the blood.

RHEUMATISM
bent this man nearly double. Jebb's Remedy made him straight. Your case cannot be worse. Write for Free Booklet containing this man's story. This treatment is absolutely guaranteed.

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I will send you a \$1 bottle of LANE'S TREATMENT by express trial. When cured send me the \$1. Otherwise, your report costs nothing. Give express order. Dr. J. LANE, 421 East 12th St., St. Marys, Kansas.

HEARTSEASE.

The Magnanimous Spirit.

[Edgar C. Beall:] If a man cannot escape the ordeal of jealousy, it will be best for him to conceal the feeling; he should be magnanimous and just in every reference to his rival. It is a great test of true manliness to spirit to discuss the merits of a rival with fairness, but if a man can do so, such a course carries conviction to the mind of the woman that he is one of Nature's noblemen, and this raises him in her regard.

Fear Not, O Soul.

Fear not, O soul, that thou shalt sink too low!

Infinitely as deep as is the sea;
And depth on depth is mercy under thee,
And calm and limitless those waters flow;
Profound beyond what human heart can know,

Below the scorn of men, though deep it be,
The waters that o'erwhelm thee, buoyantly
Shall bear thee up if thou wilt have it so.

And fear not thou, although thou climbest high:

Toll upward. Still the mountain summits yield

A farther, fairer world beneath the cloud;
Rivers and lakes reflecting back the sky,
Peaks beyond peaks, and valleys new-revealed:

O soul of mine, be humble, and be proud!

—[Mary Eleanor Roberts.]

Examination \$5.00
Prescription
and Glasses

Hundreds have availed themselves of this special offer. Examination by a State registered Optometrist—spherical lenses, high-grade mounting—work of the highest class, only. Clip this ad out and see.

Howland & Dewey Co.
Eastman Kodak Company
510 SOUTH BROADWAY

Do Not Neglect Your Feet

Tired and aching feet is the first warning of a broken down instep arch and flat foot. Our arch supports are made especially for fallen arches, weak ankles and feet. If your feet or limbs trouble you call and we will advise you regarding the proper treatment and appliances. We also make callous plates. Consultation and examination free.



Davis & Martin Co.
619 West 6th St.

Are You Suffering from Painful Afflictions of the Feet, Broken-down Arches, Callouses, Bunions, Etc.?
Call on us for relief.

There are numerous Arch Supporters put on the market to correct flat feet are made over a form, and in some cases answer the purpose. There is no ready-made Arch Support manufactured in this way that will give the desired results in more than 10 per cent of the cases. The reason is that there are different ligaments in the foot that may be affected and thus cause pain in the various joints. Our Arch Supporters are made by perfect measurements and are guaranteed to relieve every case.

WESTERN ORTHOPEDIC APPLIANCE CO.
731 South Grand Avenue, Los Angeles

Radio-Cream

Reg. Pat.
This wonder remedy contains nothing harmful. It is a combination of minerals mixed by nature in a Hot Spring and brought direct to you. Gives immediate relief to Eczema, Piles, Pimples, or any eruptions or abrasions of the skin. For sale by druggists or mailed you—50c small, \$1.00 large. Radio-Cream Remedies Co., 119 East Fifth Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Do You Itch?

From any cause, if so, try
MILLS' ECZEMA REMEDY
For Instant Relief
For sale by druggists. For information call 223 W. Second Street, Room 104, Los Angeles, Cal.



Saturday, January 20, 1918.
[Saturday, January 20, 1918.]

Los Angeles Times
Illustrated Weekly.
CALIFORNIA, ALLURING LAND OF THE SUN.
Real Life by the Great Western Sea.

The Poor Tourist.
THE tourist in Southern California, a chaser of winter sunbeams, is very unhappy these passing days. It is now Monday, January 24, and if it rains two days more it will be just four weeks since a practically continuous rain has fallen over all Southern California. Of course it has not rained all the time, for if it had the agnostic who doubts the historical accuracy of the Bible account of the Noachian deluge would be converted into a gnostic and know the occurrence, regarded now as mythical, was at least possible.
There were a few bright days during the four weeks, but really in a period of fifty years there have not been three, if there have been two, previous rains of so long continuance in Southern California. The damage done by the run-off in the height of the rains is very considerable. It hit in spots, not many nor very extensive, and where it did hit it spared one piece of property and took another. The damage in all Southern California may amount to a million dollars, or a little more, but the benefit is beyond an Archimedes with a quire of paper and a whole bunch of lead pencils well sharpened to estimate. When the present rain comes to an end the precipitation of the season will be well up toward the annual average of the past twenty years. There are more rains in store before the season closes, with a prospect of running the seasonal rainfall up well toward twenty inches.
Since the rain first started four weeks ago the precipitation has been about ten inches. In one week about six inches fell. The run-off was not light during some of the time, but not so heavy as might have been expected, and the soil is soaked to its lowest depths, the moisture penetrating to bedrock. While the tourist may be a little unhappy, and those whose property has been swept away very much so, the general effect has been beneficial beyond estimate. It insures every crop with reasonable certainty, and is particularly beneficial to the extensive orchards spread all over California. The rain is a benefit not only for this season but for two, perhaps three, to come. Every depression in mountain and valley is brimming over with water, which insures plenty of water for the coming summer and the one after that. We may have a couple of years of rainfall below the average following this abundant supply without affecting the crop production.
While some have suffered, the gain to the public generally in saving expenses for irrigating is great. Even in the lawns of the city of Los Angeles the saving has been immense. Very few householders will pay more than the minimum for water for a couple of months. Lawns that cost \$4 or \$5 a month will get off for 75 cents to \$1.50. So it goes throughout the whole section.

For Mexican Trade.
A REPRESENTATIVE of Los Angeles business men, W. Stonewall Hunt, vice-president and general manager of the Southwestern Steamship Company, is now down on the border between the United States and Mexico investigating trade conditions between our city and the northern tier of Mexican States. We are told that the trip is a part of the general campaign carried on by our Chamber of Commerce, the Associated Jobbers and the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association and by individual business men.
The trade between this city and the West Coast of Mexico has already been well developed into a good healthy infant industry, being worth about \$400,000 per month. Most of this is export business. We want to give and take in this trade, and when properly developed the come-back will be as large as the outgo. We raise a great many things and manufacture more which the people of the Mexican States want, and while their manufactures are not large their agricultural products are very considerable. Mr. Hunt goes on with knowledge of conditions in the country he visits. The hides of western Mexico constitute a very large merchandise, now all finding its way to El Paso. There are 3000 tons of black-eyed beans in great demand in the Orient and in Spain. There are 30,000 tons of sugar and 300,000 bags of garbanzos in the territory, and this is what we are after.

Protect the Coast.
THE people of the United States everywhere are interested in the problem of protecting the country from possible invasion by some powerful, aggressive foe. Of course in the Rocky Mountain region this matter is not felt so acutely as along the seashore. And yet it ought to interest the dweller in Denver only just a little less intimately than the one in Boston or New York, in San Francisco or Los Angeles. Every part of the country would be equally interested in an invasion by a hostile army, if not at first, then ultimately.
Of course each section is particularly interested in its own immediate neighborhood. The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, a powerful body of wide-awake, successful men whose property would be at stake in the case of a hostile attack by a foreign foe, has taken this matter up with its usual perspicacity and vigor. Los Angeles would be a tempting prey to a hostile fleet, and yet the topography is such that it might be made bomb-proof against all the ships of the world. The coast is in the shape of a horseshoe or a segment of a circle, with Santa Catalina Island in the offing off the harbor and San Clemente Island out farther in the ocean. With modern guns this semi-circle could easily be defended against the fleets of the world. Is it worth while? Well, we should say so.
A writer in The Times of last Sunday, a close student of the affair and thoroughly intelligent in the subject in hand, estimates that the cost would be about \$30,000,000. A hostile fleet, if it landed at San Pedro, would levy tribute on the city to three times that amount, and leave plenty to come back for. It is much to be hoped that our Representatives in Washington will take the matter up and urge it upon Congress with all possible vigor, and keep up the agitation until we get attention leading to action.

Happy Superannuateds.
IT IS an exceedingly good piece of work which has resulted in the purchase of the Casa Blanca Hotel at Ontario to serve as a home for superannuated ministers of the Episcopal church and other incapacitated clergymen of that denomination. The cost was about \$250,000, and the invitation is to be sent broadcast over the United States for these old soldiers of the cross to come and enjoy their declining years, bask in the sunshine of California, under its glorious mountains, in beautiful Ontario. The United States government maintains a home for old soldiers near the coast at Sawtelle, where at this late day about 3500 veterans of one war or another find a comfortable home. In providing such a refuge for incapacitated clergymen, Rev. Baker P. Lee has done an exceedingly good work.

Big Project Surely.
THE Panama-Pacific Warehouse Corporation went this week before the California Railroad Commission for permission to issue \$450,000 in bonds and an equal amount in stock to finance a mammoth warehouse right in the center of the business district of Los Angeles. The men behind it are substantial, experienced, successful business men. They were able to assure the railroad commissioner that the bonds would be underwritten in Chicago. The proposed structure will be the largest of the kind west of Chicago, with the exception of the gigantic warehouse the city of Los Angeles is building on the outer harbor dock at San Pedro. The Los Angeles affair is to be six stories in height, cover a ground area of 200 by 400 feet, containing a total floor space of about twelve acres.

Feeding the Hungry.
THAT was splendid work done up at Redding, in Northern California, on the Sacramento River, when the Deputy Game Commissioner distributed half a ton of wheat between Pitt River and Simms in order to save from starving thousands of quail and other birds unable to get their natural feed because of the unusually heavy rains and snows. Farther afield he distributed a quantity of hay for the relief of the deer driven from their haunts by the storm. It is good work because it is humane first, and secondly it is a good investment.

Chamber of Commerce Work.
NOT only Los Angeles city but all Southern California is greatly blessed in having an organization so numerous in its membership and so efficient in its enterprises as is the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. Not the least effective of its sub-organizations is its industrial bureau, which is busy every day in the week compiling, printing and distributing booklets and descriptive circulars with maps showing the possibilities in Los Angeles and the surrounding country. The Great Southwest is the place of all opportunity for all men with brains, muscle or money. The East is over-crowded with people and under-supplied with opportunities for the investment of capital and the use of brains and money. Men are keen all over America to find an opening to go into business, and these openings the industrial bureau of the Chamber of Commerce is pointing out to all with a long index finger. This industrial bureau has recently issued a statement of considerable importance, to the effect that the H. W. Lawson Manufacturing Company has leased the entire floor of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender building at No. 339 South Los Angeles street, where it is now busily engaged in installing machinery for the manufacture of night robes, pajamas, and all kinds of ladies' and men's flannelette nightwear. The person whose name the company bears is from St. Louis and has plenty of experience in this kind of business.
Coupled with this announcement is another stating that John Haworth, an experienced eastern manufacturer, has organized a company known as the California Oils, Metals and Chemicals Manufacturing Company, which is now engaged in the manufacture of liquid soap, washing ammonia, blueing, sweeping compounds and other sundries in a building on Avenue 23.
Another new company known as the Noxall Manufacturing Company has just opened for business at No. 2503 Pasadena avenue, where the company is turning out a softening compound for hard water.
These are only some of the new concerns brought here by the industrial bureau of the Chamber of Commerce. Among the others are the Stafford-Crandall Packing and Fishing Company, recently incorporated with a capital stock of \$20,000 to engage in the packing of tuna.

Sister Counties Working Together.
THE counties of Southern California contain a harmonious body of citizens who realize the correctness of the philosophy that what is good for one is good for all. Orange county and Los Angeles county are particularly sympathetic, as they ought to be, because they were once one county, and although now divided politically are geographically as solid as anything can be. Good roads have been the slogan in all the counties for some years past. Los Angeles county, as is proper, being the most populous and the richest, has led in this good work, but little Orange county has kept up her heels night and day, following closely on the heels of the mother county. They have paved their road through La Habra into the Brea Canyon and are now pleading for co-operation on the part of Los Angeles county and abutting property owners to have a five or six-mile link to the Pomona boulevard built. The Orange county road system is nearly completed. Outside of incorporated cities the county has 187 miles of paved highways, claimed to be the greatest mileage in proportion to area of any county in the West. The little county, besides doing its work, has aided materially the California Highway Commission by purchasing \$400,000 worth of State highway bonds.

Hollywood Water Bonds.
THAT was mighty good work done by the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce last Tuesday week when in the face of a driving rainstorm it got to the polls enough voters to carry the water bond issue amounting to \$1,020,000 to finance the purchase of the Union Hollywood Water Company and its adjuncts by the city of Los Angeles. It establishes the beautiful Hollywood district and other sections of the city running southward to The Palms on the same basis as the old city in the use of the aqueduct water and the rate to be paid for the water. It makes these districts of the city, already most desirable residence sections, still more charming and comfortable for the inhabitants.

Notes of Progress.
THE California Standard Oil Company, in addition to its usual quarterly dividend, has added one of \$2.50 per share.
At Seal Beach the tenants on the ocean-front property have been given notice to vacate in order to establish a number of amusement features, including a racing coaster, bath-houses and other attractions. A contract has been made for the delivery of 370,000 feet of lumber for the building of a bulkhead.
At Rochester, Nev., the Rochester mine has passed \$1,000,000 in its ore production.
At Spring, Eighth and Main streets, Los Angeles, a mammoth hotel is to be erected at a cost of \$1,000,000.
Manhattan Beach is about to spend \$90,000 on two piers.
An interurban railroad is to be built between Martinez and Concord in Contra Costa county.
The superintendent of the United States mint in San Francisco says that the bullion and coin in that institution amount to a value of \$250,000,000.
The Southern Pacific Railroad Company is planning extensive improvements at the Los Angeles Harbor which will save switching charges of 25 cents per ton.
The Board of Supervisors of Tulare county has reached a decision to provide for a system of highways to be paid for by direct taxation at the rate of \$100,000 a year.
The Murphy Oil Company of Whittier are about to erect a modern citrus packing-house to take care of the lemons from 600 acres of orchard.
The metal production of Arizona for 1915 was worth \$90,000,000, an increase of 50 per cent. over the previous year.
Pullman Current Topics, a new magazine, to be published monthly in the interests of the service and employees of the Pullman Company, has made its appearance in Los Angeles. It is very creditable in both contents and appearance. Its editor is Harold H. Scott, who has been an occasional contributor to The Times Magazine.

Investing in Real Estate.
FORMER SENATOR GEORGE C. PERKINS has sold to Los Angeles parties a tract of 20,000 acres in the Cuyama ranch at a cost of \$399,000. The tract lies in Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo counties, is well watered and capable of high cultivation. It is reported that the company is to put the tract on the market in small farms.
A 200-acre tract near Van Nuys in the San Fernando Valley purchased about two months ago and cut up into small tracts has all been closed out to actual settlers.
Two notable trades carried through in the midwinter involve the transfer of the corner of Sixteenth and Hill streets, 100x104 feet, at a consideration of \$105,000, \$80,000 of it being represented by 800 acres of farming land near Corcoran in Tulare county. The other trade was that of a two-story brick building on Alameda street near Sixth at a valuation of \$120,000, of which \$107,000 was represented by property in Northern California.

Extending Cotton Area.
FIGURES gathered by the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles indicate that more than 100,000 acres will be planted to cotton in the Southwest this year. Here is opportunity for another great industry in the establishing of a cotton factory somewhere near the coast. The Orient lies right at our doors ready to take all the cotton fabric we can turn out, with the whole coast of South America as a possible market. The Los Angeles harbor district is the most promising place on earth for the establishment of a great cotton factory.

Vernon Booming.
THE General Petroleum Company is about to add to its plant at Vernon, which now represents an investment of \$500,000, additions to cost \$250,000 more. The company has completed the purchase of an eight-acre plot of ground immediately adjoining its present site at Santa Fe avenue and Jefferson street. The land was acquired at a cost of \$50,000.

[Tiger:] "Did you put in fresh water for the gold fish, Mary?"
"No, mum, they ain't drunk up what I gave them yesterday."

THE HUMAN BODY: ITS CARE, USE AND ABUSE.

Aids to Good Health. By a Medical Man.

Decline in American Stamina.

THE American is losing stamina. At least that is what the life insurance statistics seem to show, as interpreted by Elmer E. Ritterhouse, president of the Life Extension Institute. He asserts that if we consider the American people as a whole "we find the resisting power of the heart, arteries and kidneys, which work incessantly from birth to the grave, has steadily declined. These organs are breaking down and giving way too soon. The increase in mortality in three decades from these causes has been about 100 per cent., and it is confined to no particular class or element of the population. It is increasing everywhere.

"The American people are especially in need of being taught how to eat correctly and to get the habit of taking natural exercise. Athletics are popular. The people, and especially the young, love to applaud those who engage in athletic sports. But the number of school children and of adults in sedentary occupations who actually take natural exercise, or who practice setting-up or physique-building exercises is very small in our vast population.

"In a sense we are a strenuous people, and yet the most of us are constantly in search of physical ease. We have almost forgotten how to walk. The extraordinary increase in labor-saving and time-saving devices and the increase in wealth have placed an enormous number of American people in the physically inactive or sedentary class. This number is constantly increasing not only among the well-to-do, but in our factories and industrial plants, where muscular effort is less and less required.

"Why should not the campaign for national defense include a programme for teaching people how to live healthful lives—how to build up and maintain a high standard of physical fitness?"

Effects of Lack of Exercise.

It is generally conceded that physical work and exercise among adults is steadily on the decline. But Prof. Tom A. Williams of Harvard points out that even children today do not exercise as much as did children of former generations. He calls attention to the possibility that the disease rickets, which is usually regarded as due to improper feeding, may be due in part to lack of exercise, particularly among "poor children in cities kept off the streets for fear of accident; or of richer children paraded in perambulators by thoughtless mothers.

"All young mammals exercise actively; it is in their play that they develop. Children in cities, however, have so many inducements that they are apt to fall into sedentary or loafing habits. Hence it is important somewhat to systematize and supervise the play of children; for on account of the restrictions of civilization their play has to be somewhat artificial and is often too complex for the child capacity to manage. Sad to relate, it has become difficult for the child to play, and the difficulties are sometimes too great to surmount except by the most adventurous spirits."

Health and Wages.

Everyone familiar with the facts is aware that there is a direct relationship between wages and health. Surgeon-General W. C. Gorgas, for example, who converted the Panama Canal Zone into the healthiest strip of territory on the globe, believes that the good wages paid the workmen were a highly important factor in their healthful condition. "I am satisfied," says Dr. Gorgas, "that to this improvement in social conditions, caused by our high wages, we principally owe our extraordinary improvement in general health conditions."

Dr. Gorgas believes that if men were paid fair compensation for what they really accomplish, "not a cent more or a cent less," there would be a great amelioration in sickness and degradation in our large cities. "I have been fortunate enough to labor as health officer in a field where very great health results have been produced, but they would be small compared with the health results produced by securing for

mankind natural wages. It stirs my enthusiasm to think of the glorious opportunities before the young health officers just commencing life. I have spent my sanitary life killing tropical mosquitoes, and I hope I have thereby benefited by fellow-man. I would give a good deal to spend another sanitary life in the ranks of the coming generation of health officers, doing my share in the fight that is before us, the fight for the greatest of all sanitary measures, natural wages."

Tiger-bone Therapy.

It was the custom among American Indians to eat the heart of a brave antagonist they had killed, on the supposition that their own courage would be improved by the diet. On somewhat the same principle the Chinese doctor administers powdered tiger-bone for the cure of cardiac weakness. "The theory is, presumably," says the Journal of the American Medical Association, "that the cardiac strength of the tiger would be a good thing for the patient to acquire. Since many patients have recovered after taking tiger-bone, and no one has proved that they might not have died had they failed to take it, 'clinical experience' stands back of the treatment; and where is the skeptic so rash as to challenge that?"

"The Chinese physician believes in his tiger-bone therapy, and, with the best interests of his patient at heart, insists on obtaining absolutely true and authentic tiger-bone. Not satisfied with the assertions of the dealers, the conscientious Chinese physician subjects his tiger-bone to a kind of physiological standardization. He offers the bone in question to a dog! If it is an ox-bone—a frequent form of substitution—the dog will seize and eagerly gnaw it, whereas, according to all the teachings of Chinese pharmacognosy, if it is a tiger-bone the dog will depart hurriedly with his tail between his legs."

Danger Signs.

"To tell when death will surely occur is the most difficult problem in the whole art of medicine," said Prof. Thomas F. Reilly of Fordham University in an address dealing with conditions which presage probable dissolution in cases of illness. Nevertheless, there are certain symptoms, as Prof. Reilly pointed out, that are almost infallible indications, and others which should be regarded as danger signals which call for vigorous action. Some of these symptoms require the interpretation of a skilled physician, or nurse, but many of them may be recognized and interpreted by any intelligent observer.

Continued high fever is always a serious condition, of course, and a temperature which rises to 108°F. is not recovered from except in certain cases of sunstroke. Even a temperature of 107°F. which lasts two hours is usually fatal.

"The loss of more than half of the body weight means that the patient cannot recover. Gritting of the teeth in the course of fever in adults, unless it be a former habit, is a sign of serious omen. When a burn involves more than one-third of the body death is a certainty. If the burn be confined largely to the face, then a burned area much less than one-third on the body means death."

It is proverbial that mothers instinctively sense dangerous symptoms in their children which would be overlooked by others. And nurses who are constantly in attendance upon sick persons acquire a heightened instinct which is often superior to that of the medical attendant.

Traditional Danger Signals.

Prof. Reilly asserts that much of the folk lore relative to this subject is worthy of consideration. "Of course, much of it has very little foundation in fact; but many times these sayings suggest to us a fatal prognosis when our ultra-scientific methods fail to make us think of the likelihood of death. When the skin over the forehead is tense and shiny, the old nurse wisely shakes her head and says it is a bad sign. When the patient wants to go home or wants to go back to the green fields, etc.,

he generally does; but it is not to the home or the green fields of his youth.

"When the patient is constantly wishing to be changed from bed to bed, or when in the absence of pain and nervousness he is constantly wishing to change his position in bed, a serious outcome may be expected. This is a very common symptom of serious import in heart disease if dyspnea (shortness of breath) is not present. Picking at the bedclothes is usually viewed as a symptom betokening a fatal termination. Except in typhoid fever it is truly a sign of great gravity. Shakespeare well describes the death of Falstaff thus:

"After I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way, for his nose was sharp as a pen."

"The hunger of death is an abnormal appetite occurring in the last few hours or days of life, and probably represents an effort to overcome the sense of exhaustion or goneness in the epigastrium. It is mostly seen, as far as my experience goes, among consumptives, although sometimes it occurs in typhoid fever."

It should always be remembered, however, that occasionally a patient will present one or many of the signs indicative of speedy dissolution and yet recover.

Caring for Colds.

One of the great dangers from colds, or coryzas, is that of catching more cold. "It is often difficult to convince the patient with a beginning tracheitis or coryza that he should exercise special care in avoiding further exposure," says a writer on therapeutics. "A day or two at home, with rest and the usual simple remedies applied to a cold, will often be all that is necessary for a rapid convalescence. A few days' care may prevent a long illness. Those more severely afflicted with fever, chill, aching bones and coughs are more easily persuaded to remain indoors. When there is marked prostration or fever, rest in bed should be enforced. Even though the infection is not severe enough to cause alarm it leaves the body weakened and an easier prey to pneumonia, which has been prevalent during recent months.

"Anything which makes the patient warm improves his condition. He may be given hot malted milk, hot tea or hot lemonade, at more or less frequent intervals. The patient may be given a hot tub bath and then put into a warm bed in a warm room as an efficient means of making him comfortable. Hot water bags at the feet and extra coverings to the bed are often needed."

Resuscitating an Ancient Narcotic.

The new Federal law against the sale of narcotics, which makes it more difficult for the "dope fiends" to procure their usual supply of drugs, has caused these unfortunate, squint-brained persons to look about for other means of satisfying their cravings. As a result, the ancient Aztec narcotic, known as mescal buttons, peyote, or pellote, is said to be coming into favor.

The mescal button is part of a succulent spineless cactus, shaped like a carrot with a hemispheric head. It was considered a "sacred mushroom" by the Aztecs, and was used by them in some of their religious ceremonies. When chewed and swallowed, or steeped like tea, it produces a peculiar form of intoxication not unlike that of opium, or Indian hemp. The mescal taker has peculiar hallucinations in the form of beautifully colored objects which were believed by the Aztecs to be direct manifestations of the gods.

The Indian tribes of northern Mexico and Southwestern United States are familiar with the properties of this cactus, and have continued to use it as an intoxicant. They cut the dried pulp into small pieces, and chew it, spitting out the saliva until bitterness disappears, and then swallowing the residue. This contains an active principle which not only produces the pleasing hallucinations, but overcomes all feeling of fatigue.

This form of dissipation of the southern Indians has been transmitted to the tribes farther north, and an intermittent traffic in mescal buttons has been carried on for

years. Recently the government agents have intercepted packages shipped from Texas and destined for an Indian reservation in Wisconsin. These northern Indians use the mescal buttons to a certain extent; but it is strongly suspected that the shipments coming from the South are intended for white men, to act as a substitute narcotic for opium and cocaine. If so, the Indian is playing a grim joke on his pale faced brother—returning him evil for evil

Didn't Wait

[Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph:] In a certain village in South Kilkeny there is a house, the door of which must be raised a little to be opened, and for this purpose a hatchet is generally used. One night a knock was heard at the door and a boy was sent to know who was there.

"Who's there?" asked the youngster. "It's me," answered the person outside. The youngster, knowing the voice, shouted back in such a tone that the person outside could hear him:

"Oh, mother, it's Mrs. Murphy; get the hatchet."

Needless to say, Mrs. Murphy didn't wait.

HARRY BROOK, N. D., former editor Times Health Dept., still teaches how to cure chronic diseases, through dietetic advice by mail. Send for pamphlet. Dr. Brook now edits **BRAIN AND BROWN**, monthly, one dollar a year, ten cents a copy. Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles.

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Naturopathy is the natural way of treating Disease.

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NATUROPATHIC PHYSICIAN
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[illegible]

some years is 110 inches or more, and just now it showers all the time. There is but little snow in the winter, although you may have two feet within a few hours. The snow melts quickly, however. There are heavy frosts on account of the midwest. The frost sometimes covers the plank road-ways to a depth of three inches, and then the people have coasting and tobogganing parties on the roller coaster highways. I have described Prince Rupert as a healthy city. There are fewer deaths last year in Prince Rupert than thirty deaths last year in Seattle.

Healthy and Progressive.

Prince Rupert is a healthy city. There are no epidemics at the big hotel. There is no disease as the big hotel, and it pays just as much taxes same rate, and there is a vacant lot of the only. There is nothing paid on the building, except across the way is a vacant lot of the lot \$50,000. The tax is levied on the lot \$135,000 to build. It is on a lot 100x300, and this lot is valued \$50,000. The tax is levied on the lot \$135,000 to build. The Prince Rupert Hotel, for instance, cost \$135,000 to build. means pay nothing. The Prince Rupert comes from a tax on land only. Improve-ments pay nothing. The Prince Rupert believes in the single tax, and the most of the revenues of the city come from a tax on land only. Improve-

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Princess Rupert, B.C., Jan. 20, 1916.

[Saturday, January 29, 1910.
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FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

P RINCE RUPERT (British Columbia).—
During the past few weeks I have
visited each of the three principal
water gates to Alaska. I sailed north from
Seattle. It is the chief port of the Pacific
Northwest, and all of our steamers that go
northward start there. The city has seven
transcontinental railways, over which goods
destined for the Far North come from all
parts of the United States, and its business
with Alaska is greater than that of any
other port. It is the bank, the department
store and the barn of the Territory. As to
the banking, it handled in 1914 something
like \$28,000,000 of Alaskan exports and im-
ports, and as to its department store busi-
ness the goods sent north were of every
description, and they sold for more than
\$14,600,000. As to Seattle being the barn
of Alaska, it shipped there that year \$171-
800 worth of oats and \$250,000 worth of hay

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000 worth of oats and \$250,000 worth of hay
and other feed, while its shipments of flour
were almost as much.

Seattle has one of the finest harbors of
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[Saturday, January 29, 1910.]

PRINCE RUPERT

Canada's Port.

A READY-MADE CITY WITHIN TWO HOURS OF OUR BOUNDARY—STREETS CARVED OUT OF THE ROCKS—MUNICIPAL BASEBALL GROUNDS AND TENNIS COURTS IN THE SKIES—TWENTY MILES OF PLANK ROADWAY—A TALK WITH THE MAYOR—HE WILL SOON HAVE MUNICIPAL JITNEYS—THE SINGLE TAX AND HOW IT WORKS—A \$3,000,000 DRY DOCK AND A \$2,000,000 HOTEL.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PRINCE RUPERT (British Columbia).—During the past few weeks I have visited each of the three principal water gates to Alaska. I sailed north from Seattle. It is the chief port of the Pacific Northwest, and all of our steamers that go northward start there. The city has seven transcontinental railways, over which goods destined for the Far North come from all parts of the United States, and its business with Alaska is greater than that of any other port. It is the bank, the department store and the barn of the Territory. As to the banking, it handled in 1914 something like \$28,000,000 of Alaskan exports and imports, and as to its department store business the goods sent north were of every description, and they sold for more than \$14,600,000. As to Seattle being the barn of Alaska, it shipped there that year \$171,000 worth of oats and \$350,000 worth of hay and other feed, while its shipments of flour were almost as much.

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Prince Rupert Entrances.

The third and last water gate to Alaska is Prince Rupert, the new terminal of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. This is the farthest north of all the doors to our Territory, being in fact only forty miles south of the international boundary. It took me less than six hours to come here by ship from Ketchikan, and a fast ocean steamer could go in two hours from here to Dixon Entrance or the Portland Canal, where

RUPERT, ALA.
Aladdin-built City. B

miles north of Seattle. It is about two days nearer Alaska by rail than any other port, and its people think it offers by far the best route from the eastern and southern United States.

cannot afford to hold valuable real estate on the big hotel. The result is that people name also, and it pays just as much taxes just across the way in a vacant lot of the only. There is nothing paid on the building, at \$50,000. The tax is levied on the lot. It is on a lot 100x200, and this lot is valued Hotel, for instance, cost \$125,000 to build. meals pay nothing. The Prince Rupert come from a tax on land only. Improve and the most of the revenues of the city Prince Rupert believes in the single tax, the board roads. the people to and from their homes along hopes to put on municipal fireways to carry

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I have just had a talk with the Mayor of Prince Rupert. He claims that his city is two days nearer Alaska by steamer than any of the Puget Sound ports, and says that now that the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad has been completed travelers from the eastern part of Canada and the United States can reach our Territory two days sooner by coming this way. He claims, and rightly, that this port will eventually give the shortest route to the Orient, and that it will cut down the steamship trip to Yokohama, Japan, more than 500 miles. The chief reason for this is because Prince Rupert lies so far north on the globe, and, therefore, has a shorter water route to the

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It was on top of Acropolis Hill that we inspected the water works of the city. The supply comes from Lake Woodworth, on a little mountain five miles away; and it is brought in an eight-inch pipe across country to this reservoir. The reservoir has been dug out of bed rock and it contains

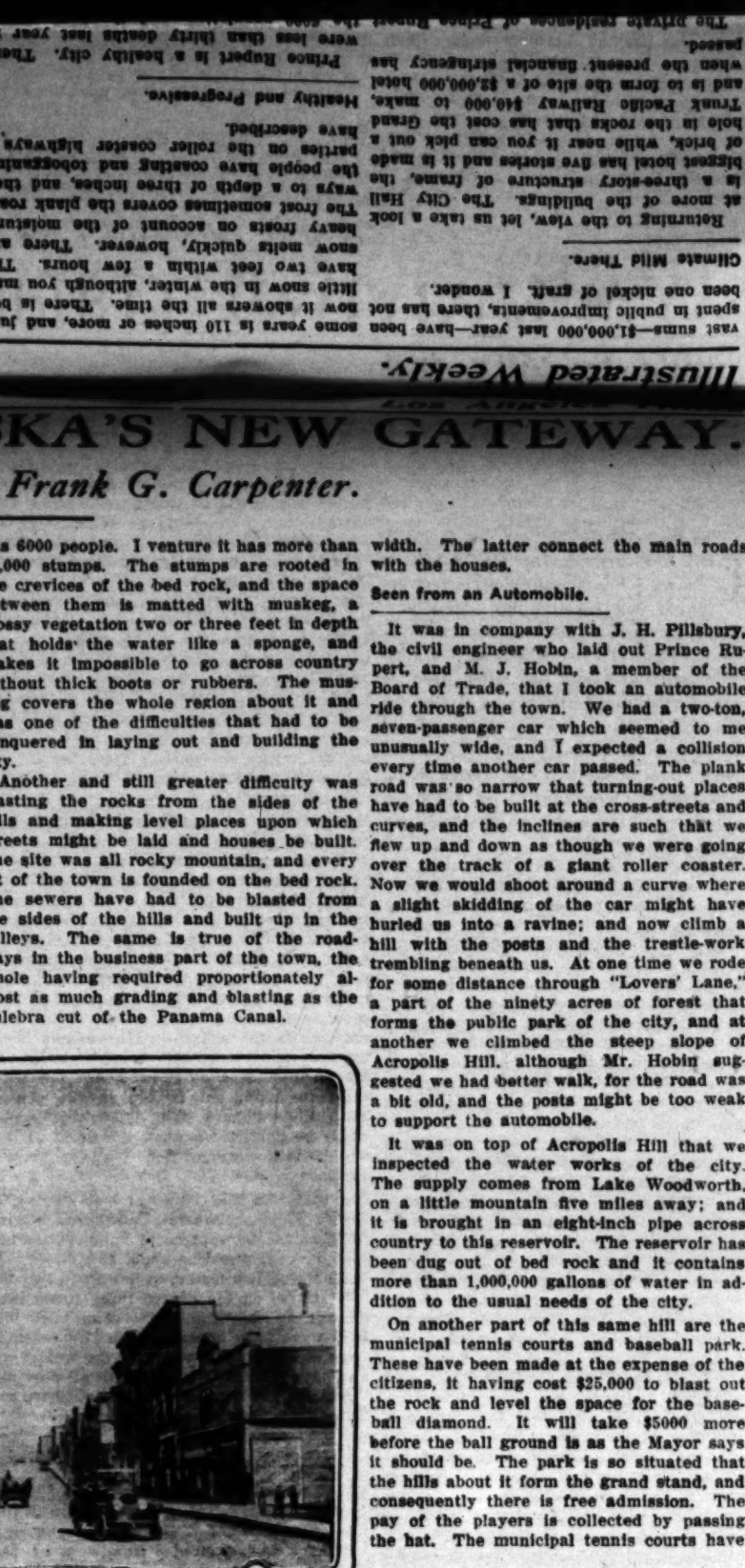



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Another and still greater difficulty was blasting the rocks from the sides of the hills and making level places upon which streets might be laid and houses be built. The site was all rocky mountain, and every bit of the town is founded on the bed rock. The sewers have had to be blasted from the sides of the hills and built up in the alleys. The same is true of the roadways in the business part of the town, the whole having required proportionately almost as much grading and blasting as the Culebra cut of the Panama Canal.


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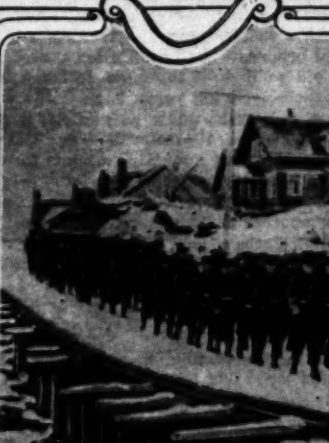

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Prince Rupert boys start a war. Private home in the

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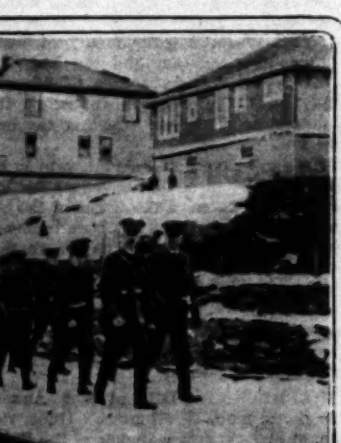
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On another part of this same hill are the municipal tennis courts and baseball park. These have been made at the expense of the citizens, it having cost \$25,000 to blast out the rock and level the space for the baseball diamond. It will take \$5000 more before the ball ground is as the Mayor says it should be. The park is so situated that the hills about it form the grand stand, and consequently there is free admission. The pay of the players is collected by passing the hat. The municipal tennis courts have



ing for the

ing for the year.

Howling they should be planted on the north side of some object that will shade the roots, though the tops need no protection. The north side of a fence with a wide white-board sticking above the soil is an ideal situation for summer.



MANY amateur gardeners prefer to grow trees, shrubs and woody vines from seeds because of the interesting experiences gained, even though these persons can well afford to purchase their supplies from dealers in plants. The following rules of procedure in seed sowing have been worked out by our very efficient school far-

MAKING THE CITY AND HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Los Angeles Times

Saturday, January 20, 1916.

"THIS LAND OF GIGANTIC EROSION."

Jiu-jitsu in Hydraulics. By M. V. Hartranft.

THE floods came and the check dams triumphed. Readers of the Times Magazine were prepared for the marvelous achievement that has been wrought in flood prevention. The following excerpt from The Times' report of the great flood of last week, under the heading "Check Dams in Canyons Cut Floods to Nothing," tell plainly the story:

"Having completed a thorough investigation of the effect on the recent flood of the 400 flood-retarding dams constructed in Haines Canyon a year ago under his personal supervision, F. H. Olmsted, former member of the engineering corps of the county board of flood control, returned to this city yesterday morning elated with the results under drastic flood test.

"We found that the flow at the mouth of Haines Canyon was five cubic feet per second, with no water at all running out of the canyon. In January, 1915, before the check dams were installed, a rain of 3 1/2 inches caused a flow of 400 cubic feet per second.

"The benefit to the county cannot be estimated in money. I believe there will be no more flood damage done by Haines Canyon. In addition the conservation of this water by percolation increases the irrigation resources of that locality.

"To cite an instance of this. Before the check dams were erected in the Western Empire Canyon that canyon was nothing but a rocky wash. At present it is filled with willows, with a perennial stream running through it. And yet not a drop emerges from the mouth of the canyon.

"We have almost 3000 canyons in and near Los Angeles county that should be outfitted with check dams. When this is done, damage by flood will be nil, and the water thus saved from finally flowing into the ocean will go to strengthen the irrigation resources of the county."

"In the Western Empire Canyon, the water was so thoroughly held by the dams that not a particle of surface stream runoff was shown although 5.7 inches of rain in two days was reported by the government rain gauge at that point.

"Supervisor Woodley, who has been sponsor for this method of flood control on the ground of economy, expressed elation. 'If we can depend on the efficiency of the check dams as demonstrated in Haines Canyon, it is not unreasonable to say that if a full complement of such dams in the mountains should be installed, including spreading and soil covering, such a flood as we have been having during the past three days would be impossible,' he said.

"County Supervisor J. E. Rockhold, who assisted in the installation of the dams, is similarly optimistic."

Having a Hobby.

The Times Magazine has been very "preachy" about the matter of check dams. Their achievement in this flood spares us the necessity of apology. Attempts were made to inject the idea of personal interests of the writer as causing his ardor for this cause, but it fell flat because, as we said many months ago on this page, the region in which the writer dwelt already had protection, and our ardor was for the rest of this land of dreams we all love so well. The residents under the Haines Canyon watershed are under a million obligations to the Board of Supervisors, which unanimously voted to give the small experiments a large test.

A Summer Sermon.

Having a wet-weather hobby and having preached it in the arid days of July, we think it may not have struck home, so ask your indulgence and your attention to these extracts taken from this page of the issue of July 10. Study them over and get ready for the bond issue for flood prevention:

"The last rocket has lit the northern skyline; the music has stopped; the bands have dispersed and the people of Southern California have most generally retired to their peaceful and innocent sleep after the celebration of the nation's birthday. A rest-

ful and refreshing sleep it will be, because of the delicious atmosphere of the region and because they know and care but little of the fact that figuratively they lay with a powder magazine below each pillow and a dynamite cache at the foot of each bed.

"Out of the inspiring words of a thousand orations one great message was given in Eastlake Park that will set the multitudes to thinking. George H. Maxwell of the National Reclamation Association told us the old story of ruined lands—the old story that is so continuously forgotten but startlingly true; but which never could be true unless continuously forgotten.

"Nowhere in history, save one minor spot, has man fought the battle of irrigation against the desert—but what the desert won."

"Are you ready to 'abandon Cal-ee-fornia'?" "Let us admit frankly, that this is not the 'kind of dope' that we would like to have printed upon the front page of our Chamber of Commerce booklets, but also let us remember that now or in the future sure to come, it will be the kind of headlines that will go through all the land unless we remember the lesson of the ages.

"Maxwell did not argue that it was necessary for the desert to win. In fact, he clearly showed that the desert never could have won if the people had been mindful of their duties. Nevertheless, deep under the sand in Northern Africa, and below the plains of Mesopotamia and Assyria are the covered wrecks of ancient irrigationists, paralleled by similar buried wrecks of ancient and unknown races here in the southwestern part of our own land.

"To come to the point quickly; in a land of concentrated precipitation and long, dry summers nature does not have the power to restore abundant vegetation that unbridled civilization constantly destroys; which power nature does have in the humid regions. For this reason the blessings of the semi-arid climate must be nurtured and paid for in constant vigilance against the devastating forces of nature.

"Floods destroyed all the ancient civilizations reared along the irrigation ditch. At first they were small floods, then larger ones, and then a great catastrophe—each making the way for the other, while the people failed to heed.

"That is the dynamite cache at the foot of the bed of all Southern California upon which we peacefully lie down to sleep on this night of the nation's birthday.

"The powder keg beneath our pillow is the economic prowess of the Japanese upon our land. Let us hope that both dangers are a long way removed.

"We who live in the land of gigantic erosion must be awake.

"Each flood is the pathmaker for a greater one.

"Seven municipalities in Southern California stand marked for the doom of Dayton, or maybe worse.

"Every step in the progress of our civilization serves to add more power to the destructive forces of nature. Every acre of chaparral removed from the hillsides to make a country home diminishes the water-retaining power of the lands above our valley cities. Every cement gutter built in the new settlements in the hills provides the means for sudden damage to the lands below.

"Of the ancient civilization depending upon irrigation works but a little strip along the Nile remains today—testimony to the fact that white men never found its well forested source to denude and bring the inundation.

"Here in America we may possibly live at peace with all the world, but the defense against the devastation from our water sheds must yet be met."

How the Check Dams Stop Floods.

Most people have difficulty in understanding how these little five and ten-foot barriers built of dry masonry can completely extinguish a flood. These dams operate under two principles—first, they retard the velocity by dropping the water vertically over the falls; second, they fill up with sand and sediment which helps the process of saturation into the walls of the canyon. The water seeps out into the sides of the canyons high above the bed of the stream.

In canyons where the floor is rocky, it will be advisable to build contour ditches running from the top of each dam out around the side of the mountains on easy grades down into the next ravine. The water passing through these ditches, each built to the right grade, will seep down into the soil, and our mountains are capable of absorbing all of the water that falls during any rain like this last storm. This was absolutely proven in the Empire canyon. The engineer's reports show that a fall of nearly six inches of water in twenty-five hours was entirely absorbed.

City Neglecting Roadway Trees.

Los Angeles will be ashamed of the neglect that the beautiful shade trees along the boulevards are suffering in those districts where the territory has been recently annexed by the city and thereby left out of county control. The Board of Public Works or the City Park Department has jurisdiction in the matter.

The trees have been brought through the difficult period where they required unusual care and attention and regular watering and cultivation. All they need now is just a little attention, so that they get the protection that they are entitled to and that the people demand they should have.

Out on the Chatsworth road in the San Fernando Valley the trees are in the worst shape. In this section, which was recently annexed to Los Angeles, the gophers have destroyed about 50 per cent. of these beautiful trees that had been carefully attended to for several years and brought nearly to full stature where they could practically take care of themselves. Sheep have chewed off a lot of these trees. The sheep are allowed to run wild. These trees should all have been staked and tied up, and there should be replanting where trees are lost. The county always kept a man employed to prevent damage by gophers.

On the San Fernando road between the Cascades and the city of San Fernando there are beautiful trees blown over on the ground. The squirrels have chewed the ropes with which the trees were tied to the stakes, and some big trees—ten and fifteen feet high—are leaning over in the road.

In a recent annexation election, Bairdstown, a place of Huntington boulevard and San Bernardino road was taken in. The gophers are doing damage there. The trees need trimming and re-planting, but they are mostly past the critical period and don't need irrigation, thereby it is a shame to neglect them.

Will the great city of Los Angeles let this territory go back to a condition of desolation when handed over by the county in first-class shape?

Home Life in Africa.

I went with my lantern into Ze's little hut, says Jean Kenyon Mackenzie, in the Atlantic Monthly; I sat down by the fire, and there was the family, too. Mendom was heating some water in a big black kettle. The youngest Mploga, still without teeth, was howling in the arms of his little brother. Presently, to the light of my lantern, Mendom brings her 3-year-old; she empties her hot water into a wooden bowl; with a sponge of crushed leaves she washes first one little foot and then the other. Kid howls.

His feet are sore, poor little duffer—he holds out his hand for his father to hold. Mother is relentless until both feet are soaked; then she opens a little leaf packet; there is salve made of the bark of the red-wood tree; she adds a little palm oil to this, and very carefully she anoints the little feet. The sob subsides and the child walks off on his heels.

Now the mother pours more water into the bowl, takes the fretful baby out of the hands of little brother, stands the weeny thing in her belt of beads on the clay floor, and swabs her down with water. There is the familiar initial gasp. With her mater-

nal hands she cleanses that little person all glittering with wet, and she says, looking at me and smiling, "God has sent me much trouble." And the father says, apropos of nothing, "All these have been baptized." I sit on my stool by the fire and feel steeped in the most human domesticity. Everywhere in the world at this hour little children are whimpering over their evening ablutions. It is a mistake to think that any child of a good mother escapes. So much for the illusions of little boys who would like to be heathen.

[Brooklyn Eagle:] "They say people with opposite characteristics make the happiest marriages."

"Yes; that's why I'm looking for a girl with money."

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FANCHER CREEK NURSERIES, BOX 17, FRESNO, CALIFORNIA.

PRINCE RUPERT, ALASKA'S NEW GATEWAY.

Los Angeles Times
Illustrated Weekly.

vast sums—\$1,000,000 last year—have been spent in public improvements, there has not been one nickel of graft. I wonder.

Climate Mild There.

Returning to the view, let us take a look at more of the buildings. The City Hall is a three-story structure of frame, the biggest hotel has five stories and it is made of brick, while near it you can pick out a hole in the rocks that has cost the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway \$40,000 to make, and is to form the site of a \$2,000,000 hotel when the present financial stringency has passed.

The private residences of Prince Rupert include many comfortable homes. They are one and two-story frame cottages, rising out of the uneven green of the muskeg. Many have blasted out the stumps in making the foundations and some of the people have built up level yards about their houses and have lawns as green and smooth as those of old England. All kinds of vegetation grow luxuriantly. The town has many beautiful flowers and the whole country is green from one end of the year to the other.

The climate of Prince Rupert is milder than that of Baltimore, Richmond or St. Louis. It is not so cold in the winter and it is more mild in the summer. The mean temperature in summer is about 60 deg. Fahrenheit, and in winter the thermometer seldom falls to below eight or ten above zero. As to rains, the town reminds me of Southern Chile, where they say it rains thirteen months every year. The rainfall in

some years is 110 inches or more, and just now it showers all the time. There is but little snow in the winter, although you may have two feet within a few hours. The snow melts quickly, however. There are heavy frosts on account of the moisture. The frost sometimes covers the plank roadways to a depth of three inches, and then the people have coasting and tobogganing parties on the roller coaster highways I have described.

Healthy and Progressive.

Prince Rupert is a healthy city. There were less than thirty deaths last year in the 6000 population, and the births were 150. There were only five cases of typhoid fever, and three of these came from outside. The town has a hospital which is but little used. It has a jail, an up-to-date fire department, with motor engines. It has good public schools, including a High School with a building of four stories. It has three daily papers, a public reading-room, and its people are quite as intelligent and much more progressive than those of similar-sized towns in the East.

For instance, the town believes in municipal ownership. It has a hydroelectric plant that cost more than \$500,000, from which it not only supplies the several public utilities, but it also sells power to factories and individuals at \$13 per horse power per annum. The town has its own telephone and electric light plants. The telephone rates to business houses are \$4.50 per month, and the plant pays a profit to the municipal treasury. The Mayor tells me he

hopes to put on municipal jitneys to carry the people to and from their homes along the board roads.

Prince Rupert believes in the single tax, and the most of the revenues of the city come from a tax on land only. Improvements pay nothing. The Prince Rupert Hotel, for instance, cost \$125,000 to build. It is on a lot 100x200, and this lot is valued at \$50,000. The tax is levied on the lot only. There is nothing paid on the building. Just across the way is a vacant lot of the same size, and it pays just as much taxes as the big hotel. The result is that people cannot afford to hold valuable real estate without they improve it. The present taxes are a little over twelve mills on the dollar of assessed values, which are about 60 per cent. of the real values.

Influence of War is Felt.

Prince Rupert started with a boom. It was all planned and partially developed before a single lot was offered for sale. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway decided upon a site, and sent its engineers to clear the land, level the hills and lay out the city. The company has 24,000 acres of land, including the townsite, and the first subdivision covered one-twelfth of that area. The woods were cut away, the land cleared, the business part of the city excavated and leveled and plank roads made. The future city was advertised and then auctions were held in Victoria and Vancouver. The first lots brought high prices, and the boom continued until the present financial stringency began. Now hard times have reduced the

prices and progress has halted. The war has stopped business in all parts of Canada, money is tight, and the people are so much affected by what is going on in Europe that they do not think or talk of anything else. Within a short time a large number of volunteers have been equipped here and sent to the front, and the same is true of Dawson in the Klondike, and nearly every city in Canada.

There is no doubt, however, that Prince Rupert is bound to be a city of considerable size. The people believe that it will be a great port, and that within a short time after peace is declared it will start on its way to becoming a city of 100,000 or more. The government expects to make large public improvements, and new buildings will be put up as soon as money grows easier. The government owns one-fourth of that city, including the most of the water front. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is planning to erect a \$2,000,000 hotel, and eventually a steamship line will be established to ply between here and the Orient. There will also be steamers to the Panama Canal, and a large part of the wheat crop of Northern and Western Canada will pass through here on its way to Europe via the canal. With a view to the future, the city is now erecting the largest floating dry dock on the Pacific coast. This dock will cost over \$3,000,000. It will handle ships up to 600 feet in length and 20,000 tons capacity. The dock is almost completed. Its construction is modern, and it will be the equal of any dock of its size anywhere. The area of the dock plant is about twenty acres.

[Copyright, 1916, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

Gathering Mushrooms in the Garvanza Foothills.

BY FRANK L. JUDD.

THIS is the season of the year when that species of fungi commonly called mushrooms thrives and flourishes, abounding plentifully in the foothills surrounding Los Angeles.

Time was when I marveled at the procession of men, women and children passing my home here in the Garvanza hills on every rainy day. I watched them come and go, arrayed in various wet weather costumes and invariably with some receptacle, either a paper bag, a pail or a basket. Then I learned that they were on the hunt for mushrooms.

Heretofore, in common with many, I held in my mind a horror of the mushroom. Like Sir William Van Horne, my opinion was that people hunted mushrooms on a Sunday, walking with their friends in the country, had a nice dish of them for supper on Sunday night and perished in their pride and ignorance in time to be decently interred on Wednesday afternoon. But I saw my neighbors indulging in this deadly sport, going joyously out into the fields and returning joyously laden with a supply of the dangerous edible. They were loud in their praise of the delicious dish. And I watched in vain for the undertaker's wagon to pause before their doors. Finally I encouraged myself to partake of the savory morsel and was charmed with the delicate nutty flavor. And such is the force of example and the imitative instinct in man that one day I, too, joined the throng in pursuit of the wily mushroom. I became a devotee of the sport.

As a pastime, mushroom hunting combines healthful and pleasurable recreation with the fiercer delights of hunting big game. It gives the serene satisfaction that close association with nature always brings; it carries with it the glow of excitement that accompanies danger and uncertainty.

You will find the hills at this time of the year clothed in verdure. Little trails wind here and there and each ascent reveals new beauties of view. In the distance emerald mountains make a foreground for the snow-capped heights beyond. The paved roads twist and wind like silver ribbons through the valleys, connecting villages with other villages, and all eventually leading cityward—even as the rivers flow to the sea. Cattle and horses browse peacefully in the pastures. Altogether it is a picture to delight the sight, and a purveyor of peace to the soul. To feast on this beauty of landscape is in itself sufficient reward for any exertion.

The mushroom hunter must necessarily be of fearless nature and of adventurous disposition. The spice of danger adds zest to the mushroom chase. You pit your life

against a deadly foe lurking in the fungus. You are armed only with your powers of observation and an uncertainty of experience. And after you have assembled your collection of uncertainty you have to prove your faith in your judgment. There yet remain for the daring hunter the keen thrill of excitement as the mushroom is impaled on a fork and thrust boldly into the mouth with a "to-be-or-not-to-be" feeling—a sort of who-cares carelessness attitude of mind. And then it is for you to sit back in apparent utter indifference and await the outcome. An error of judgment is irreparable. If you have consumed a harmless, inoffensive mushroom, you experience no ill effect whatever. A feeling of epicurean delight will abide with you. On the other hand, if your mushroom happens to be a toadstool you are liable to suffer excruciating torture before passing from the scene of earthly joys and sorrows.

I have a neighbor who relates her experience with mushroom poisoning. She has always considered herself an expert in determining with exactness the degree of whatever it is that differentiates the toadstool from the mushroom. It appears that once upon a time there was a shadow of indecision in her mind concerning her knowledge and she took the opportunity of proving herself. Her experiment nearly justified the almost general opinion that mushrooms were better left uneaten because of the chance taken in eating them at all.

As near as I can make out from her story, the feeling accompanying mushroom poisoning is a most uncomfortable one—much resembling mal-de-mer, or what is sometimes termed as "having a heavy tide on." My neighbor was sitting beside the table peacefully reading a book when the table came up to meet her face. She attempted to walk across the room, which was strangely agitated, as if in the throes of a violent quake, "going round and round." She stepped high, as if walking over plowed ground. She suffered distressing nausea.

The attack came on some four hours after partaking of the mushrooms. Physiologists allow about this period for the digestion of ordinary foods, and once past this time might seem to indicate the safety limit. But to a person with a vivid imagination, these four hours might be freighted with tremendous possibilities of things that could happen. I asked my neighbor what remedies she used to relieve the sickness, expecting to hear of certain first-aid treatments, and the application of the usual antidotes printed on the poison labels of drug bottles. Not

so in this case. My neighbor is a spiritually advanced lady. She is convinced that mind properly adjusted to cosmic principles will dominate mere matter. And it happened that upon the particular day she had as guest a lady of New Thought tendency of mind and together they proceeded to "demonstrate" over the uncomfortable condition by reciting "mantrams," which brought my neighbor through all right. She is still a devoted mushroom hunter, and has established an unshakable belief in the efficacy of mantrams. However, it demonstrates that even an expert in detecting the quality of the fungus may make a mistake, and that as a shadow of doubt must always hang about, a supply of mantrams should be kept on hand for such an emergency. I don't know the kind of mantram my neighbor used. As a matter of fact, I must confess that I do not know the difference between a mantram and an anthem, but so long as a cure was effected I cannot see that it makes any difference. There is a popular idea that a silver spoon used in stirring the mushrooms while in process of cooking will indicate the presence of that fatal toxin. My neighbor says "it ain't so," for upon that nearly fateful occasion she had used her family heirloom, a sterling silver spoon. After all, it seems to me that the safest plan would be to divide our bag of mushrooms into equal parts, presenting one of them to some person to whom you owed money. If he escaped death you might feel safe in eating the remainder yourself—providing no toadstool had secreted itself among the genuine mushrooms. Otherwise you take chances. Perusal of the daily papers will bear out this statement. Mistaken judgment is responsible for many deaths from mushroom poisoning.

The mushroom requires richness of soil. It is an aristocrat and has no affinity for sterile and rocky places. It generally follows the spoor of grazing animals. On these hillside it is most often found in the little caves and draws dividing the hills. Do not climb the hills expecting to find mushrooms there—though you will be well repaid the effort in viewing the "scenery." Mushroom growth is sudden—quickened into life in a night. The life is quickly over—their passing even as their coming. Pick the ground clean of the growth, let a little rain come and lo, there they are again, thickly sprinkled over the grass. On the first day of appearance the mushroom is of delicate creamy white with pink gills underneath. On the day after it has turned dark—indicative of decay and death. If you find them of a sickly whitish color—a fish-

belly white—beware! Your mushroom is a deadly toadstool. A mistake and your life is forfeit. There is no antidote.

The form of fungi most commonly found in our California hills is the old reliable *Agaricus campestris*. They appear in various shades, from tawny to fuliginous shades of brown. Then there is the dainty little Fairy Ring mushroom—mushrome—mush-rump—musherome. Take your choice—they are all classic spelling. These are the celebrated champignons of France, used in the making of the best grades of ketchup. They are little white balls on the end of a stem, but break the stem off and underneath you will find the delicate pink gills—the color of a baby's toes. These are frequently found along shallow watercourses or some cow path through the pastures. The *Agaricus campestris* is found usually among the heavy droppings of cows or horses, pushing up through the ordure.

There are eighty species of the mushroom fungus—class *Hymenonyces*—most of which are edible. Among those which are common in California is the clouded mushroom, appearing late in the autumn in the borders of the woods. There is also a parasol mushroom—fit for the "frog that would a wooing go," of the story related in "Alice in Wonderland." Most delicate are its gills and the nescient shades of its coloring.

The mushroom has a noble and classical history. It is supposed to be the manna of the Bible—the heaven-sent food for the preservation of the Jews on their pilgrimage. They were known to the ancients. It is related that the Emperor Claudius came to an untimely end through his bad judgment—or that of his chef—in selecting this treacherous food. Mushrooms were found in an old Roman tunnel in Edinburgh. The historic catacombs of France furnished them a breeding place. Their habitat is uncleanness and foulest decaying matter. It is strange that this dainty of epicures has such sordid origin, but when we reflect that the lily and the lotus take root only in the mire of ponds we should cease to marvel.

Old School Sensibilities.

[New York American:] "Do you remember the ballet in 'The Black Crook'?" asked the judge.

"I should say I do," replied the major. "I have heard that they have even better stage dancing now than in those days."

"Perhaps. There's no chance of our finding it out. A gentleman can't go to see a fine ballet now without being embarrassed by the presence of a theater full of ladies."

Saturday, January 29, 1916.

Los Angeles Times

MAKING THE CITY AND HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Gardens, Streets, Parks, Lakes. By Ernest Brauntton.

Trees and Shrubs.

ANY amateur gardeners prefer to grow trees, shrubs and woody vines from seeds because of the interesting experiences gained, even though these persons can well afford to purchase their supplies from dealers in plants. The following rules of procedure in seed sowing have been worked out by our very efficient school gardening department and appeal to the writer, who has passed through years of such experiences on a commercial base, as being most excellent and sound advice:

Permit seeds to ripen on the plant; if for any reason it is necessary to gather them somewhat early be sure to gather the branch as well. In this way much of the nourishment of the latter may be taken up by the seeds in ripening. Label all seeds accurately as possible. If the exact botanical name is unknown, record the position of the plant and enclose a few leaves to assist in identification later. Give date of gathering.

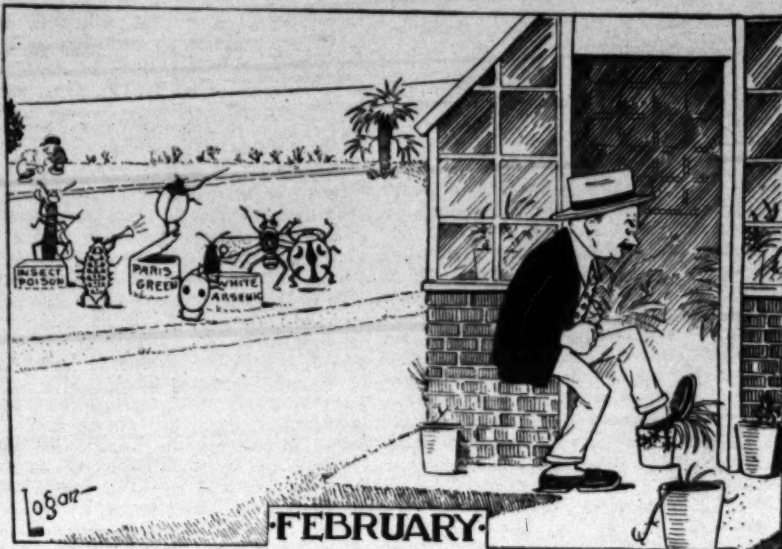
Fleshy fruits should be set aside to the point of decaying when the pulp should be separated by bruising the fruit and macerating in water changed every day or so. In a few days at most, the seeds may settle and the pulpy matter be eliminated. The seeds should then be dried, for future planting, if it is an unfavorable season for actual planting, or be planted at once. Plant no seeds with the pulp on. As a rule, tropical fruits lose their germinating power rapidly and have to be planted at once. If the weather happens to be unfavorable, artificial heat must be used. Such seeds would rot if sown in cold soil. To keep them until warm weather would be to lose them.

On the other hand, seeds of hardy forms may usually be sown here whenever they ripen, without reference to the weather. But it is a good plan to assist seeds in their germination by keeping them moist from the time of gathering unless, of course, one is holding them for sale. A seed which has become thoroughly dried out germinates slowly. Slowness in germination is usually due either to immaturity, which varies greatly, or to the difficulty with which water enters to the embryo through the seed coat. Seeds having hard bony coats like canna, palms, rose, acacias, etc., should be treated to hot water, or have a small hole bored through the seed coat near the "germ." Place a handful of such seeds in a jar and pour over them a pint of scalding water, leaving the seeds in the water for a couple of days of so. The water softens the seed coat allowing the water to enter more readily. Boring the seeds or filing them through the coats accomplishes the same result.

Seeds of a length of one-fourth inch or more should be stratified. Take a strong box of convenient size to carry in the arms, provide hole in the bottom for drainage, put in an inch or so of coarse sand, then a layer of seeds, another layer of sand, etc. Too many layers must not be put in, or of more than two or three sorts of seeds, because one must examine the seeds from time to time. When they show signs of general sprouting, they are either planted in nursery rows (if easily transplanted later,) or planted singly in pots or vases (where it is hard to transplant them successfully.) Of the former class are peach, apricot, plum, walnut, cherry, pecan, etc. Latter includes oak, etc. Seeds of a length of less than one-fourth inch are usually sown at once in boxes of well-prepared soil, and covered to a depth equal to about twice their diameter. Such soil should contain enough of sand and leaf mold to make it light. A thin layer of fine sand on the surface would be advisable to prevent undue packing of the surface. Such boxes may stand under the bench in the lathhouse until germination is noticed. When the seedlings are from two to four inches high, they may be set in nursery rows or transplanted singly into pots or cans. Such transplanting, especially into the open, should be preceded by "hardening off" the seedlings—accomplished by less frequent watering for a few days, exposure to more sun, etc. Slight shading may be wise, in cases.

Wild Asters.

THOSE who know only the large asters of the garden would scarcely recognize the more modest wild species scattered over



BEGIN TO FORCE PLANTS IN POTS AND PUT OUT POISON FOR INSECT PESTS.

February is the chief planting month of all the year, for seeds, bulbs and all manner of trees and plants, except the strictly tropical, should go into the soil at once. Divide and replant all kinds of herbaceous perennials. Sow for summer and autumn flowers, seeds of asters, coreopsis, cockscomb, salvia, snapdragon, stocks, and all hardy annuals. Dormant roses with bare roots, carnations, petunias, pansies, stocks, verbenas, and all bedding plants will now be safe if planted in the open garden.

a large part of the earth. The aster family is a large one, consisting of about 300 species widely scattered over Europe, Asia, South Africa, and North and South America, but there are more species native to North America than to any other continent; about 200 species, quite well scattered over nearly all the States. In California we have about a score of species, one-half of which are found south of the Tehachapi, and nearly all of them are showy when in full bloom.

Circulation of Sap.

THE flow of sap in plants is not like the flow of blood in animals, yet in large woody plants the sap passes upward by one route and downward by another. The crude or ascending sap rises inside the cambium or inner bark, chiefly through the outer and softer growth of wood, hence this is called sapwood, the inner or heart wood having become so solid as to allow of no passage of sap. The elaborated, or descending sap, passes down along the inner layers of the bark and furnishes the cambium with material for the growth of wood cells and nourishment for the young buds, bark, etc., and passes down into the roots from whence it started.

Making Borders.

USE AS many plants as you can in making a border, but use few kinds. Put them in thick enough to completely cover the ground. A few plants may look well on a smooth, finely-pulverized bed of soil, but so would a few stones, bricks or other objects. Neatness is more effectively and surely attained and a real plant effect given by the close planting of many plants of few kinds. Too many kinds of foliage give a tangled, mixed effect, which is never pleasing. Always plant each kind in a group; never mix.

The Ruin of Water.

THE key to beautifying many of our cities lies in the control of flood waters. The repair of damage so caused every year to cities in the San Gabriel Valley costs enough to make these cities noted for their beauty, were the same amount of funds expended for that purpose. As these cities cannot go beyond their jurisdiction to control flood waters, the latter should be cared for by the county, leaving the cities free to solve these problems which arise within the municipal boundaries and not burden them with providing rights of way for waters which do not in any part belong to them. The same is true of even the big Arroyo Seco, which passes through the cities of Pasadena, South Pasadena and Los Angeles. But a very small part of the waters are contributed by the cities, yet it is all within the county of Los Angeles. The latter is the mother of all and should protect her children.

California Avocado Association.

THIS organization, composed of those interested in the avocado, held its first semiannual convention in Los Angeles October 23, 1915. Addresses were given or papers read on every phase of avocado growing, marketing, etc. The proceedings have been published in booklet form and will be sold at cost of printing, postage, etc., the price being 35 cents. Propagation, growth, soil, treatment, marketing, shipping, varieties of fruit, origin, recipes for use, pests and diseases, the future outlook and a host of other subjects are treated at length. All in any wise interested in this wonderful subtropical fruit should send to the association at 917 Union Oil Building, Los Angeles, and get this valuable booklet. The next convention will be held in Los Angeles in April, 1916.

A True Desert Plant.

THE Department of Agriculture at Washington obtained seeds of a desert plant famous for a half-century for its extreme drought resistancy. It lives in the most arid desert land and will resist the scorching effects of the worst sandstorms. It belongs to the thorny melon family, though it is an upright shrub, bearing fruits of the size and color of oranges which, with the seeds, are said to be eaten by the natives. The name is indeed horrid, being *Acanthosicyos horrida*. Uncle Sam had seeds for distribution a few years ago, but unless the plant has been fruited in the warm parts of the United States the supply is doubtless exhausted.

Plant More Veronicas.

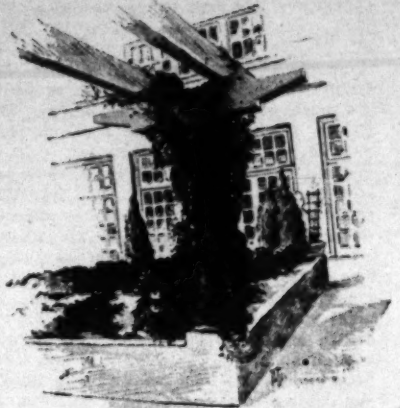
ALL who see a good display of veronicas are attracted to them, for in groups or masses they are very effective, and those fortunate enough to visit New Zealand, where so many of them are native, come back full of enthusiasm over veronicas. Gardeners about San Francisco seem to have done more for their introduction than have those of the south, and plant dealers of the north keep in stock a larger variety. To have a good collection one should get several plants each of about ten species. In watching these grow he will learn the value of the family for garden decoration.

Plant Sweet Peas.

THIS is the last month in which to plant sweet peas unless you have unusually favorable conditions. Planted later they will come into bloom in hot weather and the flowers will be disappointing in many ways. Sweet peas thrive best in cool weather, and the roots must be kept cool. For summer

flowering they should be planted on the north side of some object that will shade the roots, though the tops need no protection. The north side of a fence with a wide skirt-board sticking above the soil is an ideal situation for summer.

Garden Beautiful COLUMN



The illustration shows an Australian Pea-Vine on one of the pergola pillars on the roof garden of the Broadway Department Store. This vine was planted last summer. It is one of the fastest growing climbing plants obtainable, and thrives in almost any type of soil. All the shrubs and flowers on the Broadway roof garden were furnished by the Germain Seed & Plant Co.

Suggestions for Your "Garden Beautiful."

Cosmos in pink or white (Lady Lennox variety) is an improvement on the mammoth type in color and size of flowers. Grows to a height of four feet; is very hardy and is suitable for sunny or half shady locations; 10 cents per package.

We offer 12 new Spencer exhibition varieties of sweet peas for \$1.25. Our catalog gives full description of these and other choice Spencer varieties. We also recommend several types of Japanese lilies for immediate planting, at 15 cents each, or \$1.50 dozen.

Two excellent border plants are White Alyssum Compactum and Ageratum Mexicanum—the latter bears a profusion of lilac blue flowers all season—each 5 cents per package.

"Four o'clock"—a well-known sweet scented flower which opens late in the afternoon; very hardy; grows well in a sunny place. Sow in the open ground 1/4 inch deep; 5 cents per package.

"Canterbury Bells"—(Cup and saucer) mixed colors; beautiful hardy biennial; blooms the second year from seed. Sow in sunny or half shady place in any good garden soil. Per package, 10c.

Good Shrubs to Plant

Beautify your garden with Papyrus, Verbena, Heliotrope, Veronica, Berberis, Bignonia, Canna, Conifers, Coprosma—or many other varieties of shrubs—prices range from 25 cents upward.

\$2 Citrus Tree Offer —4 Trees—

Four splendid two-year-old citrus trees—Washington navel and Valencia orange, lemon and grapefruit—only \$2. Additional trees 50 cents each. Single trees 65 cents each.

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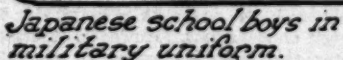
THE MILITARY SPIRIT IN JAPAN.
Personal Observations. By Lillian A. Wheat.

"It was only a few weeks after the fall of a...
...ing-tau, and the spirit of patriotism was at a...
...ever heat. That great occasion had been...
...celebrated by a big lantern parade through...
...the streets, in which nearly all the citizens...
...took part. The Japanese idea of celebrating

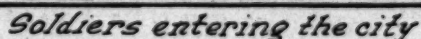
Japan is a nation of soldiers. They train them from the cradle. Hetaislan is a favorite game with the small boys. Often the narrow streets are blockaded with squads of small, kimono-clad figures—shoulders erect and with tiny paper flags and wooden

In appearance they are neat and clean. Uniforms much the same as those of our own soldiers are worn—blue flannel in winter and khaki trimmed in red for summer. Puttees are worn with "foreign" shoes, and after never having worn anything but straw sandals or wooden geta (except for the few who were fortunate enough to have attended military schools where uniforms similar to those of the soldier are worn) getting

Every year a division of soldiers is sent to do service in Korea, which is considered an extreme test, owing to climatic conditions there. A bill has recently passed the Japanese House of Parliament creating three new army divisions, one for Korea and one for each of Northern and Southern Japan. The Korea division (about 18,000 soldiers) will be made up of inhabitants of Korea, both Japanese and Korean.



There is almost no limit to their endurance, when properly fed, for the average

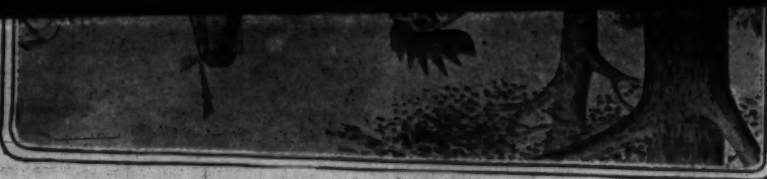


The patriotic spirit is absolutely national. It has been instilled into them since Japan was a nation and is one of their most marked characteristics. In the days when the old feudal lords and daimios ruled the land, before the restoration of the Emperor, and before western civilization reached them, when they had so many other things to think of, it was even greater than it is now. For a man to give his life in defense of his lord and master was not only a duty, but a great honor, a thing which he would go out of his way to obtain, for in this manner he might bring honor and a great name to his family which could be handed down from generation to generation.

The national debt, too, is something staggering, since their war with China and the recent war with Russia. So, financially, war to them is utterly impossible. But as for having the trained soldiers—physical preparedness—there is nothing lacking.

[Cleveland Leader:]- At least Europe, when it comes to borrowing money, knows enough to see America first.

S O MUCH has been printed and passed by word of mouth regarding the Oregon breed of poultry on account of their good record at the Panama-Pacific exposition, that it is refreshing to get the facts regarding them at first hand. In reply to a request from the Rural New Yorker for specific information, Fred James



as found in the Pencilled Hamburgs, they usually are not pencilled like that, but show much heavier markings, more on the order as found in Buttercups. Some very good colored specimens have been shown in late years. In some parts of North Holland there is

FACTS ABOUT "OREGON" BREED OF FOWLS.

Los Angeles Times

Saturday, January 29, 1916.

THE PARTNERSHIP OF JARED AND JOHNNY.

Plumb Ornery. By Walter H. Ogden.

"WHAT is the Websterian definition of the word 'ornery'?" I asked of Ed.

We had been after a load of yucca wood, that afternoon, and, having got the supper dishes washed and put away, were comfortably ensconced in our chairs by the little air-tight. The constant, cheerful roar of the blaze gave us a placid disregard for the sounds of the winter night without. The rumble of the red, corrugated iron roof, caught now and then in the maw of a chill, west wind, was almost soothing to listen to. The vast, distant boom of the gale, as it swept, whirling and sucking itself into Cajon's mighty pass-way, thirty miles to the south, was a lulling sound to hear. The yuccas, hovering about the little clearing, moaned plaintively, as though in sorrow of the countless hundreds of years they had seen in this barren waste. The wavering sound of a bobcat's wall came quivering down the wind and died away. From the crest of Old Thunder's inky pile, the coyotes sent forth their song of mirthless, bitter jollity. The sunset had been somber; the night was sullen, for it was winter on the desert, and the man, who at this moment was sitting on the other side of the noisy little heater, had seen many of such nights, and listened to the same song, until its call had woven its spell, wraith-like, about his being.

It was the sort of a night one enjoys the telling of a yarn, and I had observed, long since, that it was Ed's invariable custom to reward my questions with an illustrative instance. In a word, he spoke in parables. It is characteristic of many men whose years have been spent in silent places.

Ed considered my question gravely. "It all depends on what yuh want it to mean," he evaded.

"Is it, then, so versatile as that?" I asked. "I had an idea that an adjective had only one general meaning. Can I be mistaken?"

"Yes an' no," he replied. "You easterners are plumb fond uh usin' three words where one would be just as well. At least, all the easterners I ever met was thet-a-way. Most of us ole-timers make one word go a long ways toward several. The word 'ornery' is one uh them kind. As I understand it, 'ornery' covers anythin' the word 'good' won't. Mean, stingy, crooked, cussed, low-down, ugly, stubborn an' the like." His eyes wrinkled humorously and the quizzical gaze he covered me with made me feel momentarily uncomfortable. "She's the style of night fer a story, huh, Bucko?" he asked, kindly.

I confessed, somewhat shame-facedly, that I had been harboring that very thought for the past hour.

"Yessir. It oughta be a kinda grim story, too, to match the evenin', hadn't it?"

"Well not TOO grim," I said.

Ed unscrewed the stem of his big pipe, preparatory to cleaning it, a process which always involved broom-straws and other broom-straws to poke out the ones that broke off in the stem.

"Some awful grim things happen, sometimes, though people don't make stories of 'em."

He pulled a straw out of the broom, which hung near him, and carefully pushed it into the stem. Of course it broke off. He swore gently and fished it out, after which he blew through the stem, held it up to the light, squinted through it and screwed it back on to the bowl.

"Nobody'd believe 'em. Real happenin's make the most colored fiction. Thet accounts fer folks favorin' a feller who writes out uh his haid. He don't really lie, but he aims to handle the truth most awful reckless, so's it'll come to the majority uh folks half-digested fer 'em to swallow."

He filled the now satisfactorily sanitary pipe and lighted it, gazing at me over the tiny flare of the match, out of eyes that were, at once, kindly and shrewd. He smothered the match-flame in a cloud of fragrant smoke and spun the smoking match, unerringly, into the wood-box, with a tiny, droning hum.

"Lemme tell yuh about ole Jared Muir an' Johnny Root. Guess I hain't never tole yuh about them two ole fellers, hev I? Hm-m-m. Thought not. Never tole nobody, as I know of. I wouldn't tell you, only the happenin' jest circles aroun' thet word 'or-

nery' like useless arguments aroun' the war question."

So I gave Ed free rein to recount a bit of life "as it is" which will interest only those who care to know life that way. Others kindly note this warning. I've been frank. Ed is speaking.

Now, about thirty years ago, a young feller drifted into Victor, who called himself Jared Muir, an' said he was from Waterbury, Ct. Them was the days when everybody was headin' up Bottle Valley way to get rich in more gold than there was there—get rich quick. Jared Muir had money to buy an outfit an' grub with, but he didn't know a half uh nothin' about prospectin' nor the country. He was lookin' aroun', Connecticut-wise, fer a pardner, when he run across Johnny Root, another young feller who knowed consid'able about prospectin' an' the country, but didn't know a half uh nothin' about Jared Muir. Ef he had, this here story wouldn't never hev happened.

Jared was a long, lanky New Englander, jest as long-headed an' tight-fisted as any yuh ever seen. He didn't hev no bad habits an' had got lung-trouble acquirin' 'em. I always figgered he must hev got it tryin' to hog more'n his share uh the fresh air provided by the Lord. He was closer'n heat to a fire. I don't s'pose a cocktupus with a itchin' fin could hev been more graspin'. He didn't hev no accomplishments nor vices, an' he made out fer to be real virtuous. He never sported none of 'em so's they'd show prominent.

Johnny was almost his opposite. Short, chubby, always laughin' an' ready to help any feller when he could. Johnny was a human man. But Johnny was flat-busted, an' Jared come to him at a time when the word "Capital" was one uh the finest-soundin' words Webster ever wrote in his big book. He hitched with Jared. The agreement was thet everything they located was to go half-an-half. Jared was to grubstake 'em an' Johnny was to lead 'em to a bonanza, pronto, before their capital run out. Oh, it was a fine agreement—on paper! Also, Johnny was to tote everything they couldn't pack on the burros. Jared bein' weak an' sickly an' jest able to wear a suit uh woollens.

Well, they hit off up Bottle Valley way. They hadn't been on the trail fer two hours before Johnny come to the conclusion thet Jared was plumb out uh place in the prospectin' game. He drank too much water, rested too often an' growled too much, but he was grubstakin' the outfit an' it was the fust time Johnny'd had anythin' as good as thet happen to him fer some months back, so he wa'n't sayin' nothin'. Besides, they was pardners, now, an' it's a poor plan to start squabblin' with your pardner the fust thing—next to startin' your honeymoon with a fist-fight. Johnny 'lowed he could stan' it ef they could make a strike.

Four months in the San Bernardino Mountains made a heap uh difference in Jared. He shook his cough an' quit hev'in' them night sweats. He begun to put on beef, an' his shoulders didn't poke holes in his shirt no more, but he growled jest as much as ever. Johnny kep' his face clamped an' waited fer Jared to get over his grouch, but it seemed like it was chronic an' growled to be a part uh his anatomy. Johnny did all the work an' Jared did all the bossin'. Johnny said less an' less an' Jared said more an' more.

Two years went by an' they hadn't found nothin' yet, but they was pardners, an' bound to stick together until they'd uncovered somethin'. They got along good, too, in their way. Johnny'd got so's he'd hev been lonesome without Jared to growl at him, an' Jared had come to s'leve he couldn't get along nohow without Johnny to abuse; besides, Johnny was handy to hev along to do the work. Jared never done none, yuh understand.

They prospected from San Berdoo to Sacramento an' back, an' from the Te-hachepls to the Needles. They even went over into Nevada an' Utah an' tried their luck, but never seemed to turn nothin' bigger'n grubstake-dust.

Ten years registered on the calendar an'

then fifteen. They was still with each other, an' a couple uh more seasoned ole desert-rats yuh won't often see. Jared had got growlier an' growlier, an' Johnny gentler an' more quiet. Jared had been damn mean to start with. Failures had turned his meanness to stinginess, stinginess to cussedness—then they made a strike.

Bein' Connecticut born, Jared made a good deal, an' him an' Johnny cleaned up fifteen thousan' apiece. After it was all over with, Jared had done Johnny out uh his share an' lit out. Johnny wa'n't the same after thet. Big Rich, who kep' the store in Victor, staked him, an' he went up in the hills again. He'd been gone about two months when Jared come up from Los. It seemed, accordin' to his story, he'd took the money to invest in a deal, down there, an' the deal had fell through. He stayed in Victor until Johnny come back. Poor ole Johnny come ramblin' in out uh the hills, lookin' like his last frien' had got away from him. He wa'n't the same, a-tall. He was plumb discouraged. He payed Rich what he owed him an' let Jared bully into the same ole pardnership, again. Johnny didn't say nothin', nowadays. He jest plodded along, thinkin', broodin', thinkin'. Jared had enough left to stake 'em, but Johnny was thinkin' ef only Jared hed let him hev thet fifteen thousan'—but Jared was boss, so they struck off fer the country up above Barstow an' Daggett.

Jared was mean, lazy, crooked, stingy, low-down an' ugly, now. Johnny was everythin' Jared wa'n't. Johnny'd pile up any scraps that was left over from a meal so's the wild creeturs could hev 'em, an' Jared would come along an' kiek a pile uh sand over 'em. Oh, but he was cussed!

It's funny how two fellers like thet kin live together, ain't it? Yet, did yuh ever notice, sometimes, how a good woman gets a ornery man fer a husband or a durn nice feller draws a queen uh clubs fer his side-kicker? It happens right often, an' I don't s'pose it's anything to wonder at thet a feller picks the joker fer a pardner, once in a while. Huh?

It seemed like it was worse'n ever fer them two ole fellers after they went out together the secon' time. Fust, their burrodied on 'em, then they lost part uh their cnuck fordin' the river an' some ornery cuss stole part uh their tools. Jared had somethin' to growl about, all right, but Johnny didn't complain none. He was prospectin' an' Jared was back to make up his mind fer him. Thet last bothered Johnny some, now. Things run along purty much as ever, only Johnny was beginnin' to notice Jared's line uh jaw more'n he had before, I reckon. Mebbe he was gettin' kinda tired uh bein' the goat, but he couldn't forget, somehow, they was still pardners, an' he kep' his thoughts all cached back uh his old front teeth.

A feller thet's been nagged by his wife fer a long spell gets used to it an' takes it purty much as it comes. He gets toughened to it like a hoss thet's been misused; but a hoss will cut loose, sometimes, an' plumb s'prise a feller, an' so will a man s'prise his wife, sometimes. I've got it figgered out thet a nagged pardner would act jest like a nagged hoss or man, give him time enough. Especially ef he was a durn willin' pardner. We're comin' back to our story, again.

Jared an' Johnny had been out two years on their secon' pardnership an' had met with usule luck—grubstake gold. They was headin' fer Barstow to lay in some chuck. All they had left was flour, a little bakin' powder an' jest enough bacon rin's fer to grease a skillet a few times fer flapjacks. Jared was a-growlin' as per usule an' Johnny was bakin' flapjacks over a fire uh sage-roots; also, patiently lettin' all uh Jared's string uh gas through his off-ear, when his time fer revolt must hev come, I reckon.

Jared was a-cussin' the flapjacks fer bein' so tough. Whynell had'n't Johnny put in a nip more bakin' powder? What did the damn fire hev to smoke so fer, anyhow? What did Johnny hev to go an' use up all the coffee yeast'day mornin' fer, an' whose fault was it thet they was all out uh smokin'? But, partic'lar, whynell had'n't

Johnny put more bakin' powder in the flap-jacks? Hey! Why?

Now, Johnny had tried faithful to make the bakin' powder last until they could get to Barstow. He'd scrimped here an' he'd scraped there an' he'd give Jared the biggest share uh the flapjacks every mornin'; always leavin' room fer one or two under his own belt so's there'd be plenty fer his pardner. He'd begged off on biscuits, once or twice, but he seen it wa'n't goin' to hold out. Also, Johnny'd been up all night with a ole tooth, an' a fox-tail was irritatin' his shoulder, an' he kinda fergot they was pardners, fer as much as a minnit. He chucks the skillet he's usin' over into a bunch uh sage.

"Ef yuh don't like them flapjacks, then why don't yuh try a hand at 'em yourself?" he asks, savage—fer Johnny.

Jared is plumb took back. Johnny hain't never spoke to him thet-a-way in all the years they've been together—Johnny who has always kep' quiet an' waited fer Jared to get over his grouch. Jared is stumped, he is, but he come back in a minnit.

"Go get thet skillet, Johnny!" he orders, harsh.

"Go to hell!" Johnny ventures, gettin' it an' comin' back to the fire.

Jared walks over an' makes a pass at Johnny—Johnny, the pardner thet he'd skun an' come back to. Johnny ducks an' Jared goes over to the grub-box an' takes out a bakin' powder can. He holds it out to Johnny.

"Put a spoonful in the flapjacks!" he says, stern.

Johnny hesitates, lookin' close at the can an' then at Jared. He looks away, kinda gulpin' an' seein' through a fog. This here is what yuh might call a crisis fer Johnny. He reaches fer the can, then draws his hand back, quick.

"I—no sir! No sir!" he mumbles, under his breath. It took a powerful lot uh sand fer ole Johnny to say thet.

"Take thet can, dam yuh! Take it!"

"Thet can—"

"Take it!" an' Jared knocks Johnny—Johnny who'd been his pardner fer twenty

five years—plumb into the fire.

Johnny gets up slow an' stan's there with the blood runnin' out uh his mouth. He's lookin' purty feeble an' pitiful, ole Johnny is, after workin' so long an' so faithful with a pardner, to be used thet-a-way.

"Take thet can!" Jared orders, fierce, holdin' out the can. He's always had a heart like a marble darnick, anyhow, Jared has. He was born like thet, an' couldn't help it, I reckon.

Johnny ain't able to speak, but he nods—jest nods, with the tears a-runnin' down his poor, wrinkled ole face—he won't—can't—fer the life of him. Because it's a crisis fer Johnny. Jared snarls an' knocks him down again, then he pours some uh the bakin' powder into the flap-jack batter.

"Though yuh said there wa'n't hardly none left," he grates, cruel, to Johnny, who's settin' up, watchin' him, dumb, like a ole dawg thet's been shot ugly by his master, an' can't understand.

Johnny takes out his ole .45 an' gets a bead on Jared, then puts it back. Jared is mixin' the bakin' powder into the batter. Johnny gets up, slow an' painful, breaks up a piece of stale bread he sees on the groun', so's the wild creatures'll get it. Awful tender-hearted an' gentle with animals, ole Johnny was. He takes up his bed-roll an' a little grub, then he stan's there, gazin' wistful at Jared, like he's waitin' to be told to go. Jared don't pay no 'tention to him, a-tall.

"I reckon I'll—I'll hev to be goin' along," he finally manages to say, his voice kinda soft an' broke up. "Adios—pardner. Mebbe—mebbe we'll meet up somewheres else, some day."

"So long!" snaps Jared. "Be sure an' be back fer supper. I'll want her on t'ck, understand."

Johnny kinda gulps like he's thinkin' uh sayin' somethin', then he hobbles out uh camp, painful-like.

"Adios!" he mumbles. "Adios, ole—ole, timer!"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY.)

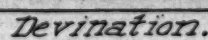
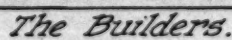
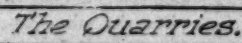
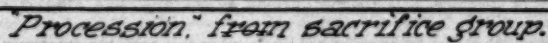
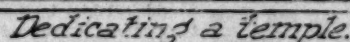
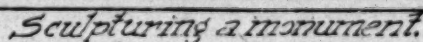
THE MILITARY SPIRIT IN JAPAN.

[Saturday, January 29, 1910]

REVELATION BY ANCIENT AMERICAN ART.

Conceiving a Vanished Race. By Alice Harriman.

"Rode on the crest of a splendid wave."
Perhaps this ruler but executed the com-



Greek in feeling, Jewish in her conception of the religious fervors of the Mayas. Mrs. Smith, in this most fascinating and satisfying showing of a vanished race, brings out plainly that there is but one purpose, one truth, running through and unifying all religions and all races.

FACTS ABOUT "OREGON" BREED OF FOWLS.

Disqualification Considered. By Henry W. Kruckeberg

SO MUCH has been printed and passed by word of mouth regarding the Oregon breed of poultry on account of their good record at the Panama-Pacific egg-laying contest, that it is refreshing to get the facts regarding them at first hand. In reply to a request from the Rural New Yorker for specific information, Prof. James Dryden of the Oregon Agricultural College writes as follows:

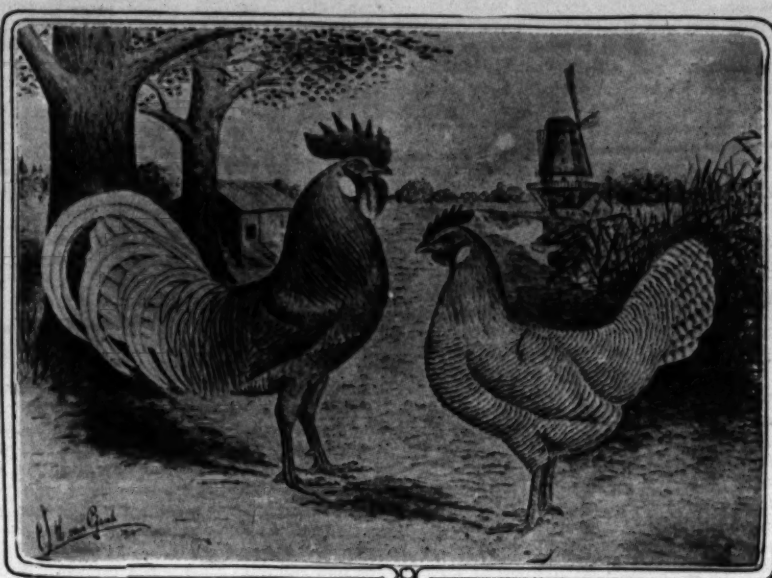
"Our stock that we call the 'Oregons' has been bred up during the past seven years from an original cross of Barred Plymouth Rocks and White Leghorns. In some of these crosses the Barred Rock male was used with the White Leghorn hens and in others the reverse, and we seemed to get practically the same results either way. After the first cross purebred White Leghorns were used, and the 'Oregons' now have some five-eighths to seven-eighths Leghorn blood, the balance Barred Rock. In all the crosses males, as well as females, of high laying pedigree were used. The main purpose in the crossing was to determine whether or not high egg-laying was a matter of heredity. By crossing we made sure that the vigor of the stock was not lacking. Without this knowledge we would not know whether any increased production secured was due to hereditary laying tendencies.

"Another purpose in the crossing was to develop, if possible, a variety that excelled as a general purpose type of chicken, having high egg laying its first characteristic. There seemed to be too great a gap between the Mediterranean breeds and the American breeds when it came to furnishing the average consumer with a table fowl. Plymouth Rocks of standard weight are too large for the average consumer; the Leghorns too little meat. Our problem is to furnish a chicken four to five pounds in weight. I think a chicken of such size will greatly increase the consumption of poultry. However, egg-laying was the first consideration, and I think we now have in our strain, the 'Oregon,' secured a chicken that breeds true to high laying. These fowls are white in color, with medium large comb, rather close-feathered, yellow legs and skin, and laying a white egg. While the crossing was an advantage in certain ways, the main thing in producing the high laying qualities was in the selection of high layers as breeding stock.

"We sent pens to the Missouri and Storrs laying contests to try them out under different conditions. At Storrs, at the end of the fifth week the 'Oregons' were eighteenth in the list, having risen from thirtieth place to eighteenth since the end of the first week. We expect to see them still further improve their position. In the Missouri contest the 'Oregons' won the silver cup in November with 106 entries. At the Panama exposition we had three pens entered, one of 'Oregons,' one of Leghorns and one of Barred Plymouth Rocks. The White Leghorns finished first place and the 'Oregons' and Rocks tied for second place. The conditions there were not good for heavy production, and the records were rather low. We now have four hens of the 'Oregons' with records of over 300 eggs, and the pen records are also very high. In all our breeding work, trap-nest selection, of course, has been the basis. Selection has been rather a question of book-keeping more than following any theory of type."

Shall Disqualifications be Abolished?

There are those even among the experienced that are strongly of the opinion that some of the disqualifications in the Standard should be abolished and that others should be materially modified. And their contention is not without its reasons, chief among which is the fact that disqualifications often make it mandatory to give the blue ribbon to an inferior bird. For instance, take the American class, in which disqualifications are rather arbitrary. A speck of white in the earlobes will throw a bird out of the competing classes irrespective of all other good qualities; a bit of a stub of feathers on the legs will do the same thing. In color of plumage there are in some breeds and varieties equally drastic disqualifications which to many



A PAIR OF FRIESLAND FOWL.
A breed little known in America, but which possesses qualities alike attractive to the fancier and market poultryman.

breeders seem unjust. These include black specks in white plumage; fine points in the feathers of parti-colored birds of a negative nature act in much the same way. The weight clauses are to many equally objectionable, though not always religiously observed either by judges or poultry show managements. The crux of the matter in its last analysis rests on the fact that owing to these rather finely drawn disqualifications often a good bird goes in the show-room discard and an inferior specimen is awarded first honors. The same criticism applies in a measure to some of the conditions governing discounts or "cuts" in different sections of a specimen. Instances covering the foregoing criticisms are more or less a feature of every poultry show of any consequence.

It goes without saying that to abolish all disqualifications "would be quite as questionable as to create exacting ones in particular sections that twist an honest award from a deserving specimen. Deformities of a pronounced nature, and especially on points that militate against the essential characteristics of breeds and varieties should be a bar to competition in the show-room. These, however, should not be so finely drawn as to eliminate an otherwise nearly perfect specimen from high honors. To disqualify a perfect White Rock for a speck of stub on legs; and a Brown Leghorn for the same thing, does not appeal to us; but to "cut out" the weight clause when the standard specifically demands it in certain breeds, is equally reprehensible. Clearly, our system of judging poultry is still faulty in spite of the years of study and application that has been put upon the system. Will it ever be put in a wearable condition is a question that has agitated the American Poultry Association for something like forty years. It still calls for solution along certain lines.

Telling Sex of Day-old Chicks.

To the person growing poultry purely for eggs it would certainly be advantageous to be able to distinguish the sexes while the birds are still young. Much has been written on the feasibility of segregating the sexes of the day-old chick; but nothing of a definite plan has been discovered. There are, of course, those who within certain limits, possess the "know how." But there is much difference of opinion as to the possibility of distinguishing the sexes of such chicks. A long-time observer, who annually raises a large number of chicks, has observed that those with the largest combs and widest and most pronounced comb space, are invariably males, and is of the opinion that, if one is a close observer of head points, a division of the sexes can be made in certain varieties, when from one day to one week old, that will prove at least 90 per cent. correct.

Others have made experiments covering years of patient, careful work and have

come to the conclusion that this matter can be governed by the way in which the breeders are mated up in the fall. One man who has done considerable experimenting along this line has found that if he makes up his breeding pens of good stocky hens mated to good vigorous cockerels, the pullets will run in most cases fully 75 per cent. Generally the males when first hatched are larger, with a larger head and a little more white than the females. As a rule the shape and vigor of the chicks will determine the sex. A notable per cent. of the males show stocky legs and a larger frame when they are born than do the females. It is well known that the males in any batch of chicks grow faster and their combs develop quicker than do the female chicks. But these are only outlines and do not constitute specific rules; as a matter of fact, chicks at birth look very much alike, and hence the matter is more or less speculative, even among the experienced.

Dutch Friesland Fowl.

Of the Dutch races of domesticated fowls the American fancy knows less than of almost any other class, due possibly to the fact that in type they are not without a resemblance to both the American and Mediterranean classes, the Owl-bearded Dutch to the former and the Crested Dutch, Frieslands and Drehte to the latter. All told, Edward Brown, in his "Races of Domesticated Fowl," mentions five breeds, viz., the Breda, Crested Dutch, Owl-bearded Dutch, Friesland and Drehte. In economic values they cover meat and egg breeds, and egg-breeds alone. They all produce white-shelled hen fruit. Of these, the Single-comb Frieslands, owing to their Mediterranean characteristics, offer the greatest attractions to prevailing conditions of soil and climate in the Southwest.

Friesland fowls appear to have been bred in Holland and Western Germany for a considerable period of time, and were known in the latter country as Assendelfters. In type and color scheme they are not without a suggestion of the Campines, which has led to the opinion that both breeds may possess a common ancestry. Indeed, there are Dutch breeders who make the claim that also the modern Pencilled Hamburgs are not without a touch of Friesland blood in their make-up.

These fowl are essentially egg-producers and non-sitting. They are, like all of their type, active, alert and good foragers. If confined, the yards should be top-wired, as they are good flyers. They are of good constitutional vigor. The hens lay an egg somewhat under the size rated as standard in American markets. Their table qualities are less than those of the American breeds. Van Glink, a Holland authority on the breed, says that the most popular variety is the Silver Pencilled, closely followed by the Golden Pencilled. Although the standard demands straight narrow bars

as found in the Pencilled Hamburgs, they usually are not pencilled like that, but show much heavier marking, more on the order as found in Buttercups. Some very good colored specimens have been shown in late years.

In some parts of North Holland there is a sub-variety of the Golden Pencilleds, the dark buff ground color being replaced by a lemon or pale buff. These Lemon Pencilleds look very attractive, especially the males, there being a great contrast between the light golden-buff body and the glossy black tail.

The three pencilled varieties show a narrow edging around the sickle feathers, such as is found in Pencilled Hamburgs. The head is small and neat, surmounted by a single comb, rather small, reaching from the beak to the back of the head with shallow serrations; wattles slender and fairly long; earlobes small and pure white; eyes large, dark brown or bay; beak light horn color; legs slate; four toes. Weight: males, about six pounds; females, five pounds.

Some of the Winter "Don'ts."

Don't fail to give the hens dry quarters during the rainy season. Dampness, draughts and dirt are inimical to health and the laying habit.

Don't forget a little tonic to tone up the system in cold weather. A little red pepper or mustard in the mash foods is good.

Don't forget exercise in the wet season. The litter in the scratching sheds should be dry and afford every opportunity for the birds to earn their board and keep.

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IN THE HEART OF THE CAUCASUS.

The Decent Bandit. By Christina Krysto.

"GONE AGAIN?" asked the captain tartly. "But this is the third time you've lost him! The other two times you got him to Siberia at least. How did he escape now?"

The young lieutenant shrugged his shoulders. "They call him Keyhole Osman, you know," he suggested uncertainly. "No jail can hold him and a whole regiment could not prevent his flight."

"He is a devil," muttered a near-by soldier. "Six months ago I told them he was a devil, when I saw him, in the dead of night, come creeping through the keyhole. But they believe nothing, these officers, not even when Osman steals the gun out of my clenched hands without my knowing it."

"Well," the captain said, with something like relief in his voice, "he'll not come our way again. He'll stay in his own mountains now, and there will be another abrek in Caucasus. God help the inspector who has charge of Osman's region."

The little band of soldiers escorting the exiles moved on toward the north. Behind them a man arose from the roadside thick- et, squinted critically along the barrel of the newly-acquired rifle, and swung lightly away through the fields to where his native mountains showed dusky against the sky. And could he have put into words the incoherent thoughts of bitterness and fury which filled his mind, he too would have said that Caucasus had acquired another abrek.

In that most strenuous of all strenuous tasks, the work of preserving law and order in the Caucasian Mountains, the Russian authorities fear no other man as they fear the abrek, that curious freak of the Chechen tribe. Of all the Caucasian types he is the one most irritating to the police, the one most difficult to deal with, the one who defies absolutely all efforts toward extermination and even suppression.

The abrek is a fugitive from justice who, sure of ultimate capture, bends all his energies toward filling his period of freedom with the greatest possible number of fresh crimes. Knowing that death is imminent—few abreks are taken alive; the avenging of his own death in advance becomes the abrek's all-engrossing thought. To the average abrek the whole world becomes an enemy. He robs and kills for the pure joy of it, and the Russian tourist, the neighbor's child, the aged priest, contribute in like measure to his amusement. And since, like most of the native Caucasians, he is bold and strong and crafty and reckless, and loves danger as he loves nothing else, the average abrek becomes a veritable nightmare to the authorities and a scourge to his own tribesmen as well.

But there is another abrek. And he is that reason-defying mixture of lawlessness and justice, of hate and friendliness, of cruelty and compassion, the hero of many a Caucasian legend, of many a Caucasian song as well, the hero too, of many a Caucasian girl's dreams, that always fascinating outlaw, who broods forever upon the great injustice inflicted upon him by the law and devotes his life, whatever is left of it, to righting the wrongs of his kinsmen and inflicting various miseries upon their common enemy, the Russian authorities.

It is this abrek whom it becomes next to impossible to capture, for in case of pursuit he can find refuge in nearly every wayside hut and know that his host will stand in the doorway, face the pursuers and with uplifted hand swear his ignorance, while his big-eyed daughter attends to the hiding of the guest. It is this abrek of whom even the Russian authorities who hate him speak as the Decent Bandit. And such an abrek Keyhole Osman, walking home through field and forest, was destined to become.

Osman was a member of the leading family of his village, a frank, fearless, beautiful boy, a boy of great ability and high aspirations, who was being trained to a life of work and usefulness. His father's death cut short his school course, he came home to care for his aged mother, to till the patch of grain on the mountain slope, to look after the father's horses and live in the house which had been for generations the home of the family.

The death of the mother left him free to return to school. But on the night before

his planned departure a serious robbery occurred in the village. The Russian authorities set out to find the culprit and, since all their efforts went for naught and since someone had to be arrested, they seized the boy Osman, arguing that there was no reason why he should not have been the guilty one. All efforts to save the boy availed nothing, and, hurt and bewildered, he was exiled to Siberia.

Somehow he escaped. Armed with the assurance of his innocence he boldly returned home and made his plea to the inspector, who allowed him to remain. But when someone missed a horse in the next village his arrest and exile were repeated, and though he again escaped and again returned, this time with his nickname of Keyhole Osman, he remained forever a marked man. The third charge was murder and the penalty exile for life. This time he did not return openly. He slipped into his village in the hush of midnight, stole one of his own saddle horses and rode out into the forest, a new Osman, an outlaw embittered to the point of savagery, asking nothing but the chance to break the law and injure the government which had so relentlessly injured him.

The chances were many. Russian tourists fill the Caucasian mountains throughout the year. And as nothing can induce the average Russian to use a checkbook, his pockets are, to quote the bandits, lined with gold. These tourists became the sport of Osman. It was not that he loved money. It was only that, knowing that the authorities would kill him in the end, he resolved that they should have good reason for the killing. And short of murder there was not a crime which was not credited to this Decent Bandit.

Legend and song sprang up quickly round his name. People talked of cave prisons where scores of kidnapped Russians were held awaiting ransom, people talked of other caves where Osman and his companions sat on heaps of gold while planning new conquests. And after a time new legends arose, Osman had wearied of merely taking gold. Early thoughts of a useful life had come back and mingled with his hatred for the powerful and the rich. The black-eyed Caucasian girls began to sing of a bandit who held midnight court in the depths of the ravines, a bandit to whom the poor and the wronged came with their tales of suffering, sang too of the beggar widow who woke to find a pot of gold on her doorstep, and the stricken farmer who discovered a new horse in his stall in place of the one which had died. And sometimes a guide would point out to a quaking tourist a faint mountain path worn by the stealthy feet of those who sought justice at the hands of the Decent Bandit, and sometimes he would tell of the greedy landlord who found his years' hoardings gone over night while his ill-treated tenant awoke the same night to the clink of gold coins falling upon the floor through an opened window.

So his power grew. His tribesmen spoke reverently of him in their prayers, the tourists turned back and left unexplored the wonders of his domain, the authorities clenched their fists and demanded more soldiers, sent those soldiers into the forests to capture Osman and then paid Osman big ransoms for their safe return.

Men swore that no bullet would touch him save to add a new scar of bravery, yet Osman was near capture many times. But always the line of soldiers, circling carefully the hut or thicket which hid him, closed on emptiness, and always hard upon their silence of disappointment came the derisive rifle shot, the farewell of Osman who had once more found his keyhole.

It was when Osman was at the height of his glory, when every Chechen girl dreamed of meeting him when she walked for water, and every boy dreamed of growing up to be like him, that there came into his district a new inspector, a man we may call Ivanoff. He was an odd man. So quiet and so mild that for a week the natives laughed at him and wondered what Osman would do to him, so stern that in a month the lawless population began to tremble and to fume, so just and so kindly and patient that one and all ended by worshipping him. The paths which led to Osman's haunts fell fast into disuse. Ivanoff's office was the court of justice. And to the few who still came to Osman would shake his head. "Go to your inspector," he

would say briefly, and touch his cap reverently as he said it.

So the people went to their inspector. And village robberies, village feuds, died out under the magic of the near-sighted blue eyes which yet saw so far into the forest-grown mountains. Osman still pillaged the rich and amused himself by shooting the caps off the heads of the soldiers who came his way, but his companions complained at the dullness of their life and sometimes a villager went to bed without locking his windows. It seemed that Paradise had descended upon the peaks of Caucasus.

But jealousy runs rampant in the nerve-tearing work of the Caucasian administration. The chief of the district found himself queerly irritated at his mild-mannered subordinate. Ivanoff was assigned tasks which called for superhuman effort. But by now the natives, to a man, were behind him and superhuman tasks melted into child's play. And so at last came an order which twisted the inspector's mouth into a wry and mirthless smile and wrapped his villages in deepest gloom.

Ivanoff was to deliver at headquarters, in a week's time, the bandit Osman. Failure would mean immediate discharge.

Quietly Ivanoff began to pack his trunks while from house to house, from village to village, the sad news flashed and left in its wake a horde of sobbing women and men who cursed. A crowd surrounded the inspector's office. Inside, Ivanoff bent over his desk and wrote his resignation.

He was still writing when someone knocked on his door, and he looked up into dark smiling eyes. The man who entered was tall and slim and lithe, his handsome head lifted proudly above broad shoulders, a man over whom any girl might dream when she drew water at the mountain torrent.

"I am Osman," he said simply in excellent Russian, "you are to take me to headquarters, I believe."

Several villagers identified him. Ivanoff studied him carefully. Somehow, this was more than even he had expected.

"You came—why?"

"It is my people's will. And I am of my people." But there was something more in the smiling eyes, in the clasp of the slim strong hand which met the hand of the inspector, an ardent tribute to the better man.

So Ivanoff ordered a carriage, took Osman to headquarters, saw him locked in jail and returned to his work. And in a week's time Osman's cell was empty and the order went forth for his recapture. This time, before complying, Ivanoff demanded that, should Osman escape a second time, his own responsibility in the matter would end. The chief waved him away pompously.

"He will not escape a second time. We have built a new cell for him, one without a keyhole," he added jocularly.

So once more the police carriage drew up before the chief's house and once more Ivanoff stepped out, accompanied by a tall man who smiled. The inspector entered the office alone.

"Where is your robber now? Wouldn't the nice man come with you?—Where is your pet tiger?" The jeers came from all sides.

"Osman is in the entry," Ivanoff said quietly. "Call him, please," this to the office boy.

"In the entry? Unguarded?"

The bandit came in, armed to the teeth. Ivanoff drew a bill from his pocket, and turned to him.

"Take this to the bank, please, and bring me the change. I have not the time to go myself."

"But money!" babbled the chief helplessly. "You have given him money! And he is armed! And he is Osman!"

"And he had given me his word."

"His word! The word of a thief!"

"The word of a man, your excellency."

When Osman returned with the change he laid down his rifle and cartridge belt, his dagger and hunting knife, and was taken to his new-built cell. And when he escaped again there was in his mind a wonderful assortment of new adventures. He knew that the period of comparative leniency on the part of the officials was over. The joke of the keyhole had been carried too far and his next capture would be made sure by a bullet. And there was, because of that, all the more glory in the exploits which were

still to come, all the more joy in the life still left to him.

He gathered a new band about him, five or six wild youngsters who knew no fear save the fear of a calm existence. For several years they reaped a golden harvest from the mail route into the Chechen district, and the tales which went abroad of their adventures of that time will fill their land with awe for generations still to come. But one of the most picturesque of Osman's crimes was destined also to be his last.

In broad daylight the bandits held up a coach in which a wealthy engineer, accompanied by his wife and friends was returning from a mountain lake resort. The request for money brought forth a few rubles—repeated searching of the men disclosed nothing of value. The woman was not searched—Osman had trained his followers well in courtesy—and so went untouched the roll of bills she carried in her stocking. It was clearly a case for ransom and Osman decided to hold two of the men.

"Keep the woman," suggested a brother bandit, "it is she who is related to the chief himself."

Osman looked at the half-dozen youths who stood around him, each straight and slim and clear-skinned, each filled with a great eagerness for all the excitement that life might hold for him, then he looked at the woman, hardly more than a girl, and found her eyes sparkling merrily, for all the terror in them. He shook his head.

"Too pretty," he decided. And choose the engineer and a stout and angry merchant. The others were instructed to send back the ransom.

The path which the bandits followed seemed endless in its dips and turns. The fat merchant was soon puffing helplessly. His escorts laughed at him for a time, then one of them dismounted and patted his horse consolingly.

"Too bad, Beauty, but you can't expect all your riders to be light." And with that he helped the merchant into his saddle and walked blithely beside him. Osman himself presently lifted the engineer upon the blanket behind his saddle.

And then it was that Osman the bandit vanished, and the Osman that might have been rode in the saddle in front of the engineer. Perhaps, it was the glimpse of the woman that had wrought the change, the woman whose eyes had kindled at sight of him and reminded him of all that he had lost; perhaps it was the nearness of a man of his own type, the type of the Osman that might have been. As twilight fell he began to talk to the engineer, brief questions at first, then timid, awkward statements concerning his own life, till the tide of confidences broke from him, brought his very heart to his lips, and made the long night a thing of minutes to them both.

It was an odd cavalcade. Far ahead rode the youngsters with their still irate charge, their laughter filling the wild ravines. A crowd of merry schoolboys they seemed, and yet—their names were even then used to frighten naughty children and on the head of each of them the authorities had already set a price. Far behind them the engineer listened to Osman's story, the story of a high-minded boy, and blessed the darkness which hid his tears.

But daylight brought back the hard facts. Immediate flight was the only alternative to the paying of the ransom. And the chances for a successful flight seemed fair—the bandits had disappeared, leaving two ragged Chechens from a near-by village in their place.

It is needless to describe the attempts at escape. The first failed when the fat merchant leaped a stream and struck a patch of quicksand from which the pursuers rescued him, the second went awry through the engineer's belief that the eye of a Chechen would accept a screen of hastily cut boughs for a clump of growing bushes. At those flights the bandits could not even laugh; honest pity showed in their faces when the prisoners came back to them. Only Osman faced them with a hurt look in his eyes. To him it was a sign of unfathomable caddishness that they should have tried to escape after their lives had been granted them.

For two weeks the Russians lived in the wiped away the tears.

It was a long time before the captain opened his eyes again, and said: "I guess

robbers' camp and for two weeks a band of two hundred Cossacks scoured the country about them. After which the Cossacks returned empty-handed as was their wont and the ransom was delivered to Osman. "Golly to have inconvenienced you," the enemy he had not reckoned with. Blood poisoning set in. With the Cossacks guarding the hut in which he lay and the natives pressing in to see him, Osman died the most noble of all deaths, died upon a bed, with a doctor in attendance, with neither gun nor Italian military commission of a new power recently given a demonstration before an accomplished by a young Florentine chemist named Guido Fel. He is said to have obtained this danger. This has now been considerable study has been devoted to the fame at the muzzle of the gun. Hence degree of risk from an explosion caused by equipped with machine guns run a certain [Philadelphia Public Ledger.] Airships New Flameless Guns.

What She Ordered.

[Saturday, January 29, 1916.]

Strange Presentiment. By Luigi Capuana.

ent, she wrote:

The bishop was frustrated when it was proposed that he should perform the marriage ceremony. He dared not say it, but he dared not run the risk of displeasing the fathers

"O most excellent Head Man of the great foreign Beautiful Country Mission, my son's lips are too direct. He has never deceived

With stately ceremonies and official decorum and feasts the event was celebrated after Ming-yu and Mei-Deh, forgiven, took possession of the suite of rooms in his family dwelling place at Nanking where the American clothes had been stored in the camphor-wood chests.

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

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IN THE HEART OF THE CAUCASUS.

The Decent Bandit. By Christina Krysko.

Los Angeles Times

[Saturday, January 20, 1916.]

[Saturday, January 20, 1916.]

robbers' camp and for two weeks a band of two hundred Cossacks scoured the country about them. After which the Cossacks returned empty-handed as was their wont and the ransom was delivered to Osman.

"Sorry to have inconvenienced you," the Decent Bandit said gravely as he shook hands with the captives. The fat merchant snorted.

"Speaking of which," he said, "I'd like my watch. I don't mind the money. But I have to know the time."

Osman's head went up proudly.

"We do not deal in watches," he answered. And suddenly caught the look on the face of his youngest companion.

"Zelimkhan!"

And blushing like a girl under the angry gaze of his chief, Zelimkhan, who later became the most ruthless abrek ever known, opened his saddle bag and meekly handed the watch to the fat merchant.

It may have been the fat merchant, for he was very angry, who awoke the administration to larger efforts; it may have been that once more Keyhole Osman had carried the joke too far—the homecoming of the two hundred Cossacks was not a pleasing thing. At any rate, the campaign against Osman was renewed with a fury which

rocked the very mountain peaks of Caucasus. In one of the raids Osman was slightly wounded.

He paid little attention to the wound, it was no new thing to him. But there was an enemy he had not reckoned with. Blood poisoning set in.

With the Cossacks guarding the hut in which he lay and the natives pressing in upon the Cossacks, Osman died the most ignoble of all deaths, died upon a bed, with a doctor in attendance, with neither gun nor dagger in his hand.

The news flew far and wide to the authorities. Glad congratulations went from office to office and left the officials in holiday mood. Only in the office of Osman's own district a mild blue-eyed man dropped his head on his folded arms and wept unashamed.

Sure of Success.

[Baltimore American:] The Crown Prince of Germany is sure of eventual success. So is the Crown Prince of Bavaria. So is Gen. Joffre. So are the King of Italy and the Czar of Russia. So is the Kaiser. So is Mr. Asquith. And grim Fate, with a smile, keeps on with her weaving of human destiny of whose result she alone is sure.

New Flameless Gun.

[Philadelphia Public Ledger:] Airships equipped with machine guns run a certain degree of risk from an explosion caused by the flame at the muzzle of the gun. Hence considerable study has been devoted to obviating this danger. This has now been accomplished by a young Florentine chemist named Guido Fel. He is said to have recently given a demonstration before an Italian military commission of a new power invented by him which burns without either flame or smoke and does not flare up at detonation. While specially useful for the guns of aircraft, it will be of value in artillery and infantry engagements from the fact that it will not betray the firing line to the enemy.

An Apt Student.

[New York Post:] A young woman who went to Columbia to take her degree of doctor of philosophy married her professor in the middle of her second year. When she announced her engagement, one of her friends said:

"But, Edith, I thought you came up here to get your Ph. D."

"So I did," replied Edith, "but I had no idea I would get him so soon."

What She Ordered.

[Weekly Scotsman:] She was a young missionary in China not yet quite proficient in the language of the country, and was giving a little dinner to some friends. During the course of the meal she asked the servant to bring some fruit—at least she thought she did. He objected; she insisted; he refused; she grew angry. At last he left the room. Presently he returned carrying a large platter, which he placed before her with an air of supreme contempt. On it carefully arranged were her husband's everyday trousers.

Mist.

[Philadelphia Public Ledger:] Ad in a New York paper: "Wanted—Bookkeeper and salesman. Must have one leg shorter than the other." We were about to telephone this opportunity to a friend, when we suddenly remembered that what he had was one leg longer than the other.

Democracy of Boils.

[Detroit Free Press:] The Kaiser is like the rest of us in this: He can't have a boil on the back of his neck without everybody knowing it.

The Man Who Wouldn't Strike Back.

THE BOSS AND THE SWEDE. BY VLASTA A. HUNGERFORD.

O'BRIEN, sober, was a hard boss. Drunk, he was a brute. And during the winter that Tommy Jones flunked for him—a winter when jobs were scarce—he had ample opportunity to observe him in both conditions. For O'Brien made Tommy his especial target. The Italians, who composed the rest of the crew, he didn't waste words on, but he made life miserable for them in other ways beside which verbiage shrank into insignificance.

And then, one cold, gray day in late November, when it seemed as though the sun was forever snuffed out by the week-old blanket of lowering clouds, and O'Brien getting uglier every day, Jan, the Swede, drifted into camp. His earthly possessions he carried tied in a bundle, swung on the end of a stick over his shoulder. It was after breakfast, and we were just starting to work when he came swinging down the track.

"Howdy!" he hailed cheerily. "You vont mon, Meester? Aye bane good vorker; Aye bane look for yob."

O'Brien looked him over critically.

"Can you shimm ties, Swede?"

"Yas, Meester."

"Well, go get your stomach full of grub, and then hit the cinders till you find us," replied O'Brien, and we left him standing there smiling, a tall, powerfully-built figure of a man, with a pathetic droop to his shoulders that somehow belied the cheerfulness of his voice.

Jan proved himself to be a hard worker—patient, honest old Jan, who crawled from his bunk of a morning with a song of Sweden on his lips, and a smile that somehow lightened the gray, heavy days of his companions.

They all liked him—all but O'Brien. There was nothing about Jan to rouse the enmity of any man, but O'Brien hated him from the first. Tommy Jones believed that O'Brien secretly feared him. Despite Jan's mild manner, there was something in him that forbade too much abuse and set a limit on just how much he would endure. On one or two occasions, O'Brien had caught the big fair man's blue eyes narrowed to blue-gray points that bit through the outward bluster of him, and deep into the innate cowardice that O'Brien secretly knew was his.

Therefore, when O'Brien was fully sober, he pruned down his fiery language when addressing Jan. But O'Brien was seldom sober and it didn't take him long to learn that when he was drunk, Jan would take anything from him—humoring his irresponsibility. So, bolstered with "Dutch" courage, and safe in the knowledge that Jan would take his abuse, he laid it on thick on those occasions, making up for his restraint on others.

One afternoon, when O'Brien was more than usually under the influence of bad whiskey, he objected vociferously to what Jan was doing. Tommy Jones doesn't remember just what it was, but the next instant the boss had struck Jan full in the face.

A shock passed over the rest of the crew, and for a moment O'Brien had the grace to look frightened. He had gone a little farther than he had ever intended to.

But Jan offered no resentment. He slowly wiped his bleeding nose on his old bandanna handkerchief, stanching it with a handful of snow, gathered up his shovel again, and returned to work without a word. The crew stood stock-still in the middle of the roadbed, staring at him dumfounded.

O'Brien's courage returned. "Whatcher gapin' at?" he bellowed. "Ye want some, too?"

Everybody fell to work, meekly enough. That night in the bunkhouse, Tommy asked Jan why he didn't quit.

"I bane need monay, keed," he answered. "My seester she bane sick—I send her monay." And that ended the subject.

However, the incident bore fruit in two ways. O'Brien seemed to lose the instinctive fear he had of Jan. He had learned that Jan wouldn't strike back. And the Italians, who had witnessed the affair, while they hated O'Brien yet they feared him. But for Poor Jan they felt nothing now but disgust and contempt. And this disrespect was heightened by the fact that Jan, after his day's work, saw to it that Mrs. O'Brien's water buckets were full and her woodbox bulging. He even went so far as to help her sometimes with the supper dishes. And many times, after O'Brien had gone to town to replenish his bottle, Jan would stand carefully wiping plates and cups for the wan little woman, pity for her in his great, honest blue eyes.

Along toward the latter part of December, O'Brien went to town one night—got aboard more than he could carry—toppled over the roadbed, and rolling down the embankment, lay in the snow.

They went searching for him before day-break, taking different directions, but it was Jan who found him, and it was Jan who dragged him home. He was nearly dead from exposure, but Jan had spent winters in Northern Minnesota and knew just what to do.

For a short time after his recovery, O'Brien seemed to soften toward Jan, but it wasn't long before he shelved the incident and treated him worse than ever. However, it seemed to make no difference to Jan. He accepted the renewed abuse with the same indifference with which he had received the boss's brief overtures of maudlin friendliness.

There wasn't a man in the crew who did not know that O'Brien sometimes beat his wife. A blackened eye on one occasion, a bruised cheek on another, all spoke more eloquently than words of the workings of liquor when he got too much. But it was one of those cases when interference would have only aggravated the matter. The Italians muttered among themselves; Tommy Jones, his heart bursting with pity for the poor little woman, pretended not to see, while Jan, whose eyes were inscrutable upon these occasions, went about his business as usual.

Then one night the whole crew was awakened by a scream from the section-house, and a crash of breaking glass. On the dark walls of the bunkhouse there suddenly flared the dull, red glare of fire. Tommy Jones, hastily snatching his blanket about him, sprang to the door. The interior of the section-house was ablaze with light. He stood there, helpless with terror, guessing what had happened. O'Brien had come home in one of his drunken frenzies, and swept the lamp off the table. He had done it before, but this time—

From behind Tommy Jones came an inarticulate voice; the next moment he was thrust aside, and Jan shot out of the door and into the knee-deep snow. He was barefooted and his straw-colored hair stood on end, and he made a grotesque figure as he dashed madly across the yard, his blanket flying wildly about him. But there was nothing humorous about it, just then.

He flung the section-house door open, and Tommy followed close at his heels. Mrs. O'Brien was lying on the floor in a dead faint, and O'Brien, too drunk to know what he was about, was reeling around her, trying to extinguish the flames with his hat.

Jan ignored him entirely, and gathering up the unconscious woman carried her out, and to the bunkhouse, while Tommy and the frightened Italians, who were popping in one by one, fought the flames. Jan was back in an instant again, and it was his method of quenching the fire with snow that put it out before it had a chance to eat into the frame building that constituted the section-house. Then after setting them all to work to clean up the worst of the mess, he went back to the bunkhouse for Mrs. O'Brien. He brought her in, pale, shaken and verging on collapse. Overwrought, she sank into a chair and began moaning heartbrokenly. Another woman just then would have comforted her. But there wasn't another woman within five miles—just her sottish husband and a crew of strange men.

"Dot bane close shave, keed," remarked Jan to Tommy Jones, as they crawled into their bunks once more. "A damn close shave!"

Tommy Jones didn't reply. The Italians talked volubly among themselves, casting puzzled glances toward Jan. They were plainly mystified. Here was a man who wouldn't strike back, yet who had saved the man who abused him from freezing to death, and who now, as a climax, had dashed into the burning interior of the section-house, rescued a woman, and fought hard to put out the flames. This man was no coward. What then, was wrong with him? He was a combination they couldn't understand. Long after the lights were out again they discussed the matter, until finally the voices dropped off one by one, supplemented soon by the audible breathing of deep sleep.

Tommy Jones alone lay awake thinking of what had happened, and pondering upon the glance Jan had cast upon the sodden O'Brien, after it was all over. There had been a threat and a promise in that look that boded no good for O'Brien.

Early the following morning, the boss en-

tered the bunkhouse, and going over to Jan's bunk awakened him.

Jan turned over and rubbed his eyes. "Oh—it bane YOU, Meester," he exclaimed slowly.

"Yes, it's me, Swede," replied O'Brien with real sincerity in his voice. "I've come to tell ye I'm sorry—"

"Never mind, Meester," replied Jan—with a peculiar twist to his lips that was not pleasant.

"I'm a drunken fool, Swede, s'elp me God. I am—an' if it hadn't a bin fer ye—"

O'Brien's lips quivered and two maudlin tears rolled down his bloated cheeks.

Jan crawled quickly out of bed and into his scant clothing. He spread his bandanna handkerchief on the floor, reached under the mattress, got out his few belongings and rolled them up into it.

"What you doin', Swede?" asked O'Brien, raising his bleary, teary eyes.

"I bane goin' away, Meester," answered Jan solemnly.

"Goin' away?"

"Yas. I get yob somewhere else, mebbe—"

"Don't ye do it, Swede. Stay here—O'll make it right to ye—hones—O'll—"

"No! I bane gone now, Meester," replied Jan with ominous finality. And he walked out into the morning.

For a moment O'Brien stood looking after him amazedly, then followed. Tommy Jones crawled out of his bunk, and ran to the door.

Jan was swinging down the right of way with long shambling strides, and it took O'Brien nearly a minute to catch up with him. He grasped Jan by the arm as though to draw him back.

"Don't leave like this, Swede. I—I—"

Jan wheeled sharply, shaking off the touch on his arm as though it stung him. His words came clearly through the crisp winter stillness, to where Tommy Jones stood watching in the bunkhouse door.

"No, Meester, Aye go!" There was a cold brittleness in his voice. "Such ting as happen las' night—" He hesitated a moment, then continued. "You heet me, vonce, Meester—an' Aye bane beeg, strong mon. Meester, yet Aye not heet you back, Meester. Aye not heet you back, because Aye keel you—Aye yust mad enough to keel you. Aye mad like that, vonce, Meester—an' Aye keel a mon—Aye heet too hard." Jan's voice had lifted a little with the suppressed passion of hatred and contempt within him. O'Brien seemed to shrivel beneath the biting words that followed. But he stood, thoroughly cowed, mutely waiting the judgment pronounced upon him. Jan continued in his slow, effective way.

"But Aye tell you what Aye tink, Meester. You bane dam beeg coward—a mon to heet a leetle woman—you bane ought to be keeled, Meester—an' Aye 'traid—Aye might heet you—Aye beeg too beeg—Aye heet too hard—Aye might keel you, so Aye go, Meester—" Jan choked on his utterance. He swung about sharply, and strode off down the track, followed by the stricken eyes of O'Brien, until a curve in the road hid him from the boss's view.

Illustrated Weekly. Los Angeles Times Saturday, January 20, 1916.]

EXCURSION IN THE FIELD OF PSYCHOLOGY.

Strange Presentiment. By Luigi Capuana.

"N O, DEAR FRIEND," said the doctor, turning to the young lawyer, who finished speaking amidst polite exclamations of approval from many of the little circle of friends, "psychology is not yet one of the positive sciences; she still lacks one of the most vital means to this end—experiment. Psychology studies certain phenomena, certain facts, but cannot reproduce them at pleasure in order to subject them to examination by proving and disproving them. She ignores the creative, vital process and leans everything upon hypotheses. And when she finds herself confronted by certain embarrassing facts, she denies them, or else waves them aside contemptuously; but facts do not exist any the less for this; they remain immovable, waiting for an explanation which perhaps will never arrive. Our forces are exceedingly limited, and so are our means of investigation. We can only say 'We do not know,' and this humble confession would be much more scientific than to affirm, 'It is absurd.' The absurd exists only for mathematicians. Oh, and others; yes, others. However, I, for example, have known—"

"Oh, now we'll have a story," interrupted the young lawyer, laughing.

"Yes, a melancholy little story," replied the doctor; "such a story as would be known only to one of us old people who have had the unenviable privilege of seeing many things which tormented the head and heart. I shall never forget the scene at which I assisted four years ago, and I shiver when I think of it. You just now have denied the possible verity of a number of presentiments, obscure and mysterious, which admonish us of a fact which is about to take place. It has been indicated by many little particulars which passed unobserved, but which, accumulated and developed by an internal labor of which we were not conscious, suddenly seem to point to some clear end, and then we take on the airs of prophets and diviners."

"But in the case I am about to relate, there is nothing of this."

"Twenty years ago—note it, twenty years—I was dining with my friend Batocchi, whom I had not seen for some time. Companions in college and in the university, we afterward lost sight of each other, I being in America and he in the provinces. I needed to make a position for myself and also a fortune; he, rich, esteemed for his character and for his genius, was one of

those very few happy persons in this world who only need to wish in order to realize their desires. I must add, however, that my friend's desires were so simple that everybody pardoned him his good fortune. His one defect was an unconquerable indolence which caused him to be unadapted for any energetic action. In fact, he himself qualified himself, smiling, 'a dilettante of life.'

"We were at table, facing each other, very happy to see each other when we least expected to do so, because our encounter had been by chance. In passing from discourse to discourse, going over the past, recalling old friends, long vanished from worldly scenes, we were seized by melancholy sentiments, which were exaggerated by the fact that we would soon part again, and we finally began to speak of that terrible thing death; that blind force, beneficent and maleficent without apparent reason; which often forgets here below beings by whom it is invoked and carries away others worthy of long life, cuts off the designs of their genius and breaks into their work, with grave disaster to their families and their nations, according to the importance of the individuals."

"I said, 'The worst of it is that death may always arrive unexpectedly.'"

"Oh, as to that," exclaimed my friend, "I am fortunate. I have known for some time, the year, the day and the hour in which I must die."

"I smiled incredulously, shaking my head."

"Yes, yes," he continued, "I shall die in 1883, the fourth Thursday in May at 5 in the afternoon."

"Who prophesied this for you?"

"A presentiment. Look; I have made a note of it in a book."

"He got up from the table to go and get from his study a volume in which he had noted it."

"You, though, do not believe in this folly," I said, after reading what he had written. "How did you get this into your head?"

"I do not recollect. One fine day I heard an interior voice, which said: 'You will die in 1883, the fourth Thursday in May, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.' From that time on the voice has been so insistent that I have made a note of its warning, so that others may verify my presentiment, if it prove to be true."

"He spoke tranquilly, like a man convinced of the possibility of the case."

"Folly or not," he added, "this presentiment means something to me. Relying upon it, I have been able to confront many perils with indifference, by land and by sea. I have found myself under circumstances—"

"You joke," I interrupted.

"I foresee," he continued, "that it will not be diverting, if I live until that year and that day. But for the present, I think of it only with vivid curiosity. I have twenty years before me. It is now 1863."

"Listen," I said, "if I am still alive in '83, I shall come here from whatever part of the Old or New World in which I find myself. After 5 o'clock you will treat me to a dinner fit for Lucullus, for which I shall give you the list a month beforehand, on account of the variety of delicacies you will be obliged to order."

"And if the presentiment comes true at the right moment?"

"It will not come true."

"Will you pay my funeral expenses?"

"I will pay your funeral expenses."

"And will you give me a splendid funeral?"

"Very splendid."

"Be sure and live then, or I shall say you died to escape paying the bet."

"Be sure to live, yourself."

"Then I paused. We had neither of us foreseen the possibility of his dying before '83. In this event he would equally lose the bet, and I called his attention to this."

"I shall add a codicil to my will today," he replied. "You will be recompensed."

"What talk, isn't it?"

"Are you afraid of death?"

"Afraid, no; but I confess that I prefer life. At least it has no mysteries."

"On the contrary, to me life seems more mysterious than death."

"Knowing that my friend delighted in certain paradoxes, I let him talk without saying anything. Besides, he talked very well, and I smoked one of his excellent 'Rothschilds' with much enjoyment, while he talked."

"From that year until January, '83, I had news of my friend Batocchi from time to time, and he always reminded me of our bet. He was always well, as he said jokingly, 'without a headache or a cough!' He lamented, however, that he was growing somewhat fat and he joked about this also. 'A small bay window,' he wrote, 'for the present is not unbecoming to my height.'

He was tall, but well proportioned—a fine-looking man, in fact.

"In April of the fatal year, however, he suddenly wrote me:

"I feel that I am finished. I eat about as much as an ant, and cannot digest the little I eat. I am no longer a man, but the ghost of a man; you would scarcely recognize me."

"This time he did not speak of our bet."

"About the first of May I went to see him."

"He was rosy, fresh, almost young again at 63 years; he seemed the personification of health."

"I wished to frighten you," he said, embracing me and laughing happily.

"His merriment, his indifference, seemed to me to be simulated, ostentatious. I reflected, 'One cannot always bear in mind for more than thirty years a lugubrious presentiment, such as that of my friend, without feeling somewhat shaken by it.'"

"I interrogated him about this."

"No," he replied, "I wait with vivid curiosity; it is an interesting case, do you not think so? In the meantime, I have given orders for the dinner, according to your list. There will be ten of us—friends—or, perhaps, if anything happens there will— You know the people of antiquity always banquetted after a funeral."

"The afternoon of that fourth Thursday in May there were in fact ten of us in his house, and we tried to appear happy; but this time the ostentation was very evident. We felt embarrassed and uneasy, in spite of the fact that we were all skeptical; none of us would have dared to look at the clock, we were afraid to be aware of the approach of the fatal hour."

"I related a strange adventure of mine in the pampas of South America among the Indians, and they all listened with great attention."

"All at once, Batocchi almost leaped from the chair on which he was seated, pale and with his eyes bursting from their sockets."

"Here she is!" he stammered.

"Who?" exclaimed everybody.

"Death!"

"Staggering, he moved toward a door of the room, as if he were going to meet a person who had arrived unexpectedly."

"He took two or three steps, then fell over backward, waving his arms—blasted."

"And the clock slowly struck five times."

[Translated from the Italian of Luigi Capuana by Edith Lowe.]

A Little Inkling of the Occident. A Chinese Romance.

BY S. ANSAM.

ON THE second day of the second month Li Ming-yu, the son of the wealthy Chinese jewel merchant, went, ostensibly, to worship at the earth-god temple in Nanking. At the same time the Manchu Viceroy's favorite daughter, Sung Mei-Deh, secretly packed a compressed amount of silken garments, needle-worked shoes, and hand mirrors into a small red lacquered trunk, ordering it placed in her amah's chair, as they started—ostensibly, also—for a few hours' ceremonious call on Mei-Deh's foreign teacher at the mission.

The ancient surname of Li, or "Plum" in plain United States, was much honored in this scion of the family tree, Ming-yu. He had been instructed in the American University of Harvard—where other young men were also learning how to spend their fathers' wealth—for five years.

The servants gossiped of him:

"He spends many silver taels in the wine-shops with wealthy companions."

"The already prosperous jewel dealer is establishing branch houses in Peking and Tien-tsin."

"That is due to the advice of the son. He has brought back a wisdom of wealth. He is firm and high in his father's favor."

"The son has resumed the customs of his ancestors. His barbarous outside-country clothing is packed away in the camphor-wood chests in the household rooms allotted to him and his future wife since his return. He will not so much as put on the straw head-covering and the leather foot-covering that the Shanghai dandies affect."

"The go-between business is very active in the gates of the honorable families that have unbetrothed daughters here in Nanking since the Li Ming-yu dashes along the malu behind his snorting black go-devil."

Today the young Li did not drive as usual, like a modern Jehu, in his trap, but rode in a jinricksha with hand and foot warmers. He wore a handsome lilac brocaded silk over his wadded garment. His hair was crimped and his head-fringe stood aristocratically erect, while his long braid was tied with heavy black tassels.

Sun Yat Sen had not yet started the fashion of queue-cutting in China. Ming-yu's guild kept hidden lists of the knife and more dangerous cutlery makers whose shops now were busy all night behind closed doors; he knew that the Viceroy's bodyguard had been doubled.

At one-dot of the time-measure piece Ming-yu's coolie carried him swiftly past the Manchu Yamen street gates. A sideways glance realized the hope that the Viceroy's favorite daughter was entering her sedan chair. One anxiety relieved.

The marriage god shook his head more than once during the youth of Li Ming-yu and Sung Mei-Deh; while she was learning English ways in Shanghai, and he absorbing American methods in the States. The god reserved for them an uncommon romance.

Of all the Ghit Tai's daughters that had ever dwelt in the south capital of Nanking, Sung Mei-Deh had been born with the most unmixt beauty of cleverness.

"Pendant stones, and with them Of fine jasper a gem

I gave, and then saw him depart."

she had supplemented with voice and obo, finishing "The Escort Song of the Generous Nephew" when Ming-yu paused in its singing. That had been three months before this, on a Yang-tse steamer from Shanghai, when her cabin had been next his.

At her father's command she was returning from the School for Officials' Daughters, on account of the troublous times. No one knew, then, whether the Chinese general, Yuan Shih Kai, was going to assemble the Manchu soldiery in grand parade and announce himself dictator, or was holding himself in readiness to stand behind the throne of Her Imperial Highness to take off the heads of the revolutionarily-inclined against Mongol rule.

From her stateroom window floated strains and snatches of "The Bride's Lament," and of other odes of the reigns of Ching and Chow, and, to Ming-yu's amazement, "The Jewel Song" from Faust. Who could she be? The enamored Ming-yu left his friends aboard to promenade on that part of the deck during the entire trip.

He had failed to elicit her card through her amah. Only one ravishing glimpse of her wine-flesh-rouged exquisite features, her long ear bangs, her dainty hands, and her embroidered-satin-shod feet did he get as she entered the carriage awaiting at Hsia Gwan when the steamer docked at Nanking.

Sick with baffled desire, he had not rested until she replied to his ardent addresses. On the boat he had learned her title. Through his father's steward he had at last been able to communicate with Viceroy Sung's Ameri-

can private secretary. This interpreter was also a devotee of the marriage god; a bride was to come across the sea to him within the year.

In a tiny green silk-lacquered box Ming-yu put a carved jade pendant on a beautifully wrought golden chain. He sent his red three-by-eight-inch calling card and a note in English on the red paper of many folds:

"Permit me the pleasure of presenting this most unworthy trifle. I understand that the American little sisters greatly admire the hand workmanship of this mean Middle Kingdom."

Mei-Deh's amah sent home enough Mexican dollars to keep her family in rice for a year. And under the storm of the succeeding smuggled-in beseechings Exalted Beautiful-Virtue had been unable to remain obdurately modest. The less able because she had seen him from her shuttered window on the boat, and her fancy had become sadly entangled.

From the sheaf of rhetoric she culled the most graceful expression each chit he had sent. In the clearest character she brushed at the close:

"Shall the Flowering Plum wither in sorrow?"

Joy flowed into Ming-yu's heart at last.

Along this safe channel the chit books rapidly exchanged. They contained the elegant distichs that he addressed to her and the rich Chinese of her repertory and occasional flights of uncertain American from them both.

He saw her pass on rare feast and temple days. These glimpses maddened his soul

MAN and a woman stood on a terrace overlooking an orange orchard. Behind them were lighted French windows set like glowing jewels in a shadowy wall. Before them the land lay drenched in southern moonlight till each tree glittered like a sap-
 was a little short, and in no mood for his another sort of goodnight. And then she went in to the living-room, where he waited long and not fall in love with her. Are you little methodical tricks irritated him. That Delays irritated him. How straight below rock under his hand—Why more delays? He hated him, hated him—suddenly.

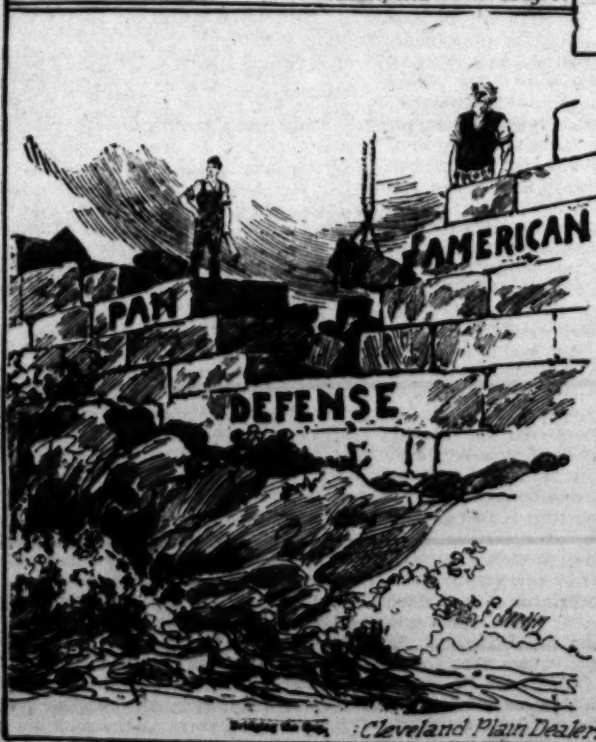
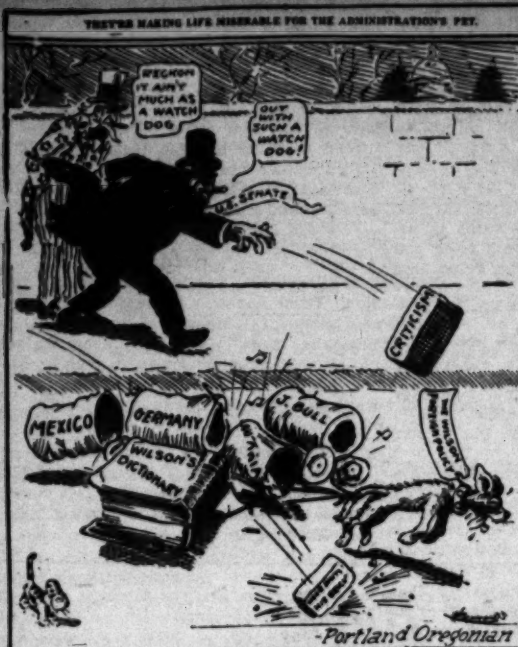
THE JUST AND THE UNJUST JUDGE.

[Saturday, January 29, 1916.]

Illustrated Weekly.

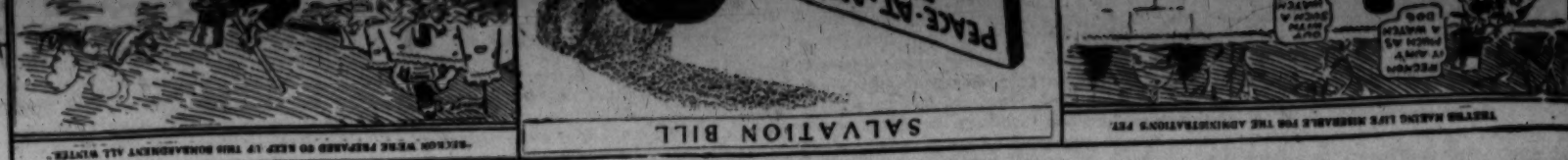
A Righteous Silver Dollar. By Kendrick Foster.

Recent Notable Cartoons.



A Crew of '49ers. By A. T. Heintz.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY)



Recent Notable Cartoons.

Los Angeles Times

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THE JUST AND THE UNJUST JUDGE.

A Righteous Silver Dollar. By Kendrick Foster.

A MAN and a woman stood on a terrace overlooking an orange orchard. Behind them were lighted French windows set like glowing jewels in a shadowy wall. Before them the land lay drenched in southern moonlight till each tree glittered like a separate and frozen fountain of suspended drops. Beyond the orchard, other orchards, and dim, dissolving trees, a thin, white flame shimmered on the horizon. . . . The mountains, the glamour of winter magic, seen from the very shadow of spring! How that distant shimmer called to them. But with a difference.

For a space they were so still that it was evident there was something—either understanding or stress of some sort—between them. Then, as if abruptly breaking a mood, Helen Cahill stretched out her arm toward the line of uncertain pallor.

"Isn't it wonderful, Louis—even from here! And you are going up into it tomorrow, really? How I envy you."

She spoke as one who would create a new atmosphere—hastily.

The man looking at her, and even in the moonlight the effect of his glance was to emphasize the hastiness. He was short and thick-set; there was an air of power about him; and wistfulness—a trifle—as of power checked. His voice was deep and somber, and deliberate.

"Yes. We will start tomorrow; the trip has hung fire long enough now. Funny, though: Temple was wild to go up till last night, and now he seems less anxious. However, we leave as planned. This weather is too good to waste."

"Have you any idea why he is not so anxious—now?" she questioned, half to herself.

"None at all, surely. Perhaps he has another girl on the string."

She winced slightly, but he did not see. "Sometimes you are so crude, Louis," was all she said.

They were silent again for a moment; then Louis Frayne, adventurer, found courage to recall an atmosphere. His voice deepened a little, softened.

"Helen," he began, "we've been pretty good friends, haven't we?"

She nodded, not knowing quite how to answer in the presence of what her intuition told her was coming.

"I don't know how much the friendship has given you. Very little, probably. But it has done much for me. I have come to care for you very deeply; it has done that."

She made a slight movement away from him, and eluded his eyes, but he went on:

"Very deeply. The more deeply because I have never loved before. You know me; you know that I don't scatter myself. Helen, do you think—?"

She had herself in hand now. But she spoke sincerely.

"I wish you hadn't, Louis."

He looked at her quickly, but choked down what he wished to say. His passion seemed almost childish in the face of her composure. And yet he longed—madly—He heard her voice again.

"I can't, Louis. I like you very much—you know that—but I can't. It isn't that kind—And besides—you should know it now—last night I promised to marry Mr. Temple."

Frayne had one quality which, more than any other, had helped to win him success; he knew when he was beaten. It did not, he thought, pay to waste effort. Therefore, when he spoke, neither tone nor words were even remotely what she had been expecting. Yet they must have hurt him.

"I'm sorry I made that break about Temple, then," said he in a voice that was so level it was flat. "But let us part friends still."

He held out his hand; hers found it to be crushed.

"I must go and pack now. Good night and good-by, Helen."

"Pack! You are going—after this?"

"Certainly. I see no reason for crawling out of a promise. If Temple goes, I go. Good-by."

"Good-by, Louis."

She watched him go in astonishment, and with some sorrow. Strangely, now that his vital presence had been removed, the place seemed cold, empty, the moonlight insipid. She thought of two men alone with each

other. . . . It was horrible. Why couldn't he have waited till they came back? She thought of Temple. . . . Eventually she went in to the living-room, where he awaited another sort of good-night. And then she was a little short, and in no mood for his tenderesses.

Temple came back to camp with six trout and found Frayne lacing up his boots.

"Where to?" he asked.

"Down to Trotter's Camp, after mail."

"Oh, that's so. This is about mail day, isn't it? Last chance before we hit the tall country. Rather I'd go?"

"Not unless you're wild about it," said Frayne with an ironical rising inflection.

Temple was a man so universally good-natured that Frayne suspected something off-color in his composition. Now he did not notice, apparently, the irony.

"Frankly, I'm not," said he with a laugh. "After yesterday, fifteen miles seems to me supererogatory. Aren't you ever tired, Frayne?"

"Not often," replied Frayne grimly, and rose.

"Back by five," he dropped over his shoulder as he cleared the camp; then he was gone.

They had been out for a week. And so far Frayne had been spared the supreme torture of letters, news from home. But, now that the thing could well be put off no longer, he wished fantastically to test himself to the uttermost; and hence the solitary walk to the distant resort—for his rival's letters. It was of Temple that he thought as he swung along. He was not such a bad chap, but lazy and too good-natured. Lazy, yes; had it been left to him, no letters would have been brought. Why the devil hadn't it been left to him? He (Frayne) was a fool. Besides, he had a blistered heel.

But he kept on. He made the seven miles and over in a trifle less than two hours; and, though his foot still hurt, the sight of his watch made him feel better. Anyhow, he could still walk. But two envelopes bearing a well-known feminine hand were sufficient to flatten all his small triumphs. Among his friends Frayne bore the name of a good loser. He laughed sardonically as he thought of the true inwardness of this matter.

"I'm a sweet bluff," he told a pine tree, and paused. "And why the devil should I hurry back and listen to that idiot's chortlings?" he asked the tree. "Am I to be drawn and quartered every hour?—Oh, I suppose it's good for my soul. On with the dance."

Temple commented on the speed of his trip, and when he saw his share of the loot, took it and retired, grinning pleasantly. Frayne then cleaned a gun, glowered, and bit in two the stem of his favorite pipe—all in a half an hour, at the end of which time Temple returned and they started supper. Temple, though he still smiled, was for reasons unmentioned not in the best possible humor. When they sat down to beans and so on, there was something in the air which was not wood smoke, nor yet the odor of bacon and trout, a subtle something. At the easiest, two men are likely to tread on each other's toes somewhat after a week together in the wilderness. And this was not at the easiest.

"Any news?" asked Frayne, casually enough for most situations.

Temple looked at him swiftly. He was eating and oblivious.

"—little."

"So that is where the vest is tight!" thought Frayne. "Did she scold him, I wonder, or was she just laconic?"

He said nothing, and they continued their meal.

"Oh, I forgot: Helen sent regards to you," said Temple, his mouth not quite full enough to conceal the sneer behind the words.

"Helen?"

Temple did not notice the tone of the query. Had he done so, the sequel might have been different.

"Helen Cahill."

"Ugh-um."

"She seems to think quite a lot of you, Frayne. You are old friends, I believe?"

"I have known Miss Cahill for nine years," said Frayne, with difficult yet elaborate emphasis.

Temple thought he would play on the awkwardness of the allusion.

"Don't see how you could know her that long and not fall in love with her. Are you as cold-blooded as they say, Frayne?" Frayne got to his legs—suddenly.

"Miss Cahill is the best woman on earth," he began, somewhat over-heroic in his manner through sheer wrath, "and—"

"Superfluous—quite," drawled Temple. Frayne whitened.

"And we'll not discuss her here," he continued grimly. "Neither will we discuss my emotional make-up. Do you get me?"

Temple turned red.

"Why, you — fool," said he insolently. "Helen's going to marry me. I guess that makes the topic safe. As for—"

"Not with me it doesn't. While you're around me you will not discuss Miss Cahill. Nor my feelings."

So far Frayne had been cool. But here Temple overstepped.

"I was about to say," he sneered, "that whatever I may have thought once upon a time, the latter subject quite ceases to interest me—now."

Frayne very quickly stooped, picked a heavy skillet out of the fire, and struck Temple over the head with it.

When at last Temple recovered consciousness it was dark. His head was bound up with a cold-water compress, and ached dully; otherwise he was comfortable enough in body. Across the fire he saw Frayne. Presently the latter, who had been staring at something beyond the ring of fire-splashed trees that surrounded them, looked about, saw Temple's open eyes, and spoke.

"I'm sorry now that I hit you, Temple," said he. "I lost my grip—for some unknown reason."

Temple considered. An insidious desire awoke in the back of his aching head and grew. He did not like being brained with a frying-pan. It was not Frayne's fault that the braining had not been actual. And he knew quite well that to neither of them was the reason unknown. Then he knew that, because Frayne was the stronger man, he hated him. Desire became indefinite resolve.

"All right," said he with specious lightness: "I was also to blame. I was a bit flat-footed, I'm afraid."

They sat and smoked. Temple's resolve almost infinite. Then Frayne said:

"I suppose you don't want to keep on now."

Now it was a resolve; of course, he wanted to keep on. But he was clever enough not to let it be apparent.

"It will be rather unpleasant. And yet I hate to give up the peak. And it will look queer if we come back now."

"It will," Frayne agreed with both statements, or either.

Another silence.

"We'll cut cards," said Frayne at last.

"If I win, we'll quit. If you win, we'll keep on, and omit the dangerous subjects. That fair?"

"Yes."

They cut, and Temple won. He found it necessary to go to bed to conceal his elation.

For two hours he lay there in his blankets, still as a tick, planning, planning. When he slept Frayne still sat by the fire staring into the dark. And he too was planning. He had concluded that, if the trip must be finished, Temple's legs should suffer in consequence. And then? A year in the East—What else was there?

They were toiling up one of the lateral ridges of the great peak they had come so far to climb. On either side fell immense depths where the winter's snow still choked each chasm from wall to wall. The backbone to which they clung like leeches was like the blade of an ancient knife, jagged, cold, so sharp and steep that no snow was there save in an occasional cleft between rocks. The keen air moaned about them. Far below, clouds boiled up out of the valleys and raveled against the stern breath of the heights.

The climbers reached a little angle in the ridge where was comparative shelter. Here Frayne stopped to retie a bootlace. Temple did not notice his companion's digression at once, and kept on till he was some fifty feet almost directly above the broad bent back. Frayne looked big from above. He seemed to be having difficulty with the lace. Temple remembered several occasions on which Frayne's boots had given trouble.

Delays irritated him. How straight below the broad back was! Frayne and all his little methodical tricks irritated him. That rock under his hand—Why more delays? He hated him, hated him!

The boulder started slowly, then leaped straight downward. In a fraction of a second many emotions commandeered Temple. The bent back was so unconscious. Damn him! He must give him a chance. At least that. He must!

The two strange things came at once. "LOOK OUT!" cried Temple, in a voice agonized by the inward conflict that seemed so independent of his volition.

The great rock struck a small projection, leaped into the air, and went humming like a wild bullet down into the white void below. After an endless time a dull thud told of its final stoppage in some deep drift.

Frayne looked up, as calm as ever.

"Close," was his only comment.

Temple was strangely shaken. He hardly dared to look at Frayne as that imperturbable person painfully rejoined him over the cold teeth of the ridge. He had nearly—What? Why— He could not pronounce the word. Now that it was all over Temple lost his nerve completely.

"I—I thought I'd killed you, Frayne. I thought—"

"Never mind," said Frayne, looking at him closely. "It's all over now. Brace up; and be careful how you handle your feet from now on."

But Temple went on, talking mostly to himself in the astonishment of sudden self-horror and revelation.

"God! I thought I'd killed you. I never meant—I never meant—"

At the last words Frayne started slightly and gave his shivering companion another keen scrutiny. He looked below into the misty depths. Then he seemed to come to a decision, and pulled out a flask.

"Here," he said, "drink some of this; you need it."

They both drank. Presently Temple pulled himself together sufficiently to go on. They went silently, and as before—save that Frayne went ahead.

And now, at last, they were coming down from the peak. For some distance the going was easy, over snow, seemingly firm snow. Temple, by accident or design, went first. He skied along over the crust by merely keeping his feet near together and scuffing them slightly. Several times he fought for his balance, and writhed like a black marionette against his pale, infinite background. His twistings amused Frayne in a manner as contorted as themselves. He laughed harshly.

Temple waltzed grotesquely into a little gully and disappeared. A thin, inarticulate cry trailed up after him, to be swiftly dissolved in immensity. Frayne leaped forward, then caught himself, poised tense for a second, and dropped back to his heels.

"He ought to have kept out of there," he said to himself with careful absence of emotion. Then, having made his character, he followed in Temple's tracks, deliberately, carefully, with wide-spread feet.

When he had slid into the little draw, he saw in its center an irregular hole gaping at the black sky with equal vacuity—and no Temple.

Frayne crept to the side of this hole. As he bent to look down, he knew a strange lack of either fear or excitement. He did not care whether he looked or not; he was bored. Finally he looked casually, as one glances into a shop window.

Temple had broken through the treacherous crust into a narrow well between two rocks. At the bottom of this pit he stood upright. And his head was not more than five feet below Frayne's hand. At once Frayne saw that there was no escape for the imprisoned man by his own efforts; the rocks were as smooth as glass; and no man can burrow through solid ice with bare hands, so lateral egress, otherwise possible, was forbidden. The trap was perfect.

Temple looked up; even his eyes were pallid.

"Can you reach Frayne?" he queried weakly, stretching up his hands toward the expressionless face above him.

A trace of elation filtered through Frayne's mind. But it was quickly smothered beneath that queer impersonal sense of utter

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY.)

THE GOLDEN GLOW OF PIONEER DAYS.

A Crew of '49ers. By A. T. Heintz.

CHAPTER IV.

BY DINT of repeated inquiries, Joe found the master of the little schooner that had brought the captains up the river; but the surly codger would give no information, except that the passengers had scattered as soon as they reached the wharf, and he knew nothing more about them.

As Joe was turning reluctantly away, the mate called to him that Cap'n Ed had left word that they were going to Frazier's store for their outfit, and requested Joe to meet them there.

At the store a bitter disappointment awaited Gardener. Two days previous the captains, hearing of a new "strike," had become impatient at his delay and had started for the diggings, leaving with the clerk definite oral directions for their friend, who was to follow them. But the clerk, imbued with the spirit of the times, had suddenly deserted his post and hurried close on the heels of the four mariners. Their destination nobody knew. They might have gone north, and they might have gone south. There were a hundred and one places to which they might have gone. Rich strikes were being made every day. There had been a recent and marvelously rich discovery at Georgetown. Probably they had gone there.

Joe's heart was heavy and his feet lagged as he set out alone on his quest in the broiling heat.

At Colma he could find neither friends nor promise of gold. The Marshall and Sutter factions were warring with prospectors over the question of property rights. Turning to the southeast he made his way to Hangtown, where he found plenty of "dust" in the placers; but the dry season was on, and there was no water for the sluicing. Greatly discouraged, he bent his steps northward, and ascended the ridge to Georgetown. There fate was still far from favorable to him. While others were daily opening up rich "dirt," he found but an occasional small pocket. By persistent effort, however, he managed to add a little to his store from day to day.

Had anyone stopped to consider the situation, the extreme hardships in that country of limited resources would have been appalling. Hundreds of men lived in huts made of brush cut from the chaparral, while thousands more, after a hard day's work, threw themselves on the hard ground and slept serenely, with no shelter against the cool mountain air. In the morning the hillsides reeked with the odor of frying salt pork, which, with the addition of beans, hard biscuits and coffee, composed the breakfasts of the miners, who hurried about like so many ants, each intent upon dropping his burden and returning to his own formicary. Nearly all of the men worked in pairs, as "partners," and avoided with suspicion those who traveled alone. Joe made no attempt to ally himself with anyone, because he daily looked forward to running across his own friends. But the summer passed, the autumn was far advanced, the rainy season was on hand, and still he wandered and dug alone.

Day after day the clouds thickened from a translucent film spread thinly over the sky, to opaque heaps of dull, leaden gray, which hung low and threatening over the earth. In the early days of November the rain began to fall in torrents, causing a stampede of the miners, who fled from their shelterless beds on the bare ground to the protection of the city.

But even in Sacramento the discomforts differed only in degree from those of the remote mining camps. After spending three wakeful nights beneath a water-soaked, dripping tent, Joe succeeded in securing a bunk, which, with ninety-nine other bunks, constituted the furniture of a long, ill-ventilated building which stood back from the river on high land.

The rains continued unceasingly. By Christmas time many of the streets were cut off and impassable. By the second week in January the whole lower part of the city was under water, and the flood had become a menace, not only to human belongings but to human life as well. On all hands the poorly fed, uncared-for miners were stricken with disease, while horses, cattle, mules and other property were swept away by the hundreds. Access to the streets and buildings was impossible except by means of ferries

and small boats, for the use of which the sum of \$30 an hour was demanded.

Joe was at home on the water, and found ready employment in the saving of human lives and property, all the time keeping a steady lookout for the captains. Morning, noon and night he labored, becoming so engrossed in his work that several days elapsed before he learned that the hospital was inundated, and that the attendants had deserted their posts, leaving the sick and helpless patients to perish from want and exposure. Some of the unfortunate creatures had since been removed by sympathizing friends, but others were reported to be still lying alone and unattended in the isolated building.

Greatly distressed, Joe immediately started in quest of a boat. Catching a glimpse of a rude raft as it glided past the foot of the street, he ran to the corner and hailed the boatman. In response to the call the man sculled to the landing. "I want you to take me over to the hospital," Joe explained. "They tell me that the nurses abandoned the building several days ago, and that some of the patients are there yet."

"Ah! The Guardian Angel!" the man sneered. "I suppose you're going to rescue another forlorn damsel; or, perhaps, it's the same old one. I'm not taking orders from you today. I've got the whip-hand this time."

Joe looked keenly at the man. "Oh! It's you, is it, Hamlin? We'll take some other time to discuss this matter. Just now we must get to the hospital and save those men."

"I'm not in the business for sweet charity's sake. I want you to understand," Hamlin snarled. "The price of this craft is \$30 an hour; and I'm engaged to Harrison for the day."

"You'll take me to the hospital first!"

"I'll be damned if I do!"

Joe's hand flashed out and caught the painter, which hung out over the side of the raft. "You'll be damned if you don't, and that in a mighty big hurry," he sternly declared, drawing his pistol and pointing it steadily at the recalcitrant Lewis.

Hamlin cowered low. "Aw, put up your gun," he cried; "can't you take a joke?"

"Yes, I'm taking it now. To begin, I'll take your guns. Hand them here, both of them, butt ends this way, please. That's it. Now, we'll start."

Still grasping the painter, Joe took his station in the center of the raft, and, standing above the oarsman, directed the course of their voyage. Reaching the hospital, he leaped to a small portico, and, after making fast to a post, ordered Hamlin to precede him into the building.

Hamlin's face grew pale. "Do you think I'm going to expose myself to danger from all sorts of diseases?" he cried. "Not by a darned sight. You go in, if you're so set on it! I'll wait here."

Joe gave him a stern look. "Move on!" he commanded, in a tone that no mutinous sailor would dare resist. Hamlin obeyed.

The two strong young men shivered from the damp, tomb-like chill that penetrated to their very vitals as they waded knee-deep in water from one vacant, hollow-sounding room to another. Save their own swishing footsteps, all was silent as the grave.

"There's nobody here," Joe said, pausing before the last closed room. With an impatient jerk, he exerted all his strength against the resisting water, pushed the door wide open and stepped inside. A gaunt, gray-faced figure lay stretched upon the bunk.

"Uncle Ed!" Joe cried, splashing to the side of the bed, and grasping the chilled claw-like hand that hung below the blanket.

The blue lips moved slightly. "Joey," the captain whispered, "Joey boy, I've been a-waitin' for ye a long time."

Joe forced a few drops of brandy between the old man's set teeth and gently chafed the stiffened hands.

Cap'n Ed opened his eyes. "I'm so cold, Joe," he faltered.

"See if you can't open your mouth and swallow this," Joe coaxed. The drawn lips opened the slightest crevice in response.

"That's it. You'll soon be warm. Uncle Ed. Just another swallow. Your cheeks are getting red as a girl's. Here's a bottle of milk I brought you, too. I was sure I'd

find an infant over here. Hand me that glass, Hamlin, and we'll mix a little brandy with it. This is no milk-and-water baby. That's right—drink it down—and then you can lie still and rest while we take you home."

"Now, Hamlin, let's have that stretcher; it's standing out there by the door. We'll cover him with this heavy canvas."

"Come here a minute, Joey; I want to tell ye something," the captain murmured; then whispered low, as Joe stooped to listen: "Look out for my wallet. I slipped it under the tick, right next to the boards of the bunk."

"I'll take care of it," Joe assured him.

After they had transferred the captain, bed and all, to the stretcher, Joe carefully searched the bunk and every nook and cranny of the barren room, but in vain. The wallet was not there. But to Cap'n Ed's anxious inquiry, Joe answered that it was safe, and he hurried the sick man on board the raft.

Slowly they paddled their way and sculled through the dense wreckage of all sorts toward the high ground. When they reached the landing, Joe leaped ashore.

"Take hold and swing him around," he commanded, "and we'll carry him up to the house."

Hamlin stood still. "What do you take me for?" he cried. "My time's worth money. Do you suppose I'm going to waste it carting dead men's bones about?"

"Your time will never be worth a picayune to you or anybody else if you don't take hold of that stretcher and start up the hill," was Joe's grim admonition. "That's it—step lively now!"

At every step the sticky mud sucked around their feet, and released its hold with a regretful, clinging smack.

"How much do you ask for that stove, Jerry?" Joe called as they passed a store. "That's the only stove in town, and it's worth \$350 with the polpe, today," the dealer answered.

"Bring it up to the bunk-house right away. I want it in a hurry," Joe called over his shoulder, and pushed onward with his burden.

Hastily snatching off the blankets, Joe helped to stow the captain in his own bunk. Then he turned fiercely on the cringing Lewis. "Here's your money," he cried, thrusting a handful of nuggets into Hamlin's hand. "Take it, and get your whining carcass out of my sight as quickly as your legs will carry it."

"That sounds good, Joey," Cap'n Ed feebly applauded. "I feel better already. You got my wallet and poke all right, didn't you?"

"Don't worry, Uncle Ed; everything is safe. Here comes Jerry with the stove. We'll soon have you warm, now."

"Bring it back here, Jerry. Do you think we can set it out here in the lane, and make a hole for the pipe between these two bunks?"

"Shoore we kin. How the divvil did they ever happen to lave this vacant space here? They must have started at both ends at the same toime, and when they met in the middle they didn't mate by half the length of a bunk. It's just loike it was made to arder."

"We'll put a windy in here, too, so he kin see daylight t'roo the rain. Now, ain't it quare how a fellow does have the luck when it sharts his way? I've been a-wonderin' what I'd do with that windy ever since I hed to take it for me pay when that dommed Mercer skipped with me last shovel; and here's the ould captain ready to take it off me hands. Shoore, he can't tell whether he's fadin' his mouth or his eyes in this blackness. Won't he be sillybrayed, though, for havin' a windy all to himself?"

"Here, Joe, let me get there with me saw. I brought this piece of old ouldrun. We kin double it over and make a good chimbley out of it."

With the ready facility born of the stress of the country and the period, Jerry braced his improvised chimney, adjusted the funnel to the stove and hurried away. In an incredible short time he returned, staggering under a heavy load.

"Here's some boxes I brought so ye kin have some dry wood; and this ax you're welcome to." Then he held up his hand in protest, as Joe drew his buckskin bag from his pocket.

"Put it up!" Jerry cried, indignantly. "In-dade, ye'll pay me nothin' at all. I hope me heart'd freeze to an icicle in hell if I'd take it from ye. You're doin' me a kindness to kape it, for it was only atin' itself up with rust. Now, ain't there something else I can do for yez?"

"If you happen to know where I can find some milk; that will be all."

Jerry scratched his head. In that country, whose valleys swarmed with cattle, it was not the custom to milk the cows. Milk was not in fashion. But Jerry was equal to the emergency. "I'll be back with some directly," he answered, and hurried away.

Joe had the fire going when Jerry returned, and in a trice he heated up a cup of milk, and slowly fed it to the invalid.

The nourishment brought a faint tinge of color to Cap'n Ed's lips. He stretched his skeleton hands toward the stove. "It's so good to be warm," he murmured. "I believe I could sleep a bit. And, turning on his side, the weary mariner drowsed away the day, waking only at long intervals to swallow the few drops of nourishment that Joe from time to time held to his lips.

During the late hours of the night, the ninety-nine bunk-owners came straggling in, and, before slipping away to their berths, one by one they paused for a moment beside the box upon which sat the silent watcher. Each man, in turn, as he stood there, peered sympathetically at the motionless form of the sick man, over whose hollow face the flickering candle threw weird, fleeting shadows.

In the morning one of the men beckoned Joe aside, and asked what Cap'n Ed would like to eat.

"He can't take anything but milk, thank you," Joe answered, and returned to his duties.

The man turned thoughtfully to the door and joined a group of his comrades who waited for him outside.

Throughout the day cautious footsteps came and went about the house. Later there was a loud stir at the rear end of the building, followed by the sound of hammering, and the measured, incisive blows of axes. Soon a procession filed down the long lane between the berths, and as it circled round the stove, heaps of wood were deposited there to dry.

"You fellows are mighty kind," Joe whispered, looking cautiously at the captain, who lay with closed eyes in spite of the uproar.

When towards evening, a sad mooding drew near, Cap'n Ed awoke with a start. "What's that?" he asked.

"I'll go and see," Joe hurried away. When he returned a few minutes later he carried a pall of foaming milk.

"The boys have brought you a cow," he explained. "They built a fine shed and corral this afternoon, and here comes about a dozen of 'em now, with loads of grass."

Cap'n Ed closed his eyes and swallowed hard. "Joey," his weak voice protested, "I ain't used to takin' favors from strangers. You take my wallet and go and pay 'em for that caow. Good milk caows are scarce, and wuth consid'able money, especially since so much stock was lost in the floods. You pay 'em in full whatever she's wuth."

Joe hesitated. "I'll offer to pay 'em, if you really insist, Uncle Ed; but I'm afraid it will hurt their feelings. How should we feel if it were the other way round? These men have probably spent the happiest day they have known since they left their homes. I wish you could see their faces. All the hard, tight lines have loosened up, and they look as if they'd had an hour in heaven. It's a blessing to them to know that they have done some good, after spending a winter in the gambling saloons. There they go, sneaking away as if they're afraid they'll get caught; and yet, I haven't seen as happy a lot of men for over a year. I'll hunt them up and pay them, though, if you say so."

"Never mind, lad; I reckon my false pride didn't let me look at it in the right way. I s'pose there's sich a thing as bein' too independent; and you kin be jest about as selfish in refusin' to receive as you can in refusin' to give. I want you to bring 'em all in, though, so I can thank 'em when they come home. I tell you I appreciate this, boy." The weak voice faltered, and gradually faded away as the old man turned his back to the lane, and surreptitiously

THE LEGEND OF THE DEVIL'S SLIDE.

A Mountain's Revenge. By Frederick J. Jackson.

IN THE midst of a blinding cloud of evanescent yellow clay dust, the coast-bound stage from Grant's Pass pulled up at "The Rookery," as the tavern on the summit of the Devil's Slide was known. The driver's foot shoved the brakeroad down to the last notch, and, dropping the lines, he descended stiffly to the ground.

Hearing the bolsterous "whoa" and the screech of the iron-hooped wheels against the brakes, a tall, lean, raw-boned youth emerged from the barroom where he had been cleaning a rifle. He was of the western type, long-limbed, and with the flat muscles that are capable of almost Herculean endurance. There was tigerish grace and limberness in his every movement and a lithe spring to his step that hinted of many years of mountain climbing. His face was studded plentifully with freckles that were rather a painful contrast to his pink skin, which showed a tendency toward peeling, and a brilliant thatch of a color that defies accurate description stood upright from being clipped too closely and lent rather a pugnacious air to his otherwise smiling countenance.

"Lo, Brick," was the driver's greeting. "How's tricks?"

"Not taking any," replied Brick with a grimace; "they laid off a shift at the Monumental—passed through here yesterday on their way to town, and not a solitary waddy stopped here to get his check cashed. Business is sure goin' to the sausage mills; that new Butler Valley road is gettin' all the travel we used to get. Yuh know it saves the climb over 'Ragged Jack' to say nothin' of the Slide. Things sure are goin' on the pork here this summer."

"Yeh, they sure are," agreed the driver; "ain't had nothin' but the mail this trip—nary a passenger." He disgustedly spat about half a pint of tobacco juice at a gopher hole. "Where's Tommy?" he inquired as to the whereabouts of Brick's half-breed partner.

"He's down the gulch a mile or so settin' some bear traps."

"Well, I wish him luck, but I reckon they're beginnin' to shed pretty bad now." The driver laboriously bit a plug of "Battle Ax" in two, looked at the two pieces judiciously for a moment, and then returned the smaller one to his pocket. "Is the clean-up in?" he finished.

"Not yet, I can't figure what's keepin' Glegg—he usually gets here long before this. Maybe he's figurin' on holdin' it over till next trip. Stick around a while and wait. I got a fat, four-point buck across the gulch last night, and we'll have a juicy steak soon's I can light a fire. Yuh ain't got no passengers and no one but a fortune teller knows your schedule, so yuh better stick around for dinner."

"That's some inducement, Brick, thanks, but I promised Squarehead Yensen that I'd stop over at his place for dinner this trip. His frau may look like a slab of ham, but she sure is handsome when it comes to tennin' flavor into the grub. S'long, and say hello to Tommy for me when he gets back." The driver had climbed to the box and released the brakes. He cracked his long whip at the leaders.

"So long!" Brick yelled after him, as the empty stage took the curve on two wheels. Half an hour later, Glegg, the superintendent of the Monumental Mine, accompanied by a guard of two armed miners, brought in the weekly clean-up.

"Thought you were goin' to wait over for next trip," ventured Brick. "Stage went through a while ago. Flanagan's mouth was waterin' for some of Mrs. Yensen's gooseberry pie and he wouldn't wait."

"Slide took out the trail," was Glegg's explanation. "Bad season for slides," he added. "Gimme a receipt and lock this in the safe." He handed over a heavy, sealed canvas bag of bullion.

"Yes, I heard about a couple of bad slides down Smith River way," said Brick. He scribbled out the receipt, and continued in a lower tone for Glegg's ear alone. "I'm goin' to town tomorrow and I better take the dust with me. Yuh could open that safe with a patent can-opener."

"Perhaps you better take it," agreed Glegg. At daylight the next morning, Brick McDonald saddled his horse for the long ride to Indianola, the county seat. He opened the safe, removed the bag of gold, and then

absently locked the empty safe again.

"So long, Tommy," he said to his dusky partner. "I'll be back tonight—maybe. Don't expect me till you see me."

"I never do," grinned Tommy. "And say, I'll finish blastin' out that new prospect hole."

The forenoon was almost gone when Brick reached town and deposited the clean-up at the bank. This task finished, he rid himself of the signs of travel and blithely made his way to the home of his friend, the Sheriff, for dinner. The early afternoon was pleasantly spent with Sheriff Crawford and the Sheriff's family—particularly one 19-year-old feminine member of the family—and it required but little persuasion for Brick to remain in town for the dance at Odd Fellow's Hall that evening.

It was after breakfast the next morning when he finally started on the homeward path. Crawford had honored him, and on the front of Brick's vest hung a new silver badge that proclaimed the wearer to be a deputy sheriff. But what really seemed of much higher importance to Brick was a white carnation in the lapel of his coat which had been pinned there by the Sheriff's daughter—"the unbranded yearlin'" as her father fondly called her.

His horse cantered along with its head low while Brick was lost in a maze of air castles—the variety supposed to thrive best in Spain. The world certainly was a good place to live in, he thought, as he slouched easily in the saddle and allowed his imagination to run riot. He was still thinking of the charms of the "unbranded yearlin'" when his horse suddenly lunged, planted his forefeet stiffly and slid down the steep bank of Deer Creek onto the gravelled river-bar. Only Brick's native quickness saved him from a bad spill over the horse's head. With a start he recovered his faculties.

"Golly," he murmured, as he reached for the makings, "I sure got it bad. If I ain't sure-nuff plum forgot about a smoke since I left Squarehead Yensen's place." As Squarehead Yensen's place was seven dusty miles back along the winding road, Brick evidently "had it bad," for when not in a hurry he easily averaged nearly a cigarette to the mile.

When his horse stopped to slake its thirst in mid-stream, Brick was holding the partly-rolled cigarette in one hand while he pulled the tobacco sack closed by the drawstring between his teeth. Then he deftly finished licking the cigarette into proper shape and struck a match. After a few deep and satisfying puffs he looked up at the scarred and gashed face of the Devil's Slide. Full half a mile above him it stood, a vivid yellow scar as though a Titan's knife had slashed away a portion of the pine-clad mountain side. It took its name from an old Indian legend which Brick idly recalled:

"A war-party of Modocs, laden with scalps and maddened by blood lust, after massacring a village of the peaceful Digger Indians on the Coast, had made a rapid march up Deer Creek to attack another village, the inhabitants of which were worshipers of the Devil's Mountain."

"That night when the Modocs made camp beneath the Devil's Slide a solid section of the mountain side loosened and slid down, burying them hundreds of feet deep."

So strong is this legend that even now some of the older members of the Deer Creek tribe of Diggers continue to worship the scarred face of the bluff.

Brick glanced up at the summit far above him as he wondered what had caused the legend to come into his mind. He absently wondered if the legend were true. In the memory of the white inhabitants of the country there had been no slides. He recalled how strongly his partner, Tommy, the son of a white father, but who had been brought up by his Indian mother, had always maintained that the slide would avenge the killing of a man with Indian blood in his veins. Brick laughed at the thought—it was too absurd. As he continued to survey the face of the slide through the haze of his cigarette smoke he noticed that it was far too steep ever to be scaled. A little study convinced him that its descent might be possible if anyone were foolhardy enough to attempt it.

Then his cigarette scorched his finger and he lost interest in the cliff. He pulled up his horse's head and urged him on. Sudden-

ly, he paused again and listened.

From the top of the slide there had come a faint muffled roar. It was barely distinguishable, very faint indeed, but in a moment it was caught by the hills behind him and echoed, magnified and then re-echoed back by the face of the Slide.

Brick had involuntarily stiffened at the sound, but he relaxed again and shook up his horse. "Tommy blastin' again," he murmured to himself; "he'll blow his fool head off some day the way he handles dynamite."

An hour later when he had nearly gained the level ground at the end of the winding road he met two men, one afoot, the other mounted. They both carried rifles and blankets.

The pedestrian Brick recognized as "Slug" Magill, a miner at the Monumental who bore a decidedly unsavory reputation. His companion, too, was looked at rather askance by the better element. He was a skinny, shiftless fellow, exceedingly tall and slim. "Gee, if he had red hair I'd mistake him for a match," Brick facetiously thought to himself.

They seemed somewhat startled and rather uneasy at meeting Brick, and studiously avoided his eye.

"What's the matter, Slug?" queried Brick jocularly. "Got that wealthy feelin' again? Too much of a bloated plutocrat to work?"

"What's it to yuh?" was the surly reply.

"Oh, nothin' at all! Nothin' at all!" Brick grinned as he went by.

"Well, don't butt in then!" snarled Magill.

"All right, Slug, anything to oblige a lady," Brick replied sweetly over his shoulder.

His horse had taken but half a score of steps when something prompted Brick to turn in his saddle and look back. What he saw made him wheel his horse and reach swiftly for his Colt.

The other two had also stopped and turned, and Magill was standing with the rifle resting in the hollow of his arm in a position ready to throw it to his shoulder. He seemed somewhat embarrassed at Brick's sudden turn, and with a short, mirthless laugh at nothing at all he wheeled again and continued on his way down the hill with his companion, both casting furtive glances over their shoulders at Brick, who sat watching them until they had disappeared around the nearest bend in the road.

"Golly," was Brick's amazed verdict, "they's somethin' wrong with those birds. Blamed if Magill didn't look as though he was goin' to pot me. But a fellow is safe if he is watching Magill. Plumb in the back is his style." He continued on his way and soon gained the brow of the hill. He allowed his horse to breathe for a moment after the long climb, then headed for the tavern which was but a short distance away.

Both sides of the road on the summit of the Devil's Slide are densely wooded, which prevented Brick's seeing the tavern until he rounded the turn in the road almost in front of the place. He was startled, almost stupefied, for a moment at what he saw.

The entire front of the tavern was a mass of crackling flames, while clouds of smoke were pouring from every chink and opening. Brick's thoughts flew to his partner.

"Oh, Tommy!" he shouted, and then repeated his hail.

The only answer was the roar of the billowing flames as they eagerly licked and devoured the dry pitchy logs of which The Rookery was built. He had already dismounted and pulled the bridle over the head of his horse so it would stand. With a vague, growing fear tugging and tightening at his heartstrings he ran around to the rear of the building. He saw it had been wrecked as though by an explosion. Then the ruins of the shattered safe met his eye.

It came to him in an instant what had happened. Slug Magill and his partner had found out through miners' gossip that the clean-up had missed the stage. They had looted the tavern to obtain the bullion, not knowing that Brick had taken it to town.

But Tommy—where was he? He was probably dead, for Brick knew that a man of Magill's type would hesitate at nothing. The blast that Brick had heard when his horse was drinking was the blowing open of the safe. Disappointed, they had set fire to the building in a vain effort at concealing the crime.

Taking a deep breath, Brick rushed into the back room, from which smoke in dense,

suffocating volumes was pouring forth. A few steps from the door he fell sprawling over Tommy's prostrate form. Hurriedly, he half-carried, half-dragged the body into the open air. Already it held a hint of stiffness, but this Brick failed to notice. He felt for the pulse; it was not perceptible, so he tore open the front of Tommy's shirt and held his ear to the heart. As Brick raised his head again, his lips quivered with suppressed emotion, for his partner was dead. An examination showed that he had been shot through the back.

With his head bared, Brick arose. "The dirty murderers!" he sobbed, a catch in his voice. A hot tear rolled from his cheek. Memories and scenes flashed before his eyes as pictures on a screen. He recalled his boyhood days when Tommy had taught him the tricks of his mother's race, and how he had missed him when Tommy was attending the government school at Chemawa. Tommy had cut his studies short to come back to him. There came a scene on the rapids of the Klamath when a sharp rock had cleft their frail canoe in twain. Brick had recovered consciousness on a sand-bar, with Tommie working over him to get the water from his lungs. Another time Brick had carelessly pulled his rifle towards himself muzzle-first over a log. The bullet had shattered his thigh bone. It was Tommy who staunch the flow of blood, fashioned rude splints and then carried him on his back for six miles to the doctor at the mine. Brick's eyes hardened again and his jaw grew tense as he gazed on the dead features of the man he had loved as a brother.

"I'll get them, Tommy, I'll get them," he promised, as he covered the still face with his handkerchief.

Again, he ran into the blazing building, and, defying the flames, made his way to the bunkroom upstairs. Snatching a cartridge belt from the wall he hastily buckled it on, for the floor was growing hot beneath his feet. Snatching a 30-30 from the gun rack he bolted for the stairs; a rush of solid flame up the staircase drove him back. With the butt of the rifle he smashed out the single pane that served as a window, and, feet first, wriggled through and dropped to the ground. Then he crammed the magazine with cartridges, mounted his horse and spurred away for the top of the slide.

There are no telephone nor telegraph lines in the mountains of southwestern Oregon; therefore it was impossible to get word through for the sheriff to head them off. If the pair ever managed to cross the California line and gain the fastnesses of the Smith River country, pursuit would be futile.

A plan had dawned on Brick pursuant to his inspection of the Devil's Slide from below. From his study of it he was convinced that he could descend the face of the slide and head Magill off. It took the winding stage road over four miles to climb from the bed of Deer Creek to the summit. At the least it would take Magill and his companion nearly an hour to descend, for downhill riding on a curving 12 per cent. grade is slow riding. Brick figured he could descend the slide in a quarter of that time. True, they were part way down when he had met them, but he hoped yet to be able to beat them to it.

He dismounted at the top of the ridge. For a moment he paused at the brink to gaze down at the road far below him. It appeared to be no wider than an inch. As he peered down, two dots, like ants, appeared on the narrow ribbon of road. They were Magill and his companion. Brick sobbed as he cursed his luck; he was too late. Then he above the Winchester over the ledge; at least he could shoot the horse, he thought, and so hamper their escape. Carefully, he took aim. If it hit one of the men accidentally he knew it would never trouble his conscience. The 30-30 spat downward. A puff of dust arose ten feet beyond the horse. As is the usual tendency when shooting from above, Brick had overshot. He pumped another shell into the chamber, put his cheek against the stock for a second shot, then hesitated in amazement.

A few hundred feet down the declivity was a bed of loose shale. The shale had started to slide downward. Below that he saw several rifts open up in loose spots in the surface where the overlap had become loosened from the stratum beneath. Suddenly he understood. Eroded by countless

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EXHIBIT '65

A Girl's Clever Scheme. By Harold Playter.

"Boosh, boosh!" Mr. Everett was saying. "I tell you, Alice, that Allen's popularity with his men is no asset to the company. I think it quite probable that I shall have to supplant him with a man of more dignity and experience. He came to us well-recommended, but he is young. Moreover

"Send Morelos outside," he directed Allen.

Alice sat and watched him. The strain he was under drew lines in his face that made her realize for the first time how thin he had grown. His mother had told her last night how hard he had been working. For the moment her fear for her father's safety was lost in a rush of compassion for the man before her—this man whom her father wanted to discharge as incompetent when everyone else spoke nothing but good of him: this man who was

"I remembered seeing them pour the stuff in the engine room last year," said Alice. "Do you remember that day, daddy? And do you remember the promise you made yesterday?"

THE LEGEND OF THE DEVIL'S SLIDE.

A Mountain's Revenge. By Frederick J. Jackson.

Saturday, January 20, 1914.

[Saturday, January 20, 1914.]

Los Angeles Times

Illustrated Weekly.

winter rains and frosts and blistering summer suns, the entire surface of the slide was loose. The concussion of the rifle shot had been sufficient to start it into motion. He had read of mountain snow-avalanches being thus accidentally started on their paths to destruction.

Below, Magill and his companion saw their deadly peril and turned in a frantic endeavor to retrace their steps back up the mountain to safety. Too late! A smaller, subsidiary slide had already streamed across the road, cutting off their retreat. Hemmed in on three sides, a slide behind them, the cliff on one side and a sheer drop of fifty feet on the other, the doomed pair turned again in a desperate dash toward the safety that lay below them on the river-bar.

Scarce half the distance had they covered when the main slide overwhelmed them. For a moment the horse and the men were tossed like chips on the crest of a gigantic breaker; then the descending mountain greedily closed over them, thousands of tons of earth and stone pouring out over their grave, burying them hundreds of feet deep.

High above them a lone figure dropped his rifle and removed his hat in order to mop his brow with a red bandanna.

"By golly," he questioned aloud, "I wonder if there was something in that legend after all, or if that was an accident bound to happen anyhow?—Search me!" he succinctly answered himself a moment later. Then he added: "But if it will add to the peace of Tommy's soul, I'll be jiggered if I don't just give him the benefit of the doubt."

Conductors in Kilts.

[London Chronicle:] Kilts instead of skirts for lady tram conductors, it seems, is to be the new style. It is reported from Oldham that skirts being found inconvenient and, in wet weather, a source of discomfort—especially when the car steps had to be climbed—have been discarded in the lady conductor's uniform and replaced by kilts and leggings, buttoning up the sides. If soldiers may wear kilt, why not tram conductors? The new fashion may, for a time, cause amusement, and even ridicule, as was the case with umbrellas when first introduced, but additional comfort may overcome prejudice and lead to the innovation being adopted generally.

Congressional Preparation.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] Too many members of Congress believe that the only adequate national defense involves as a first step the building of innumerable granite postoffices back home where their constituents can see them often and remark upon the successful statesmanship of their Congressmen.

The Bargain Sale.

[Chicago News:] Dry Goods Clerk: We are selling these goods at 98 cents, madam, but they won't last more than a day or two.

Rural Customer: They won't? I wonder you have the cheek to offer them to anybody.

David's Perverted Literary Taste. "The Last Gasp."

BY GLADYS GREEN.

DAVID had finished his breakfast. To say that he folded his napkin would be to manipulate the truth in a manner which a puritan conscience forbids. By an untidy and rapid process he reduced the linen to as small a compass as possible and thrust it into his napkin ring.

"David," said his sister Miriam, from the opposite side of the table, "where are your feet?"

"At the end of my legs, I guess. Do you want them for anything special?"

"No I don't, and I can tell you I get entirely too much of them. You've been kicking me all during breakfast."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," with elaborate humility; "I forgot you had to have so much room for your own feet."

David, who had made a somewhat remarkable growth for his sixteen years, suffered acutely from the long-leg complaint, and rather gloried in it. However, he withdrew the offending members into neutral territory and tactfully changed the subject.

"Anybody going downtown today?" he asked, cheerfully.

His family knew what the question portended.

"If you have any books to be returned to the library," said Mr. Frost, forestalling the inevitable request, "you can take 'em yourself on your bicycle. The last time I went down I was loaded up like a moving van."

"I can't possibly," returned David, plaintively; "you told me to mow the lawn, and I can't carry all those books on my wheel, anyway."

"How many have you read this week?"

"Only one or two, but there were some left over from last week. I wish you'd get me another one as good as 'The Hidden Hoard.' Don't forget."

With a sure sense of the psychological moment for departure, David left the dining-room to drape his long limbs over a porch easy chair and lose himself to domestic annoyance in "The Hidden Hoard." With his recent graduation to long trousers, he had left behind him the innocent and perennially active "Auto Boys," whose adventures, rapidly succeeding each other in all quarters of the globe, had long fed his young imagination. A certain neglected shelf in the den was rich with "Auto Boys in the Frozen North," "Auto Boys Along the Amazon," and "Auto Boys everywhere except at home where they belonged. This pathetic little mausoleum and a few pairs of discarded knickerbockers concealed from light of day in the attic, were all the material remains of David's early youth.

Ten o'clock found "The Hidden Hoard" finished and David vigorously operating the lawn mower to the tune of:

"Sixteen men on a dead man's chest
Yo ho! and a bottle of rum!"

In the midst of his operation he caught sight of his father returning.

"Did you bring me a book?" he shouted. It was of vital importance that he should have reading matter for his next leisure moments.

"Yes," replied Mr. Frost, rather acridly, "I've got a volume which ought to last you all summer, judging by its size. It's called 'Dealers in Death.' I hope you'll enjoy it."

David finished the grass so hastily that it had somewhat the effect of a striped awning, and seizing his book with a hungry hand, dropped into the easy chair with a crash. A few moments later he gave voice to an exclamation of supreme disgust and

consigned "Dealers in Death" to the hall table, which was consecrated to discarded library books.

Mr. Frost, answering the luncheon call, noted the location of his recent importation. It was a sinister circumstance, and the vision of his son placidly devouring the "Dealers" throughout the summer vanished like the dew of the morning.

"David," accused his father, "what's that book doing in the hall?"

A reproachful young Apollo, in khakis and a blue shirt, with brawny arms bared to the elbow, helped himself to the butter and made answer to the implied indictment:

"Father, that book's by a woman! I never read books by women; they don't know how to write adventure stories."

Mr. Frost groaned.

"How do you know they don't, if you never read them?"

"You couldn't expect them to. They can't write anything but 'Oh, Algernon! this is so sudden' I like a good bloody book."

"My boy, that story reeked so of gore that I was positively ashamed to bring it home."

"It couldn't have been any good. The guy that wrote it's named Mrs. Stimson. Gee! I'll bet she uses smelling salts and wears false hair."

"You can't blame me," continued David, observing the expression of unmitigated injury and disapproval on his father's face. "You people don't read women's books, with your Walter Scott and your George Elliot."

"George Elliot was a woman." This from Miriam in some triumph.

"The heck he was?"

"She wrote under an assumed name. You can ask anybody about that."

David perceived the enemy's lines closing in on all sides, and, breaking camp precipitately, he slipped out between their ranks.

"Is anybody going downtown this afternoon?" he asked, in trusting innocence.

Mr. Frost saw his opportunity, and came down with a heavy hand.

"The next reading matter you have, young man, you'll get for yourself. I'm through peddling books for any such epicure as you."

"Oh, well, if you want me to ride my wheel all the way in the heat. I tell you it's hard work pumping back up that hill."

David slouched in his chair, concealing most of his six feet of length under the table. A pair of husky young shoulders, however, and a tanned face won't languish at will.

"If you feel your strength failing too much to allow anything strenuous," said Mr. Frost sympathetically, "you can take the machine; I'm not using it this afternoon."

Evening brought David home glowing with warmth and anticipation, and proudly displaying a book. A book, outwardly not far different from many other volumes, but with what a rich and rare interior. Its title, "The Last Gasp," was modestly inscribed, and the author had evidently preferred to test the success of his creation before launching his reputation with it. For no name was appended. "By the author of 'Seven Against Satan.'" Sufficient recommendation, to be sure. A greedy public to ask for more.

"It took me two hours to select it," said David, radiating self-satisfaction, "and I tell you it's some book! You ought to read it; but you'd better wait till I'm done."

Wait thereupon became the boy's watchword. "Wait a minute;" "Wait till I finish

this chapter;" "Oh, can't you wait a page or two?" Thus did he meet all interruptions, and the Frosts waited until patience ceased to be a virtue.

For some days David was merely a receptacle for the gospel of the "Gasp." The porch easy chair began to sag pitifully beneath its constant burden, and still the absorbed neophyte spent hours cut off from his kind. The only being who was in any wise allowed to participate in the rites was the devotee's small black dog, a trusted, though browbeaten, individual, who paid perhaps rather dearly for his privileges, but nevertheless carried with him an atmosphere of intimacy and importance. Tedo was suffered to remain near the shrine, and even entered his master's inner life to the extent of receiving an occasional slap or tweak of the ear.

There came a time when the gospel, so eagerly imbibed, began to show its potency, and David's conversation was rich with his accumulated gleamings. When draining the glass of breakfast milk was referred to as "tossing off the fiery liquid at a single draught," the Frosts smiled indulgently and proffered more of the same liquid; but when acquaintances of the family were spoken of, with provocation, as "a bunch of bleary-eyed idiots," certain preventives, seemed desirable.

"David," suggested Mr. Frost, regarding the busy son thoughtfully, "you'd better get something else to read; I don't believe 'The Last Gasp' is a very good book."

"The Last Gasp?" in prompt amazement. "It's a peach of a book! You'd just ought to read it! None of your old woman's I love you with my whole being, but you'll have to ask father's stuff."

At this juncture a voice from the kitchen interrupted, and Mr. Frost raised the siege. Carrie was away temporarily and first aid to the breakfast dishes was demanded. David lingered. It was a principle of his never to answer the first call. There was sure to be a second one, anyway, and he had found he could read as much as three pages between the initial summons and the final irate command.

"Da-a-avid?" questioningly. The hero was engaged in uttering a most appealing series of oaths, which precluded all outside interests.

"David!" in a threatening voice.

"Do you want me?" This was a never-failing time-gainer.

"What do you suppose I've been calling you for all this time?"

The moment for dallying was past. His not to question why; his but to drop his book and seek the kitchen, which he did with a sigh of regret and a last echo ringing in his brain.

"The devil you will," muttered Red, as he drained the whisky bottle. "I'll blow your blasted brains out if I ever smell your powder smoke this side the Mississippi again."

"Got any whisky, pal?" inquired David, as he flourished his dish-towel absent-mindedly.

Miriam looked at him. Was there a slight twinkle in his near eye? She thought there was and decided to be a good sport and play the game.

"Not just now, David," she replied, in a matter-of-fact tone. "I'm sorry."

"The devil," muttered her brother.

Miriam frowned.

"Just run outdoors," she suggested, "and scare those chickens off the garden."

David obeyed, and from the yard came an

indistinct murmur:

"I'll blow your blasted brains out if I ever smell your powder smoke this side the—the fence again!"

One afternoon a young friend of David's had a dispute with him.

"Well," said David, with a slight swagger and a toss of his hair, "you can pull out of here on the next train to Hades, and you needn't bother about getting a return ticket."

The young friend was visibly impressed. Mrs. Frost, who had heard the exchange of civilities from an open window, thought it would be well to temporarily distract her son's attention.

"I wish you'd come and take Tedo outdoors," she called; "he's lying on the sofa again."

David obeyed and the dog, swept outdoors with an impetuosity which momentarily destroyed his self-confidence, was severely addressed on the porch:

"You bloody villain; you beer-soaked bartender, you! Do you want me to feed you some cold lead?"

"The Last Gasp" became the subject of serious discussion in the family.

"You just ought to look at that book, mother," said Miriam; "it's positively lurid! Who do you suppose could have perpetrated it. And David's getting intolerable. He coos horrid language at every pore, and while I haven't actually heard him swear, I expect to any minute. He's as bad as lightning; you never know where he'll hit next."

"I really think something must be done to separate him from the book," agreed Mrs. Frost, "but I'm afraid nothing short of dynamite will do it."

The family pleaded, argued, threatened; all to no avail.

"You want me to select my own books," was the retort, "and then you aren't satisfied with them."

This was a stickler, and the Frosts admitted themselves temporarily check-mated. One day Miriam came to the lunch table with a look of suppressed triumph, and a slip of paper in her hand.

"David, do you really like 'The Last Gasp'?" she asked, serenely.

David lived in his armor, so to speak, and was ever quick to sense a possible attack.

"You bet I do!" came the quick response. "It's none of your old woman's books!"

"That's queer," remarked his sister, "because, you see, a woman wrote it."

"How do you know? It's anonymous. I'll bet you any money it's a man's. There isn't a woman alive who could write that book."

"This is how I know," and Miriam held out her slip of paper, which read as follows:

"Cora Cranmer, the author of 'The Last Gasp,' which was published anonymously, has recently produced another work of fiction, entitled 'The Kentville Killing.'"

Miriam's victim stared. Was it possible he had humiliated himself to such an extent?

"Well," he conceded, meekly, after reflection, "I did notice something queer about that book, but it sure is good for a woman."

The next morning "The Last Gasp" was found stranded on the hall table.

"Is anybody going downtown today?" asked David, humbly, at breakfast, and his family, to their eternal credit, kept their faces straight.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE.

Compiled for the Illustrated Weekly.

Not Up on Live Stock.

ON BOARD of one of His Majesty's ships two seamen were hotly engaged in an argument as to the class of animal a hog belonged, one of them asserting it was a sheep and the other equally certain it was a pig.

Not being able to agree, one of them turned to an old salt, who was standing close by, saying:

"Here, Bill, you've knocked about a bit. What is a hog? Is it a pig or a sheep?"

Whereupon Bill, after due consideration, replied:

"Well, to tell the truth, chummy, I don't know much about poultry."—[London Tit-Bits.

One Idea of Charity.

BISHOP PENHURST was talking in Boston about charity.

"Some charities," he said, "remind me of the cold, proud, beautiful lady who, glittering with diamonds swept forth from a charity ball at dawn, crossed the frosty sidewalk and entered her huge limousine.

"A beggar woman whined at the window: 'Could you give me a trifle for a cup of coffee, lady?'

"'Good gracious,' she said, 'here you have the nerve to ask me for money when I've been tangoing for you the whole night through! Home, James!'

"And she snapped the window shut in the beggar's face."—[Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Wrong Impression.

A QUAKER fell asleep in meeting and soon began to snore. For a while the nasal notes were soft and smooth and did not disturb the worshippers, but finally the sleeper let out a few extra kinks and the effect was a trifle disconcerting.

"Friend Hezekiah," whispered an acquaintance, digging the other in the ribs, "I think thee had better arouse thyself."

"What did thee say? What did thee say?" cried Hezekiah, somewhat confused. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing, friend Hezekiah," was the quiet rejoinder of the other, "only thee was snoring a little, and I was afraid that outsiders might think the spirit had moved thee to a trombone solo instead of an expression of thy convictions."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.

Why They Shouted.

A YOUNG married couple, who lived near a famous golf course, were entertaining an elderly aunt.

"Well, Aunt Mary, how did you spend this afternoon?" asked the hostess, on the first day.

"Oh, I enjoyed myself very much!" replied auntie, with a beaming smile. "I went for a walk across the moors. There seemed a great many people about, and some of them shouted at me in a most eccentric manner, but I just took no notice.

"And, by the way," she went on, "I found such a number of curious little round white things. I brought them home to ask you what they were."

And the dear old lady produced from her handbag about a dozen golf balls.—[New York Evening Journal.

Convincing.

A LOUISVILLE colonel, who hates the sight of an automobile, bought the other day a handsome brown mare to match his famous Browntown Belle. A day or two later he asked his stableman what he thought of the newcomer. Henry replied: "She's certainly a fine looking horse, sir; but I'm afraid her temper's a bit too touchy."

"What makes you think so?" asked the colonel.

"She don't appear to take kindly to nobody, sir; she don't like me to go into the box to feed her."

"Oh, she'll settle down in a day or so. The surroundings are strange, you know. I do not think there is anything wrong with her temper."

"I didn't at first, sir," said Henry, "but, you see, she kicked me out of the box twice, and when you come to think about it, that's sort of convincin'."—[New York American.

An Easier Job.

A BALTIMOREAN tells of an old negro mammy who was kept from starvation by the white women who gave her occasional odd jobs to do. The patron had found some housework for the old negress, but, after working a day or two, Mandy said she must quit.

"I done have to go out collectin' for the missionary society," she explained.

"But I have work for you to do," said Mrs. Dickson, "and you need all the money you can get."

"I know," said the mammy, "but I done haf to collect foh de missionary society."

"What do you get paid for collectin'?" asked Mrs. Dickson.

"I don't get paid," said Mandy. "I only gets what I collect."—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Tricks of Trades.

GEN. LEONARD WOOD said at a luncheon at Plattsburg:

"The German officer is very highly trained. He has an abundance of technical knowledge. He knows a lot of tricks.

"He's as full of tricks as the farmer who said:

"'Never auction off a field of grain except in windy weather.'

"'Why not, pray?' asked a city chap.

"'Gee, you're a green young fellow,' said the farmer. 'Don't you know that when grain's waving in the wind it looks ever so much thicker? Because, you know, you see the same head three or four times over.'"

He Had Copped Her.

THEY tell a story in London to the effect that Miss Christabel Pankhurst, the militant suffragette, was distributing flowers and cigarettes among the wounded in a Devonshire hospital one day when she said, in some perplexity, to a very stalwart guardsman:

"I'm sure I've met you somewhere. Banded though you are, your face is most familiar. I am Miss Pankhurst. Think—haven't we met before?"

The guardsman blushed, cleared his throat and answered from the bed:

"Suppose we let bygones be bygones, miss. I'm a police officer."—[Washington Star.

By Measurement.

FOR half an hour the teacher patiently instructed her class in the art of telling the time.

"Now," she said at last, as she pointed to the big clock on the wall, "you may be the first to tell me the time, Mary Brown."

Full of importance, Mary turned and studied the dial. Then she faced her teacher again, her eyes shining with triumph.

"Please, miss," she said, "it's just one inch past 11."—[Philadelphia Record.

Not the Soldier's Fault.

A CERTAIN army officer took in to dinner at a Washington party a young lady who had just returned from England.

"The young soldiers," she said, "are having it all their own way with the girls over there now. Too much their own way, in fact. I know of a young lieutenant in the Blues who is said to be engaged to seven girls simultaneously."

"Oh, well," said the officer, with a deprecatory smile—"oh well, Cupid, of course, is using a machine gun these days."—[Washington Star.

A Double Joke.

A N IRISHMAN passed a shop where a notice was displayed saying that everything was sold by the yard. Thinking to play a joke on the shopman, he entered and asked for a yard of milk.

The shopman, not in the least aback, dipped his finger in a bowl of milk and drew a line a yard long on the counter.

The Irishman, not wishing to be caught in his own trap, asked the price.

"Five cents," said the shopman.

"All right; roll it up; I'll take it."—[The Evening Post.

The Idea Didn't Work.

THE commanding officer of a corps was much troubled about the persistent untidiness of one of his men. Reprimand and punishment were unavailing. The man was incorrigible and remained as dirty as ever.

A brilliant idea struck the colonel.

"Why not march him up and down the whole line of the regiment and shame him into decency?"

It was done. The untidy warrior, who hailed from the Emerald Isle, was ordered to exhibit himself and march up and down the entire regiment, and the men to have a good look at him.

The unabashed Pat halted, saluted the colonel and said in the hearing of the whole corps, with the utmost sangfroid:

"Dhirstiest regiment I iver inspected, sorr."

Odious Comparison.

A LITTLE girl from Brooklyn was taken to visit her maternal grandmother in Connecticut. During her stay the household made much of her, and on her departure she was hugged and kissed and wept over by each member of the affectionate family in turn. The scene made a deep impression on her young mind.

A visit to some Boston relatives followed. At the conclusion of it her uncle and cousins stood smilingly waving their adieus to the little one until she was out of sight.

The child's mother was beginning to wonder what made her so unusually quiet, when a solemn little voice rang out from her corner of the car:

"Not a tear shed!"—[New York Evening Post.

A Pertinent Hymn.

ONE afternoon, just as a Providence clergyman was about to enter the pulpit to conduct the service, a couple from a near-by town presented themselves, making known their anxiety to be married as quickly as possible. The clergyman, an extremely methodical man, replied that he could not oblige at that moment, but that immediately upon the conclusion of the service he would take pleasure in making them man and wife. So, after some demurring, the couple seated themselves in the rear of the church. When the minister had finished his remarks he cleared his throat and made the following announcement: "The parties who are to be joined in matrimony will present themselves at the chancel immediately after the singing of hymn 240, 'Mistaken Souls That Dream of Heaven.'"

Jolt for the Motorist.

BEFORE motoring became as popular as it is today a man was driving a big car through a country section several miles from a town when he saw a man standing in the middle of the road.

"Hold on there, mister!" cried the man, wildly waving his arms as the car approached. "I want to talk to ye!"

"What's the matter with you country constables?" angrily shouted the automobilist, bringing his machine to a standstill. "I wasn't going at a rate of even twenty miles an hour!"

"I ain't no country constable, mister," was the rejoinder of the man. "My wife's been invited to a weddin', an' I wanted to know if you wouldn't let me have a little gasoline to clean her white gloves."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.

Wear and Tear.

JIM enjoys the distinction of living near to the only saloon in a southern town. He also enjoys the distinction of being without an index finger on his right hand.

Came one day a stranger and asked of Jim the usual question—where was the place of refreshment. Jim pointed to it.

"Who cut dat finger off foh you?" asked the stranger. Jim looked him up and down.

"Dey ain't no one cut dat off," he said. "Ah's done wo' it off p'intin' out dat saloon to pussons jes sech as yo'self."—[New York Evening Post.

"A Lot of Influence."

SIR WILFRID LAURIER, the former Prime Minister of Canada, was immensely popular with all classes of Canadians, and many went so far as to credit him with authority far beyond the limits of the dominion.

It is related that some years ago an illiterate old Canadian visited Quebec from his home in the country, and got into conversation with a friend whom he met there. In the course of their talk the name Queen Victoria was mentioned, and the old countryman was astounded to hear that Her Majesty was dead.

"Dead!" he exclaimed. Then who has taken her place?"

"The Prince of Wales has now become King Edward VII," he was told.

"By George!" cried the countryman, with a sharp whistle. "The Prince must have had a lot of influence with Sir Wilfrid Laurier to get a big job like that!"—[Pearson's Weekly.

Criticism Implied.

"HE DOESN'T like my cooking," sobbed the three-month bride, a tear on her long lashes. "I just know he doesn't. So, there!"

"What makes you think so?" her mother asked. "Has he said he doesn't like your cooking?"

"No-no-o," stammered the bride.

"Nonsense, child; it's just your imagination. I felt there was no basis—"

"There is a basis," the bride insisted, tearfully. "I had been cooking the loveliest things for him for about two weeks and then he told me he had decided to become a raw food faddist. Bo-hoo-o-o!"—[Judge.

The Alternative.

DAVID BELASCO was smiling at the extravagant attentions that are lavished by the rich upon pet dogs. He spoke of the canine operations for appendicitis, the canine tooth crowning, the canine wardrobes, and then he said:

"How servants hate these pampered curs! At a house where I was calling one cold day the fat and pompous butler entered the drawing-room and said:

"'Did you ring, madam?'

"'Yes, Harrison. I wish you to take Fido out walking for two hours.'

"Harrison frowned slightly. 'But Fido won't follow me, madam,' he said."

"Then, Harrison, you must follow Fido."—[Philadelphia Bulletin.

Up-and-Down Danger.

A N OLD lady who lived alone outside a small village in England was nervous about Zeppelins, so she made careful inquiries as to her best course.

"I don't think there's much to worry about," said the vicar in answer to her questions. "But, if you like, you can do as some folks are doing—sleep in the cellar."

With profuse thanks the old lady went off to alter her domestic arrangements. But in half an hour she was back again, anxiety once more wrinkling her brow.

"The cellar's all right for Zeppelins, sir," she said, "but suppose one of them submarines comes instead?"—[Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Jump One Way or Another.

THE case had been dragging for nearly an hour, which was twice as long as it should have lasted in this court. A sun-browned "cracker" from Decatur had been arrested on a trivial charge, but the two officers on the case could not agree as to whether the defendant had been caught drinking moonshine or not.

Suddenly the prisoner raised his hand, and motioned to Judge Broyles.

"What have you to say, Peter Cooper?" the judge inquired.

"I was just thinkin', it sho' would hep matters, jedge, ef yo' all would make up yo' mind one way er 'other. Ef hits 'gualty,' then I wanten begin sarvin'; ef hits 'innercent,' I'd like to go out and finish that Christmas spree I done started."—[Case and Comment.



The above picture is from a photograph taken from the trail into Palm Canyon, above Palm Springs, twenty-two miles east of Banning. This canyon contains the largest group of indigenous fan palms in the United States, and the only group of any considerable size on the Pacific Coast of the United States. There are thousands of these trees in Palm Canyon, some of them reaching a height of nearly 100 feet. The photograph was taken by Jack Klein of Palm Springs.

Palm Canyon—Home of the Only Native California Palm.

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PART I.

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6. The Plans for Immigra
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PART VII.

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THE ILLUSTRATED WEEK

Separate and Complete—25

SUMMARY.

THE SKY. Cloudy. Wind at
southwest; velocity, 2 miles. T
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